Collier's

SEPTEMBER 6, 1947

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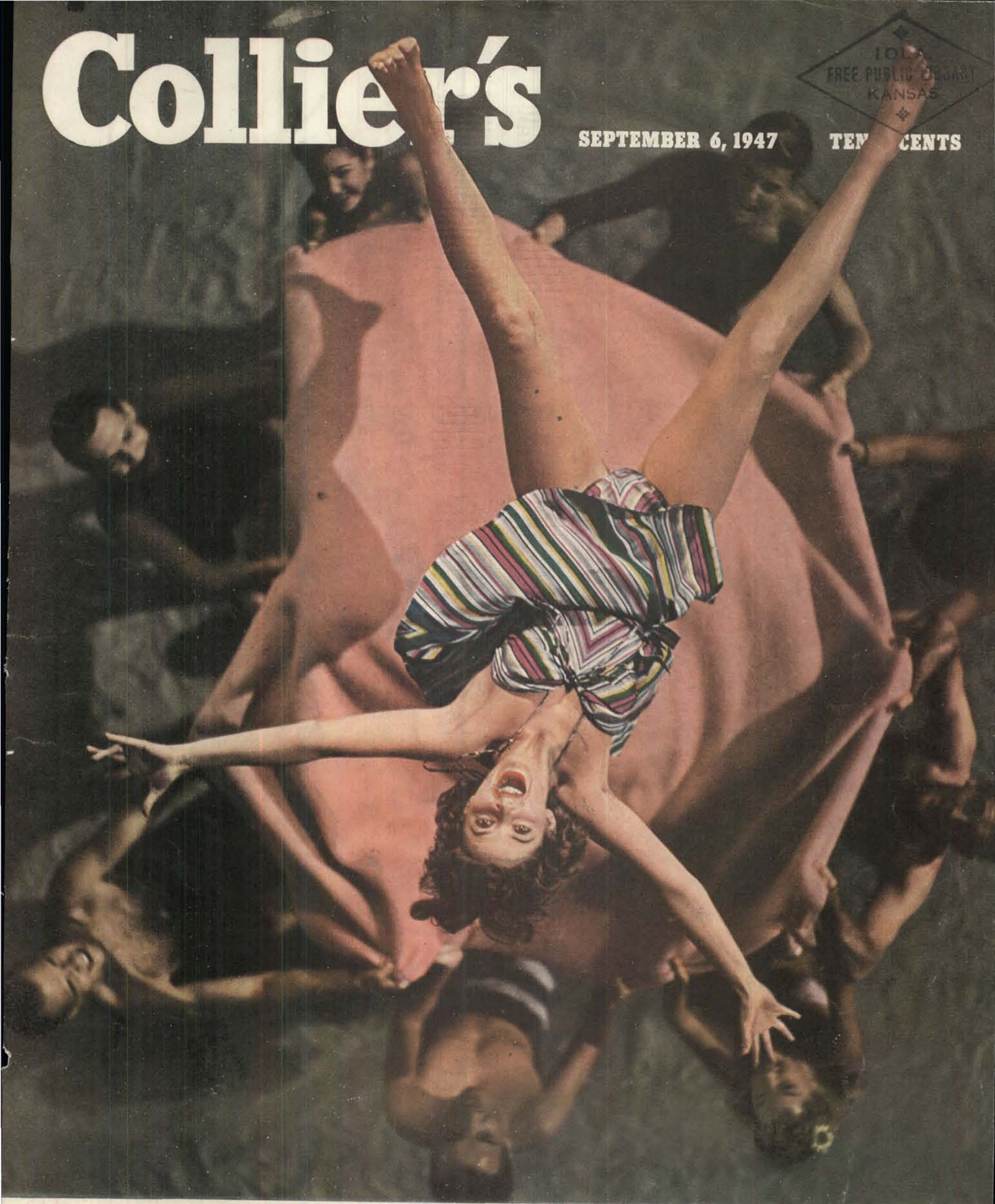

TOO MUCH BRASS—our lobbying generals

by ROBERT S. ALLEN

INSPECTOR CHA

by CHARLES B.

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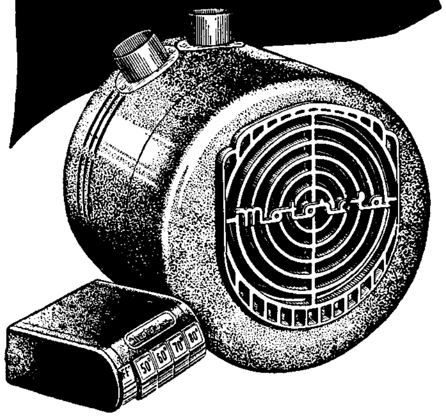

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COLLIER'S

September 6, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HEAT ON THE RANGE

DEAR SIR: It seems to me that Lester Velie (They Kicked Us Off Our Land, July 26th) after what must have been a whirlwind trip through the Cow Country has presented his report of a "phantom" war between the Stockmen and ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE LAND. Such a distorted view must have been obtained in the cool rooms of some fine hotel, rather than in the real hinterland, where a few contacts with real Westerners and real livestock people and inspection of the range (if he knew anything about it after he looked at it) would have dispelled some of the fog in which he has wound himself.

GEORGE M. MELTON, House of Representatives, Helena, Mont.

. . . Congratulations! The facts brought out in your article are the more shocking because men in our Congress paid by government funds are out to wreck government lands of our tremendous West. This is nothing short of treason. . . .

RACHEL PEEPLES ROGERS, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . The public lands of my native state of Arizona are in a deplorable condition through overgrazing and the cattle industry, by its own shortsighted methods, is not only going to ruin the country but is going to kill itself off. Already most of the top soil is gone, sheet and gully erosion are rampant, and the perennial grasses are about gone. About the only thing that grows well are those things that cattle will not eat such as cholla and burro weed. . . .

JACK O'CONNOR, Tucson, Ariz.

. . . This grab. by the so-called stockmen, is just another Johnson County Cattle War. The only difference is that they are using congressmen this time instead of guns.

J. A. SHAW, Dubois, Wyo.

. . . The sheep herders seem to have forgotten the days when the cattlemen were their bitter enemies, and continuously killed the flocks, cut off the water supplies and called them stinkers with a capital S. The public-land menace to water is the West's problem, and God help the fertility of the soil if the cattlemen once more get control.

CRANSTON THOMAS, Tampa, Fla.

. . . You Easterners who are authorities on everything from cotton sharecropping to soybean production—swinging-chair agricultural economists—have the answer to it all. . . .

F. H. SINCLAIR, Sheridan, Wyo.

(Continued on page 50)

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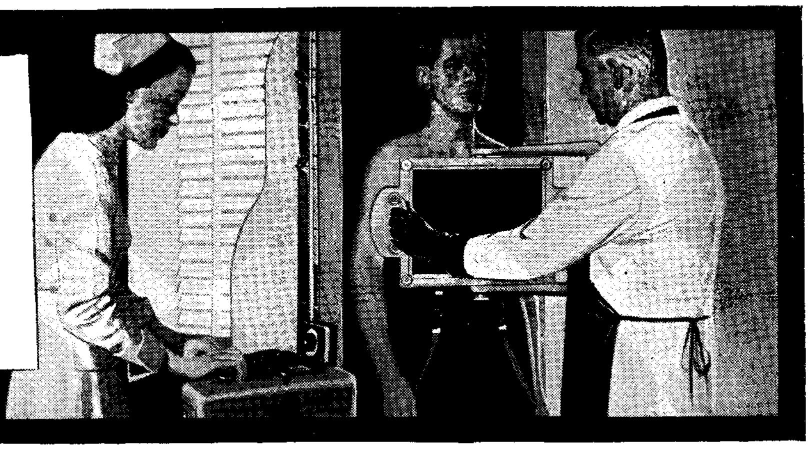
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Had your health checked lately?



Q. Why see a doctor when you're well?

A. Health is more than an absence of disease. A medical examination permits your physician to determine whether you are as healthy as you can be, *and should be*, to live and work at your best. Or if you are below par, the doctor can often catch and correct trouble *before* a breakdown occurs. Most people should have such examinations once a year. In certain cases, and for people over 65, more frequent checkups may be desirable.

Q. Are "Fifth Column" diseases threatening you?

A. Diseases such as high blood pressure, cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments, and diabetes may develop to a dangerous state without any warning symptoms. But they can be detected by your physician, helped, when necessary, by blood tests, urinalysis, X-ray, fluoroscope, electrocardiograph, or other diagnostic aids. Annual examinations will usually lead to the discovery of "fifth column" diseases *in their early stages*, when modern medical science can do most to control or cure them.

Q. What about your daily living habits?

A. As part of your physical examination, the physician will probably check your daily living habits. He may ask about the amount and kinds of food you eat, whether you are getting sufficient rest and exercise, or how you use your leisure time. Knowing your daily habits and your attitude toward life may enable him to advise and guide you to better mental and physical health. By faithfully following his instructions you can do a lot to help assure yourself a longer, happier life.

To help you protect and preserve your health by observing sensible habits and simple precautions, Metropolitan has prepared a leaflet on selecting foods and one on general health habits as related to age. Send for your free copies today.

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GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Bowling is today the most popular participant sport among American women, the number playing weekly having increased from about 3,000 to 3,500,000 in the past 30 years.

Probably the only race ever won by a horse while in an upside-down position was run at Dargaville, New Zealand, on February 2, 1931. Ridden by Joe Parson, this thoroughbred, Brampton, was within 40 feet of the finish when it suddenly stumbled and fell with a force that caused it to roll over several times and then slide across the line, with its clinging jockey, a split second ahead of the horse that came in second.—*By Arnold Gozar, Auckland, New Zealand.*

Astrology has grown so fast in this country in the past generation that its present annual "take" has been estimated as high as $200,000,000. Moreover, this alleged science now has nearly 20 branches, among them being Glandular Astrology, Sexual Astrology and Astrological Physiognomy.

In 1749, a cynical Londoner who claimed Englishmen were as credulous as children made a large bet that he could convince them that a man could climb into a quart bottle. Using a fictitious name, he rented a theater and advertised that he would perform the trick there three days later. By curtain time on the night set, all seats and standing room had been sold at double their price and the near-by streets were jammed with those who had to be turned away. Naturally, the man did not show up—and soon collected his bet.

Since Alcatraz became a federal penitentiary in 1933, nine inmates have won their freedom by studying in the prison library the law pertaining to their case, filing a petition for a writ of habeas corpus and then proving to the judge before whom they were taken that their imprisonment was illegal.

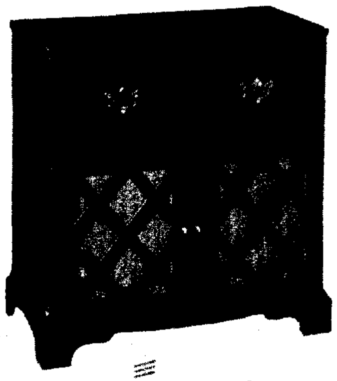
A crusade to "save sinful New York" was undertaken in 1903 by the evangelist John Alexander Dowie, who had built the town—Zion, Illinois—as headquarters of a new religion. Carried in eight special trains, he and 3,000 of his followers descended on Madison Square Garden where, in the middle of Dowie's first sermon, the vast audience walked out in disgust. After two weeks, during which he held three small meetings daily and his people distributed literature to a million homes, the Zionists left, having accomplished nothing on this expedition which cost $300,000.

When the Spaniards conquered Bolivia in the 16th century, 20,000 of them established a colony in Potosí (altitude 13,600 feet) where, owing to the thinness of the air, they not only suffered from oxygen deficiency, but were unable to keep infants alive. In fact, for more than 50 years, no child born among them lived longer than two weeks; and the colony therefore had to maintain its size by recruiting young Spaniards from lower levels.

The world's largest private yacht is the Savarona, which was built in Germany in 1931 at a cost of $4,500,000 for the late Mrs. R. M. Cadwalader of Philadelphia and which is now the presidential yacht of Turkey. Although having only 13 staterooms, this steamship is 408 feet long, weighs 4,700 gross tons, requires a crew of 72 and has an average operating cost of $25,000 a month.

In Mexico, some prize-fight rings, jai-alai courts and similar indoor arenas are enclosed in steel netting to protect the contestants from bottles and other missiles hurled by spectators to give vent to their feelings.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



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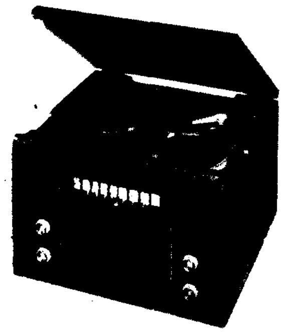
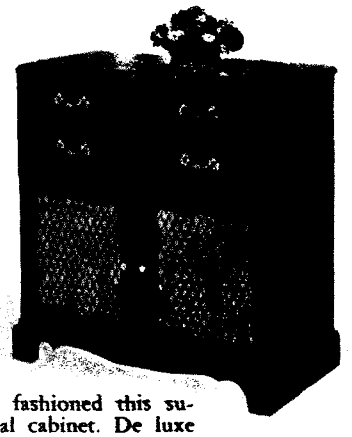


General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Delight in its natural color tone. Discover new beauty in favorite records played by the G-E Electronic Reproducer. See Model 304.



Master craftsmen fashioned this superb French Provincial cabinet. De luxe radio-phonograph with FM, standard, and short-wave radio plus the amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 502.

"...the most Perfect Record Reproduction I've ever heard!"

says: LILY PONS

. . . star of Columbia Records, appearing in the United Artists' release ***"CARNEGIE HALL".***

IMAGINE hearing recorded music recreated in the living beauty of *natural color tone*. This perfection is yours to enjoy at will through the enchanting magic of the G-E Electronic Reproducer acclaimed by Lily Pons. It's ready for you now in this great new General Electric FM-AM automatic radio-phonograph.

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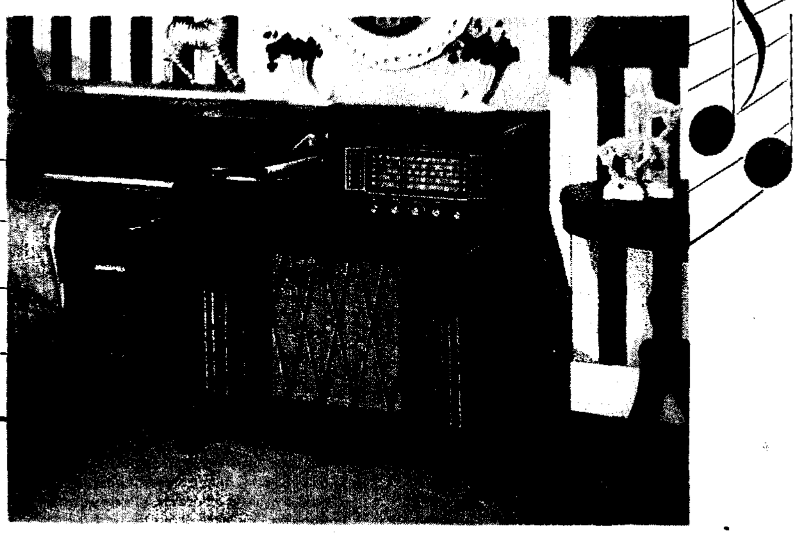

Wonderful FM plus standard and short-wave broadcasts, and recorded music recreated by the sensational new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Push-button tuning. Sure action automatic record changer. 9 tubes plus rectifier. Storage for approximately 120 records. 18th Century-inspired mahogany cabinet. See Model 417A.

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Motorists Wise
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THE WEEK'S WORK

Above, Miss MacVicar, nebula, 1944; at right, Miss Vickers, first magnitude star, 1947

BERT SIX

WITH fifteen years of active service behind him, Robert S. Allen should be aware of the dangers of brass poisoning (Too Much Brass, p. 13). All his life he's been a fighter with word and gun. Born in Latonia, Kentucky, on Bastille Day, 1900, he enlisted in the Regular Army at sixteen, ate dust with the cavalry on the Mexican Border till he went overseas.

Refusing a regular Army commission, he postgradded by scholarship at Munich, reported the Hitler Beer Hall Putsch and Trial for various American newspapers, then came back home to work for the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. He got the sack when he and Drew Pearson took the Washington brass for a sleigh ride on the best-selling Washington Merry-Go-Round.

After co-founding a widely syndicated column of the same name, and polishing off further brass in additional books, Allen went to war, serving with General Patton as Assistant G-2, Chief of Combat Intelligence. He got his eagles from Patton in April, 1945, and lost an arm in Germany about the same time, emerging from the war with many decorations. Right now he's back peppering the brass and book-writing in Washington. His Lucky Forward, a history of Patton's Third Army, is coming out this month.

"I feel the welfare of the Army, and therefore the security of the country, is being seriously handicapped by the conduct and antics of certain brass hats," Allen says. "They clearly are devoid of a true American concept of their functions as military men. Our country has grown great and mighty because throughout our history we have pursued the sound democratic course of employing our military for protective purposes and not to run the nation. In the interests of the military themselves, it is vital they be kept in their place—to put it bluntly. That is what Too Much Brass is all about. It is not antimilitary in any sense. Its purpose is to bring in the open a very grave national problem."

THINGS have been on the up and up recently for Martha Sawyers (Lifting the Lid, p. 24). She hates flying, so Collier's dispatched her by plane to the Andes, where she completed a series of paintings, at altitudes up to 15,000 feet. "I found I was happiest when I lay on the ground at that height," she says. "It gave me a feeling of safe footing."

While dangling around the Peruvian peaks busy at her task, Miss Sawyers got herself invited to a condor hunt. Rising at dawn, Miss Sawyers and party breakfasted on biscuits and onion soup, climbed on their Indian ponies and began riding straight up—or so it seemed. Miss Sawyers, being guest of honor, got the only English saddle in the party; the rest rode Indian saddles: with backstops.

After she had slid off the back of her horse for the 88th time, somebody mercifully changed saddles with Miss Sawyers. Then when the *ponies* began to slip from under the passengers, everybody dismounted and crawled on their hands and knees to the top of the world where they eventually arrived and lay gasping for breath.

A dead horse had been left as bait on a volcanic peak, and condors were winging in from as far as 90 miles for lunch. When the condors got so full they couldn't take off, the idea was to take aim and bang away.

"Unfortunately, mine host got excited just about the eighth bite," says Miss Sawyers, "and fired. Eighty million birds took off. We waited for hours but they never came back."

Going down was like sliding down the Empire State building after a grease storm.

This week's cover: It's a Toss Up. Back on May 6, 1944, Collier's discovered the yummy Martha MacVicar, and picture-profiled her (Ten Percenter by Amy Porter) as a Hollywood possibility. Now, as Martha Vickers, glittering Warner Brothers star, she returns. During her debuting roles, Martha only screamed and fainted while being pursued by apemen, gorillas and panther people. Just as she was about to be screamed out, Howard Hughes tapped her for The Big Sleep: she played Lauren Bacall's hardboiled schizo of a younger sister. Now it's all cheesecake and ale with Martha. She's five feet, four inches, tenderly unmarried, lives with Ma and Pa, likes to sketch, play piano, Ping-pong and tennis—a "just folks" personality. . . .

TED SHANE

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IN RECORD PLAYING
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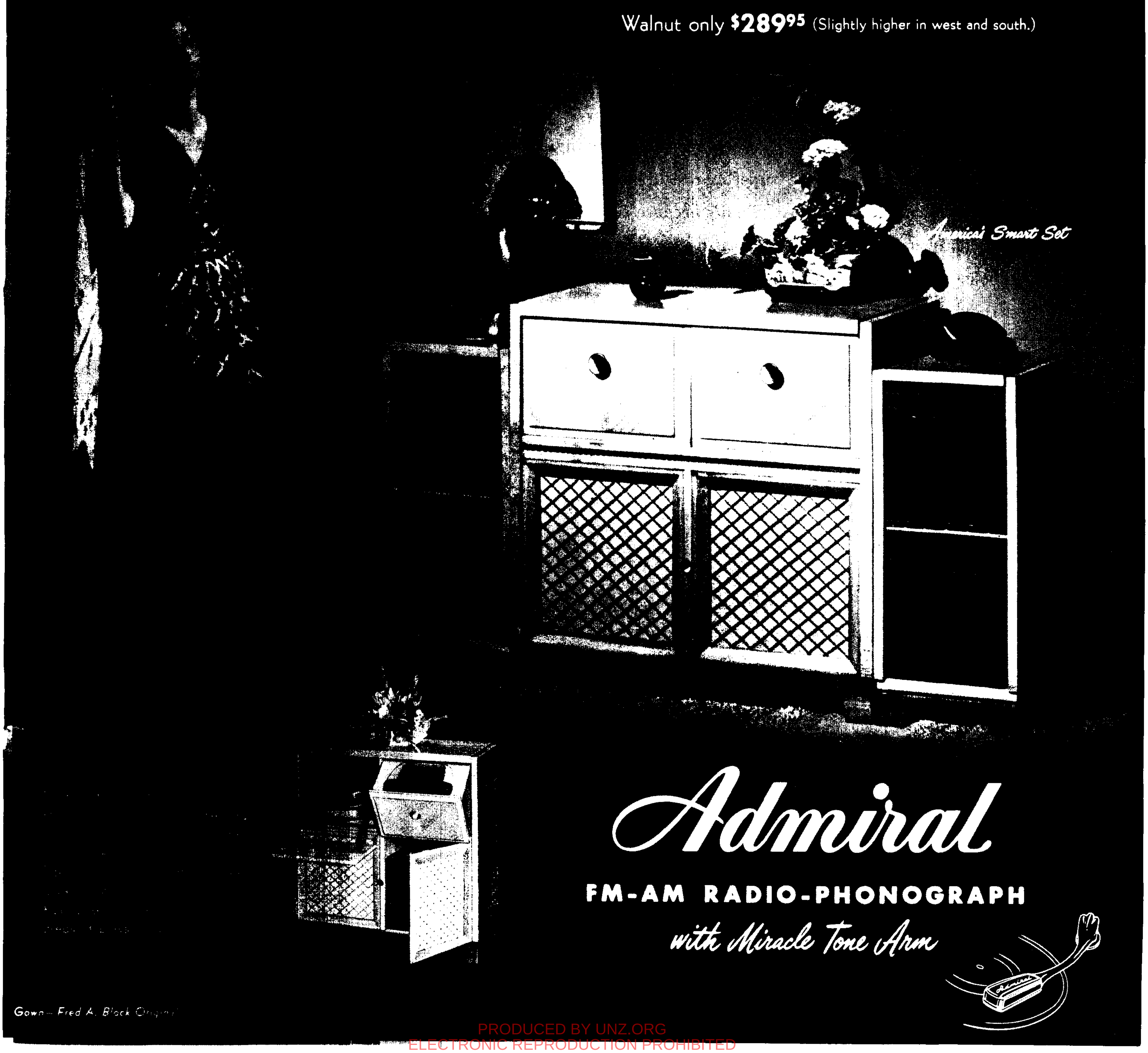

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with Miracle Tone Arm

Gown — Fred A. Block Originals

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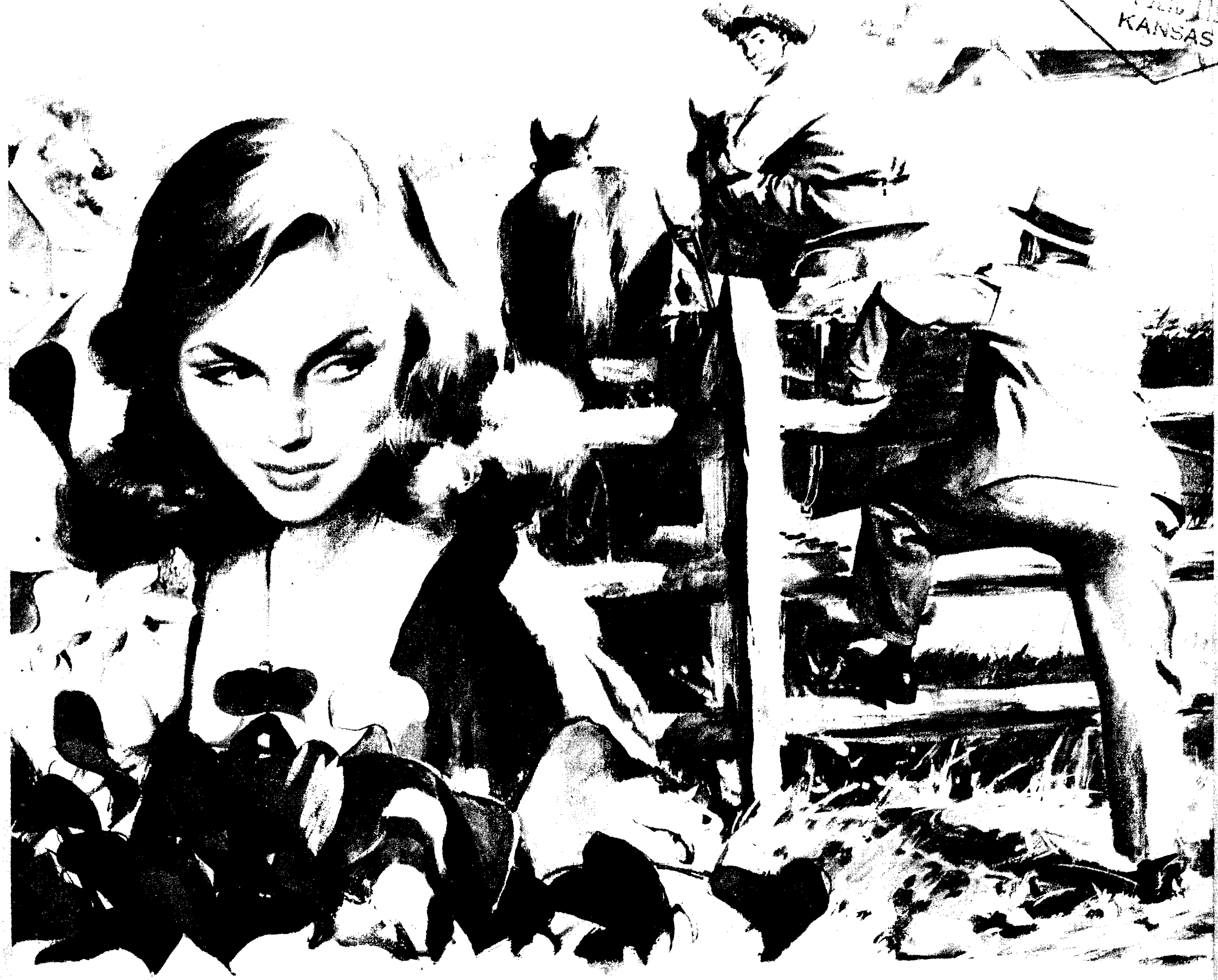


"Young man," Father said, "do you want a job?" "No," said Henry. That was Father's first experience with Henry's loquacity. He swore under his breath

This is not the familiar story of the rich squire's son and
the farmer's innocent daughter. In fact, it's just the reverse

THE FARMER SEEKS A WIFE

BY MURRAY HOYT

ALL my father wanted beginning July 22d that summer when I was twelve years old was to have Slateledge ready by August 3d when Vice-President Coolidge was due to visit us. His letter came July 22d. Mr. Coolidge was an old classmate of Father's at Amherst. His home was down below Rutland at Plymouth. He had been elected governor of Massachusetts, and later Vice-President of the United States.

When Father had written tendering the invitation to visit us in our new home, he had expected that all the work would be done by the beginning of July. Being city bred, Father had no idea how long such things took. But when Mr. Coolidge's answer came, there was still a lot to be done, especially in the matter of plumbing. Father had ordered two of those modern septic tanks that had just come out, but they hadn't yet been installed. They were sitting in the front yard.

He said to Mother, "Dammit, Levia, we've got to have everything ready. You can't ask a Vice-President of the United States, even a Republican, to walk down the path—"

During the evening of the day the letter came, Father burst into the kitchen after he had come upon Henry Warner kissing my sister Anne out near the chairs overlooking the lake. Mother and I had talked about Henry and Anne a lot previous to that, but Father hadn't thought Anne would go seriously with a farm boy, so he had closed his mind to the matter until he discovered it himself. That was his way: He had to discover things for himself. You couldn't *tell* Father anything. Once he believed a thing, he could ignore someone telling him the opposite more completely than anyone else I ever knew.

He began to stride up and down the floor. Mother, who was sewing, glanced up.

Suddenly he shouted, "Dammit, I won't stand for it. You hear, Levia. I won't stand for it."

Mother said quietly, "Sit down, Farnsworth."

Father paused in mid-step and squinted at her suspiciously. Mother's eyes remained placid and innocent.

Then he told her about Henry Warner and Anne.

UNLIKE most men who are given to occasional family shouting, Father did not shout because of anger. He shouted for two reasons: when he was unsure of his facts, or unsure of the way they were going across. The volume of his shouting was in direct proportion to his doubts in these matters. He tried to convince by sheer force of sound.

He shouted, "I will have no child of mine marrying a low-income farmer, a—we might as well face it—a hick."

"You married one yourself, dear."

"And I—" But he was trapped. His loud tones took on the hurt, plaintive quality of a man who, when he is meeting the enemy head on in honorable conflict, finds himself kicked in the pants.

"Now, Levia, that was different. I took you away from all that. A woman goes to the home of her husband. Anne would be exiled in country poverty."

"I was," Mother said.

Father fell back to his last line of defense. His body slumped, his head bowed. For a long moment he stood still. When at last he spoke, his voice had the musical resonance of an organ's low notes. "Very well, Levia, what I think does not matter. I must not forget that I am a retired has-been now, whose counsel is worth nothing."

Usually this was effective because Mother loved him very much and her heart was as big as all outdoors. She would listen to none of that "has-been" talk.

Mother snipped the thread with a little click, gathered up her sewing basket, and started for the living room, detouring around the toolboxes which the plumbers had left in front of the kitchen sink. She paused near the door. "So I am a hick, am I?"

Father's roar split the air. "I never said that! Why—"

But Mother had closed the door with a crisp little bang. Father had a handful of his bushy hair in each hand, his face lifted in supplication to the ceiling.

"Mortimer," he said to me, "though your mother is a very remarkable woman, women do not always react with the same sane reasonableness you find in men." He followed Mother into the other room to try again.

As far as Father was concerned, one farmer was exactly the same as all other farmers, just as one Chinese was the same as any other. If you pinned him down he would admit that *all* farmers probably weren't hicks, that the graduates of agricultural colleges might be all right, even that some farmers must be getting rich, judging from the prices we were paying. But he made these admissions as if he didn't expect to meet any such farmers himself. In exactly the same way he admitted that probably there were Republicans who were politically honest and wise, but you could see he didn't really deep-down believe this thing which common sense told him he ought to admit.

If all Father's ideas had been as unsound as this one about farmers, Mother would long since have been making all the family decisions. But in matters which had come within his actual experience, Father was practical and very shrewd. His trouble stemmed from generalizing even more than most people about matters outside his experience and then closing his mind. It was something we had to face from the beginning in our household, just as some households face chronic gambling or drinking.

When Father retired, Mother maneuvered him into buying Slateledge, a point that jutted out into Lake Champlain half a mile from the main road. They hired an architect to submit plans for doing over the house which was already there, and plans for building a small guesthouse near by.

THEN Father began to look for people to work for him. He had bad luck. All the men he asked would "change work," but they wouldn't work for wages at a time when the farm work needed doing.

But most of them said, "Henry Warner would be just the man for you. He's handy." So Father drove our new touring car over to the Warner farm.

"The Zebulon Warner farm," he told Mother. "These farmers don't even show any sanity about naming people."

We found Zebulon Warner's son Henry out in a field riding a manure spreader. Father beckoned to him, but he finished the load before he drove over next to the fence and stopped. He didn't get down.

Father called, "Young man, do you want a job?"

"No," said Henry.

That was Father's first experience with Henry's loquacity. He swore under his breath, got out of the car, walked over to the fence and began to talk. Father could be very persuasive when he wanted to. When he finished his arguments he paused expectantly. Henry said nothing.

Father went over the arguments again. Still Henry said nothing. Finally Father said, "Well, young man, will you do the work?"

"Yes," said Henry.

Father looked exasperated but he kept control of himself. He set the time and the rate of pay. Then we drove away. On the way home Mother, who had been silent for a long time, said, "Anne, did you find many wild strawberries when you got out to pick them, just before that young man changed his mind about working at our place?"

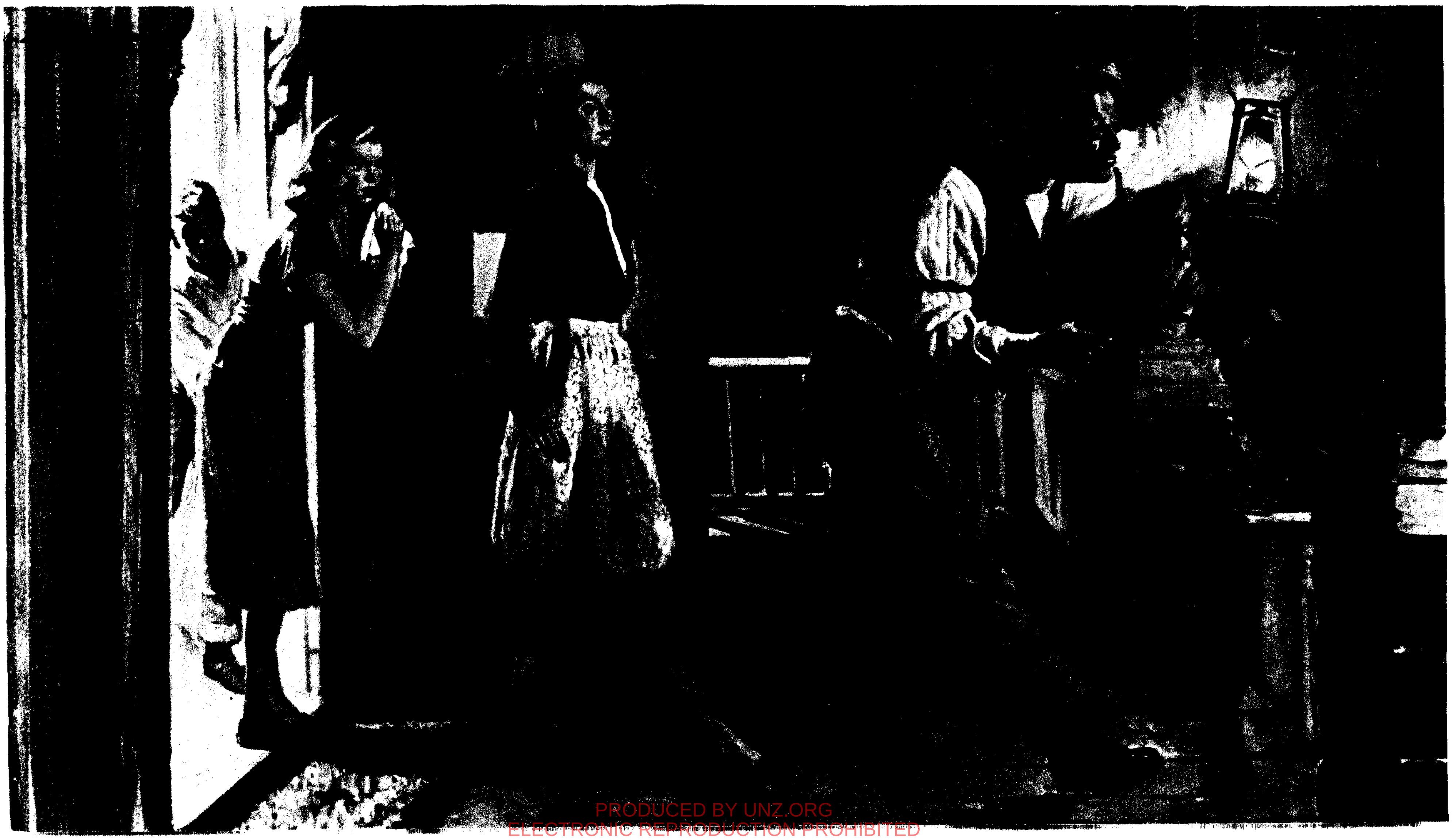
Henry appeared for work the next morning and I heard Father telling Mother about it with that baffled air that the people of rural Vermont always engendered in him. "I told him about those stone steps down to the beach. I explained it all pretty carefully. He just stood there looking at me. So I told him the whole thing again in a different way. And he still just stood and looked at me. So I said, 'Do you think you can do that?' He said, 'Yes.' Would he have just gone on standing there forever if I hadn't asked him that?"

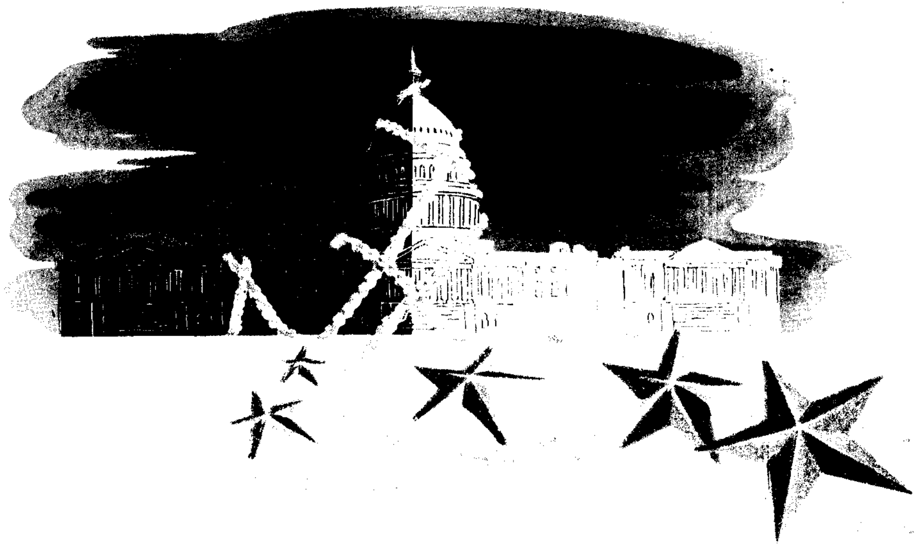
Mother said tartly, "He would have

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

We must have made a peculiar picture as we went out the door. We crossed the porch and suddenly Father shouted, "Now then, put up your hands, all of you!"





TOO MUCH BRASS

Congressmen—and some distinguished military leaders—are fed up with lobbying and talking out of turn by Army and Navy officers. Here a veteran Washington correspondent who also is an ex-Army officer gives you the low-down

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

THE Army and Navy took a painful shellacking in the recent session of Congress, and they have only themselves to blame. Congressional leaders are rapidly becoming fed up with being harangued and high-pressured by certain generals and admirals.

This growing resentment is not confined to civilian ranks, and its importance can be gauged by the outraged reaction and uneasy concern it has caused in the most distinguished levels of the military itself.

A notable, and little-publicized, recent instance of the former was the resignation from the Marines of Brigadier General Merritt A. Edson. He quit because, as he expressed it, he could no longer countenance "the assumption of power by the military in Washington."

"I am a military man and proud of it," Edson declared. "But when we reach the point where the military are directing, instead of supporting, our country's policies, we are far along the road to losing what this country has always stood for. It was because of this trend of events that I finally reached the very difficult decision to resign from the Marines and return to Vermont."

The official silence that greeted Edson's blunt blast is very significant. A native Vermonter and graduate of the state university, Edson enlisted in the Marines in 1917, won a commission, and after World War I, made the Corps his profession. In World War II, he won the Congressional Medal of Honor and was promoted to general officer.

Last spring, General A. A. Vandegrift, commandant of the Marines, personally selected Edson to head the Corps' Plans and Policies Division. This agency is comparable to the elite OPD of the Army's General Staff, and its directorship is given only to the Corps' brightest brass. Also, Vandegrift made strenuous efforts to dissuade Edson from resigning, but resign he did and is now head of the Vermont State Police.

That explains why no brass hat of Army, Navy or Marines had one word to say regarding Edson's outburst. There was nothing they could say about him or his views.

The concern of the highest military levels over the Congressional and public resentment against military meddling in national affairs is evidenced by several equally significant incidents that brought action by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, soon to retire as Army Chief of Staff to become president of Columbia University, and General George Marshall, former Chief of Staff and now Secretary of State.

In the capital, the two great leaders are distinctly in a class by themselves so far as the military is concerned. Marshall and Eisenhower are universally regarded as statesmen in the finest sense of that term. Congress differentiates sharply between Marshall and Eisenhower and most other generals and admirals.

Eisenhower did his whipcracking on the labor issue. In an unpublicized directive (War Department Circular No. 344) he sternly ordered the Army to pipe down on this hotly controversial question. Titled "Policy with Respect to Statements Concerning Strikes, Lockouts and other Industrial Disputes," the directive declared:

"The responsibility for handling labor relations is vested in other government agencies, and it is not the function of the War Department to pass judgment on, or otherwise to inject itself into, questions of this character. Wherever possible, the Army avoids any form of involvement in industrial disputes and under no circumstances does it take sides in them. Therefore, Army officers will refrain from public statements expressing opinion on the merits of a controversy or which may otherwise be construed as partial to one side or the other."

Marshall administered his spanking in the form of a pointed lecture to brass hats at the War College. He bluntly told his former colleagues that they did too much yapping about Congressional budget pruning and not enough honest elimination of waste and extravagance. If there were more sincere economizing by the military, he declared, they would have far less difficulty obtaining appropriations from Congress.

"You have not put enough effort into the problem of reducing military costs," Marshall said. "You err when you submit dogmatic requirements. It is useless to say that political leaders fail to give you what you want unless you can assure the public that you did your best in keeping down estimates.

"You must realize very clearly that it will become more and more difficult to obtain military appropriations from Congress that swell the budget disproportionately. The Army has never put sufficient effort into preparing studies on its budget which will make military requirements clear to civilians."

Result: Slashes in Appropriations

Both the Army and the Navy had plenty of reason to rue this obtuseness in the recent session of Congress. They paid for it in deep slashes in their appropriations.

The Army's would have been a lot deeper if it hadn't been for Eisenhower's testimony before the powerful House Appropriations Committee. He succeeded in soothing some ruffled feelings and in retrieving some of the ground lost by less able Army spokesmen.

When Eisenhower was rushed up to the committee, Congressional leaders were in a fighting mood. They and their constituents had been subjected to a deluge of Army lobbying and propaganda. The attitude of the committee members was expressed by Representative Albert J. Engel, six-term Michigan Republican, veteran of World War I and father of a son who fought in Patton's Third Army.

"The War Department's lobby," Engel hotly charged, "is downright vicious. It ranks with the worst I have ever seen here. If a private corporation resorted to some of the practices that seem to be standard on the part of generals in meddling and interfering with Congressional business, the executives of that corporation would be thrown into jail.

"At one committee hearing I caught General Richards (Major General George J. Richards, Army budget officer) signaling witnesses on what to testify. I had to order this general to behave himself. On another occasion, during a debate in the House on an Army appropriation, an assistant of General Richards sat in a gallery sending notes to members on the floor. I got up on the floor and raised hell about this. That put an end to it.

"There has also been a flood of propaganda, most of it inspired by the military, to the general effect that we have reduced budgets arbitrarily and recklessly. That is absolutely untrue. This committee sincerely desires to give the Army and Navy whatever funds they need to maintain strong and adequate establishments. But we insist that waste and extravagance be eliminated, that the military fully justify their vast appropriation requests as all other government agencies are required to do, and that they give us the facts without trickery, camouflage and propaganda. We are responsible to the people who bear the burden of these huge expenditures. The military is serving them, not bossing them or Congress."

Eisenhower made no defense of the Army's lobbying antics. Instead, he gave the committee unqualified assurance that the Army would bow uncomplainingly to the will of Congress.

"We have presented to you," he said, "our request for the funds that we think we need. This is the best judgment of the War Department at this time. But I want to say to you that the War Department recognizes the constitutional responsibilities of the Congress. When the Congress has made its deliberate judgment on the portion of the national income that can be devoted to the mission of the Army, the War Department will live within the decision that the Congress has made.

"There will be no recriminations and no complaints by anyone within the War Department. If I hear of anyone acting or speaking to the contrary there will be another in his place when it comes to my attention. I believe in the American system and the American way of doing things."

The declaration unquestionably helped the Army appreciably in this instance. But, unfortunately, there are very few Eisenhowers among the military and it was not possible for him to race up to the Hill every day to undo blunders perpetrated by other Army brass.

The hostile attitude toward the military that repeatedly manifested itself in high Congressional quarters was one of the most significant behind-the-scenes developments of the recent session. It is particularly significant for two reasons: The present Congress is a very conservative body and usually the military fare best under such circumstances; and the hostility was of a personal nature. It was not organized and there was no antimilitary bloc. It was merely that leaders and members developed a high personal sensitivity to the aggressiveness of the military in national affairs.

Leaders such as Senator Styles Bridges, New Hampshire, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Representative Daniel A. Reed, ranking Republican member of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Representative Clare Hoffman, Michigan, chairman of the Committee on Executive Agency Expenditures, publicly voiced their displeasure.

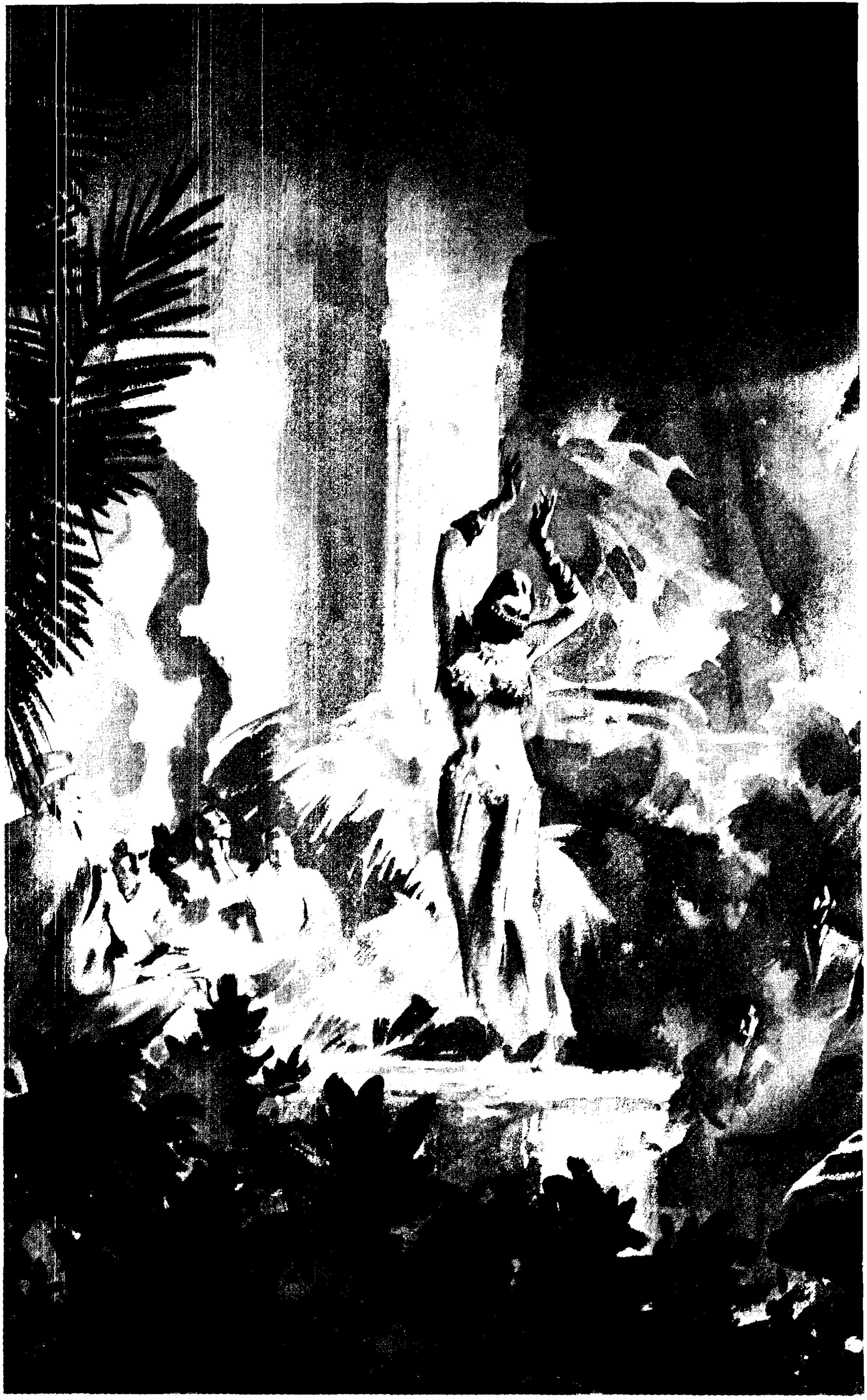
"Many of us in Congress feel the military talk too much about policies," said Senator Bridges. "Also, they are distinctly out of their field when they lobby for the passage

(Continued on page 76)

THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

Inspector Chafik wondered how many men had been clay in the lovely hands of Khurrem the Dancer



THE little man who entered the Cabaret of the Great Caliph, behind the fashionable Saa'dun Quarter of the modern city of Baghdad, stood for a moment in the shadows, as if he were shy of this walled garden where patrons sat in booths discreetly screened by flowering shrubs.

He looked at the stage where an orchestra of various wind instruments, strings and drums was playing varying rhythms, while a slender girl sang a single note and then surrounded it with an arabesque of grace notes. It was music without harmony, but the man had not a Western ear and found it pleasing. As the girl began to dance, he walked down a path between the high wall and the shrubs and entered a booth so unobtrusively that the solitary occupant did not notice him.

Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department carefully dusted a chair and said as he sat down, "If the thoughts of men were public, one would be justified in raiding this place. And even you, my dear Abdullah, would see the inside of a cell."

The tall, gaunt man hastily looked away from the stage, but seeing the smile lurking in the dun-colored eyes of his companion, he raised a hand in protest. "Sir, my concentration was purely of a professional nature—" Sergeant Abdullah began, and wriggled in his seat when the Inspector interrupted:

"The purity of it is what I doubt. The girl is indeed gifted." They both looked at the stage where the dancer turned full circle with swiftly moving feet and made of her body a reed rippling in a hot wind of passion.

Watching her, Chafik wondered how many men had been clay in the flowerlike hands of Khurrem. His records at headquarters described her as a Syrian, but many details of her life were lacking and this was irritating to the tidy mind of the little man. He said, voicing his worry, "She has danced in Cairo, Beirut and Teheran. Her lovers are always military men or government officials and she ignores others although they are often wealthier. An odd thread in the pattern, for surely a woman of this profession is solely interested in money?" He shrugged and then said, "But on the record one could not refuse her entry into Iraq. A suspicion is not a fact, and you, Abdullah, will now report to me only with facts."

The sergeant answered as if reading from his notes, "On your orders I have watched this woman for a week. Her favor goes to Major Ali Rasim of the 2d Mountain Brigade. He is infatuated and sits nightly in the booth at the top right corner of the garden, where she often joins him."

Inspector Chafik turned his sleek head, the black hair oiled and brushed until it had the sheen of silk. The lights in the garden were dim, but he could see a man in the booth. Major Rasim was the younger son of an aristocratic Baghdadi family and the brigade with which he served was organized for frontier defense. Chafik lighted a cigarette and said, "This is a matter for Military Intelligence. We, as the political and criminal police, are solely interested in civilians."

"Among the civilians, sir, Mohammed Shaalan is captivated by the girl—"

"Shaalan, Mohammed. Eldest son of Ibn Shaalan, a sheik of the Muntafiq." The Inspector was quoting from his records and as he partly closed his eyes he could see the card on which the particulars were entered. "Rich," he went on. "Spends more time in Baghdad than on his father's estate. Weakness, women. Arrogant. Hot-tempered. Is the man here?"

"In the booth opposite." Sergeant Abdullah looked across the cool garden and then said, "He has gone now, but he was there when you arrived. The girl ignores him."

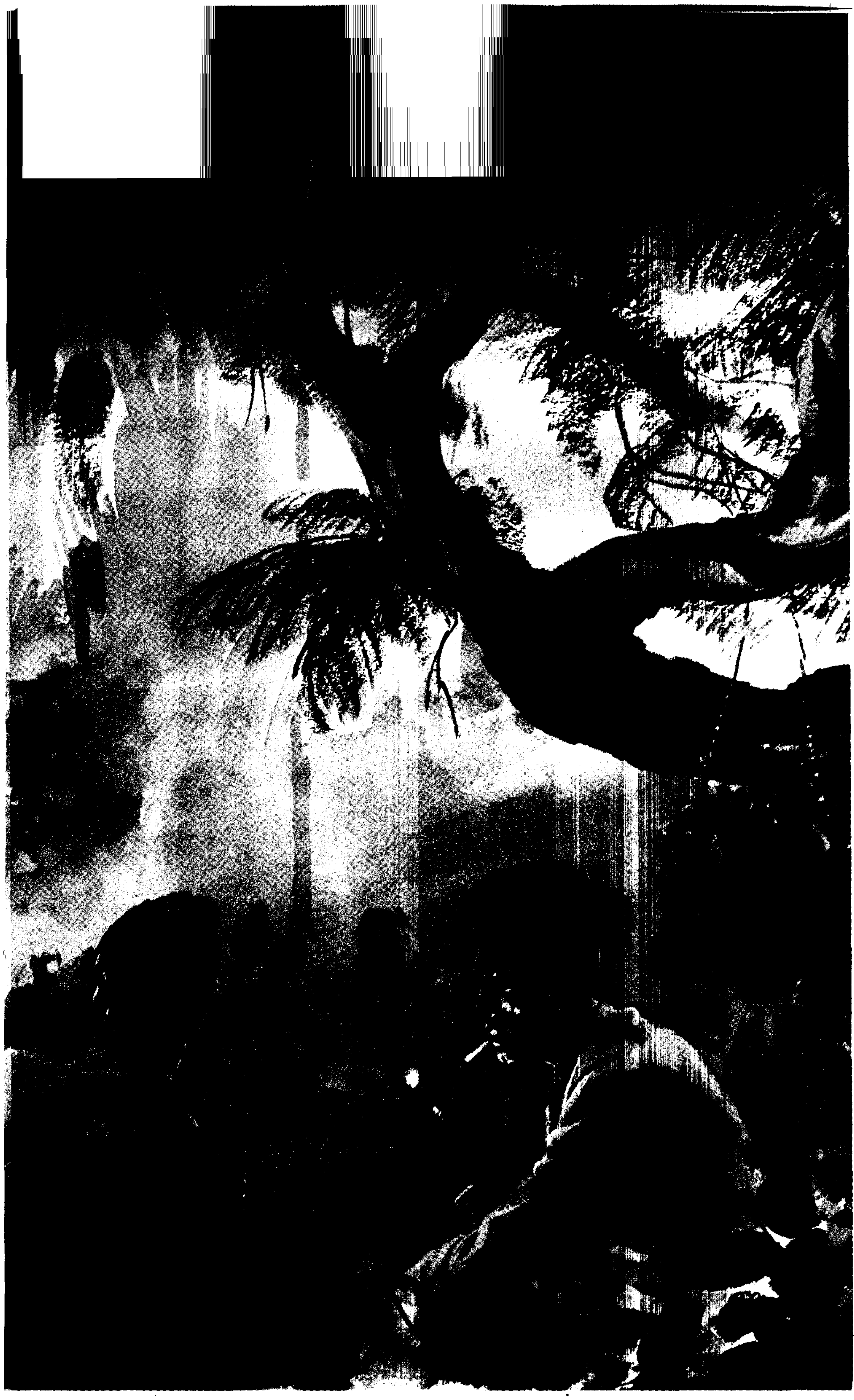
"Other men?"

"They are as bees around the queen," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"A queen bee," Chafik said, "has an unattractive appearance and is often swollen with eggs. One cannot say Khurrem is unattractive. Or swollen," he added, watching the girl who had finished her dance and was now bowing to the applause. He drew back into the shadows as the dancer left the stage and walked lightly to the booth where Major Rasim was sitting.

"The names of the other men—" began Sergeant Abdullah.

A woman's scream ripped the perfumed peace of the night and was followed by a moment of silence, broken only by the croaking of frogs in the irrigation ditches squaring the lawn. A second scream ran in mocking echoes within the high walls, and as panic gripped the crowd Inspector Chafik said calmly, "Tell the police at the doors to let nobody out. It appears there is entertainment for us at the Great Caliph tonight." He vaulted the shrubs and ran for the booth Khurrem had entered; after one brief glance he turned to the men who crowded at his heels. "Return to your seats," he said. "The



"If the thoughts of men were public," Chafik said, "one would be justified in raiding this place. And even you, Abdullah, would see the inside of a cell"

police are already here." His voice, not overloud, had the quality of a whip.

Entering the booth, he looked at the girl who crouched against the shrubs with gloved hands to her face; her eyes were black pits. She was about to scream again when the little man caught her wrist and slapped her cheek. "It would be wise to forget hysterics," he said. "I shall have many questions to ask."

Khurrem whispered, "See, see! Oh, God the Merciful! The major—"

Chafik interrupted, "Bodies have no rank or title. They are all equal before God," and going to the table he looked at the man in military uniform who was huddled low in a chair, his chin on his breast, his mouth open.

From the base of the neck at the right shoulder projected the wooden handle of a knife. A small patch of blood stained Major Rasim's light summer tunic. The Inspector ignored the knife and put his hand on the man's heart. Casually, voicing thoughts, he said, "It was to be expected he would be dead, with the knife in such a spot." Lifting his strange, ageless eyes to the girl, who was now quiet, he continued, "Such a thrust could be made with the arm of the killer lovingly around his neck. It could also be made by one standing behind on the path between the bushes and the wall. Was your arm around his neck?"

"I? You suggest—" Khurrem straightened her slender body and said in the husky voice of anger, "My arm was not around his neck. I entered the booth and thought he was sleeping. He drinks too much and you can see the whisky on the table. I spoke to him and then I put my hand on him." She covered her face with her hands.

"And then you saw the knife," Chafik prompted gently.

"Yes, I saw *that.* And only half an hour before we sat and talked."

"So he was killed when you were on the stage and all eyes were on you. Even I was watching you. But what did you see from the stage? Surely you sang for your lover?"

"The booth is in shadow. One cannot see into it from the stage. And who says he was my lover?" There was a challenge in the question, and throwing back her cloud of hair Khurrem looked at the Inspector with hatred tempered by fear.

He answered softly, "I know many things about you and will know more. Come to me tomorrow and bring your passport. The name is Chafik J. Chafik." He turned to Sergeant Abdullah who had just arrived with a squad of police summoned from a near-by station. The sergeant was ordering back a man who had roughly pushed his way through the crowd, but the Inspector said, "Permit Mr. Hassoon to pass. He has a right here." He had recognized the owner of the cabaret.

"What is this? What is this?" demanded Hassoon, hugging his hands to his breast and contorting his thin body into a gigantic question mark. "I have always had a respectable cabaret," he said. "You, Inspector Chafik, know I give good entertainment without vice. Now a woman screams and the police gather like flies on a festering wound—"

"There has not been time for the wound to fester," Chafik said mildly, and moving aside from the body he asked, "You know him, Mr. Hassoon?"

"Major Rasim!" The shrill voice sank to a whisper as the proprietor peered at the body and projecting knife. "Murder? Oh, Compassionate God, what wickedness has this woman caused?" He turned so quickly on Khurrem that Chafik thought he was going to strike her and caught his arm.

"Why do you think the woman is the motive for the crime?" he asked sharply.

HASSOON was calmer now but his voice was edged with anger as he said, "A woman who sings and dances is as honey to men. When she gives her favors to one the evil begins. Perhaps I am in the wrong business," he said looking with distaste from the dancer to the body. He took a handful of salted melon seeds from his pocket and politely offered them to Chafik, who bowed his thanks but preferred his cigarette. "As I have told you, I make every effort to keep the atmosphere of my cabaret clean," Hassoon went on, "but I have often looked on the faces of my guests and found them lustful." He took the husk of a melon seed from his mouth and placed it tidily in an ash tray.

Chafik said dryly, "We appear to share the same opinion. As you are so observant, my dear Mr. Hassoon, can you tell me who was particularly jealous of Major Rasim?"

"There were many, but I have noted one man who looked at him with hatred—but I must be loyal to my guests even if I dislike their ways."

"Major Rasim was also your guest. You must not withhold information."

"True. The name I was about to mention was Mohammed Shaalan."

Chafik gave Abdullah a warning look because the sergeant had said, "By God and by God!"

Then the Inspector said quietly, "Let us go to your office, Mr. Hassoon. Abdullah, look for the son of Ibn Shaalan and if he is still in the cabaret bring him to me." He gave the corpse a brief glance. "Obviously the killer took the precaution to wear gloves, but of course test the knife for fingerprints. Detectives are more fortunate in fiction," Inspector Chafik added sadly. . . .

In the office behind the stage, where there were also dressing rooms for the entertainers, the little man sat and waited. He lighted the inevitable cigarette while Hassoon munched melon seeds. Presently the sergeant ushered into the room a sharp-nosed, swarthy man who was dressed in the fine cotton and silk robes of a tribal Arab. The gray headcloth which shaded his face was bound with a cord of braided goat's hair making a double ring about his head, and as his robes swirled Chafik noticed the holster of a *(Continued on page 65)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

BROTHER JAZZ

THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON

How jazz music moved from a speak-easy called the Stork Club to the august environment of Town Hall, with station stops on luxury liners and bread lines

Conclusion

THE Stork Club was an old brownstone on West Fifty-eighth Street just west of Sixth Avenue. We went to work there in the fall of 1931. We hadn't yet met the owner. After our first set, McKenzie went out to the vestibule and paced the floor. He needed $500 to save an insurance policy and he didn't know where to get it.

As he walked and smoked he became aware that someone was watching him, a man dressed like an Oklahoma horse trader.

"Do you like this place?" the man asked.

"How could I like it when I can't get enough dough to keep an insurance policy that will take care of my family in case someone hates my singing and puts a hole in my head?" Red said bitterly.

"How much to you need?" the man asked.

"Five hundred dollars," McKenzie said. "Do you sing here, too?"

The man reached into his pocket and took out a wad of bills. Red stared. The roll was two stories deep.

"Take a thousand," the man said, handing him the roll. "You may need it."

Red peeled off ten hundred-dollar bills. "That's a lot of dough to be carrying around," he said shakily, handing back the roll. "If the guys who run this joint see it you may have to leave it behind when you go."

"I think I'll stay," the man said. "I own the place. My name is Billingsley. I hope you'll be happy here; the customers seem to enjoy your music."

McKenzie was a different man when he came back. "I just met the most wonderful guy in the world," he said. "His name is Sherman Billingsley. He's our boss and I want you lousy bums to treat him with respect."

Joe Sullivan and I were living in a two-room garden apartment at the rear of a building on Fifty-fourth Street between Park and Lexington. We had birthdays in the same section of November. We decided to celebrate them with parties; Joe's was first.

"We can begin at half past two, right after we finish work," I said.

"We need a piano," Joe said. "I can't have a birthday party without a piano."

We found an upright for sale. It was old, battered and parched; the price was ten dollars. We hired three Negroes with a truck. I telephoned a piano tuner and asked him to be ready to administer to a sick piano.

The piano tuner was waiting when we got there. He took the front off the upright and worked for hours. It was so old and so dry that he was afraid to bring it up to standard pitch for fear it would explode, but when he finished, it was in tune.

With his wife, Phyllis, and daughters Maggie, 4, and Lisa, 2, Eddie relaxes in Washington Square Park

BY EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE

The guests were on time; it was easy not to be late at two thirty in the morning. Since it was Joe's party several of the guests were pianists; they took turns at the upright. Later Fats Waller dropped in; for a while he and Joe alternated at the keyboard.

We toasted the first day of Joe's twenty-sixth year with Billingsley's brandy. After that I remember little.

Our guests finally left and we went to bed. We woke up in time to get dressed and go to work. I walked into the living room. There had not been much disorder and some of the girls had cleared away the glasses and emptied the ash trays. But something had happened which now slowly I recalled. Two dozen of the best hot piano players in town had been banging on the upright for five continuous hours, with the front off to get volume. I remembered a piano hammer sailing past my head while Fats was playing, and another landing in my lap. They had snapped off under the impact of his left hand.

Now I saw piano hammers all over the floor, and on the chairs and in the lounge. One of them was hanging from a picture. The boys had literally beaten the upright to death. I walked over and looked at the corpse. Some of the hammers were

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

Paul Smith, advertising executive and jazz enthusiast (and incidentally Eddie's brother-in-law), listens to Condon. Smith also plays the guitar

Town Hall concerts, begun in 1942, provided larger audiences for the new music. Here Gene Schroeder is at the piano while Condon strums rhythm

Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony (right), is one of the serious musicians to applaud jazz music as an art form

hanging out, broken but not snapped off. Others were still intact. I tried the keyboard. There weren't enough notes left to play an octave.

Just before Christmas, the Stork was padlocked by federal prohibition agents. In a few weeks it reopened at Fifty-first Street and Park Avenue and we went into it. We worked until spring; then McKenzie got restless and joined the Whiteman band.

I sat around New York with my teeth in my mouth, playing parties and club dates, making an occasional record, changing my clothes in Plunkett's icebox, keeping alive on free steaks at the Onyx, thanks to Joe Helbock.

One night I walked in and found Jimmy Dorsey and Jerry Colonna at the bar; Helbock was mixing drinks for them.

"We'd like to ask you to join us, Eddie," Dorsey said solemnly, "but we just decided on a new system. Each night one person will buy all the drinks; tonight that person is you."

"Fine," I said. I turned to Helbock. "Joe," I said, "ask the boys how they'll have their water, hot or cold."

Between sessions at the piano Joe Sullivan used to sit and talk with me. "Eddie," he said one night, "do you think the public will ever make an honest woman out of jazz?"

I was feeling bitter; my rent was overdue.

"There is no such thing as an honest woman," I said. "There are just women who get higher prices than other women. Jazz is in the lower brackets."

In the spring of 1933, McKenzie left Whiteman; the Mound City Blue Blowers reorganized and returned to the Stork Club. In November repeal came and we were out of a job again.

South of Harlem, the headquarters of jazz was the Commodore Music Shop. It became a meeting place for jazz enthusiasts. One of these was Paul Smith, an illustrator, art director, aviator, advertising executive and amateur guitarist.

Sometimes Milton Gabler, proprietor of the shop, asked me to assist him in identifying the performers on a certain record.

No company ever bothered to list the personnel on a popular or jazz record; the only way to identify the performers was to ask a musician who had been on the date. I listened to Gabler talk about the greatness of jazz, its recognition as an art by the people of Europe, and its future in America.

"Do you think it will be recognized here before we die?" I asked him once.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled; his eyes had the look of a kid sunk in a dream.

"It's recognized now," he said. "It's just a matter of spreading it to a larger number of people. Over here we never think anything is recognized until the entire population takes it up; then we get tired of it and call it common and look for something else. You can't do that with an art; in fact, I don't think an art is ever popular; there aren't enough people with taste and understanding to make it popular. It's the cheap imitations of art that are sold by the million."

That summer we rehearsed a band for the Onyx, which had suffered a fire and was being redecorated; Jack Kapp of Decca let us use one of his studios. By August the band sounded almost musical; it contained a couple of men I hadn't previously known. They were Mike Riley, a trombonist, and Ed Farley, a cornet player.

Bandstand Clowns Try Pie-Throwing

We opened and I found out about Riley and Farley. During rehearsals they had conducted themselves as musicians; an audience transformed them into clowns. They poured water over each other, scuffled, mugged, and did everything but play music. Manny Klein, a cornet player who dropped in for a drink and saw the slapstick, went out and bought a lemon-meringue pie. He gave it to Riley and said, "I dare you." Riley took the pie and hit Farley in the face with it. After that it happened every night. I called them "Lemon Meringue" and "Custard."

When the clowning started I left the stand and went to the bar. No matter how low you fall, I thought, there's always room underneath. But a man isn't compelled to step down. I didn't. I was fired.

McKenzie and I moved to an opposition club across the street, the Famous Door.

One morning early in 1936, I woke up with a blazing pain which filled me from my neck to my hips. They took me to Polyclinic Hospital, and six doctors tried to diagnose the trouble. One of them was Dr. McGrath, who had been a surgeon for fifty years.

"Please, Doc," I said to him, "operate here." I drew a finger across my throat.

The blood count on my white corpuscles was high, indicating infection. It was decided to operate immediately. I was put behind a screen.

They gave me ether and operated. My pancreas had burst and its juice was dripping into my abdomen, trying to digest whatever it touched. Half of my appendix was gone. No one had any hope for me.

When the operation was finished I was wheeled into the death room, a small cubicle where a man can pass out without bothering his fellow patients. My temperature went to 106 and I began to sink.

The fever lasted for three days and three nights. I was rubbed with whisky and wrapped in hot blankets. When McKenzie found out about the whisky massages he brought a bottle from the Famous Door.

"What's that for?" Miss Roach, the nurse, asked.

"It's to rub Mr. Condon with," McKenzie said.

Miss Roach sniffed. "We use only bonded whisky!" she said.

McKenzie stared. "To rub a guy with?" he said.

He opened the bottle and he and Bunny Berigan and Joe Bushkin drank it.

There was no chance for me, but Slovak, an intern friend of mine, kept trying. I was given extreme unction, the church's last sacrament for the dying. Then my temperature came down, my mind cleared, and I began to get well.

Fifty-second Street was booming when I got back to work. After the Famous *(Continued on page 68)*

THE VOICE OF
ALBANY'S SILENT

LAST year, the Republican majority leader of the New York State Assembly decided that there was no chance for advancement in his job and announced that he was retiring to become dean of one of the schools at Cornell University. Immediately thereafter, on March 20, 1946, a wake was held for the political corpse in a touching testimonial dinner at Albany's Ten Eyck Hotel. The printed program of the dinner bore the likeness of the corpse, with an inscription underneath, reading: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Governor Thomas E. Dewey stood up, patted the good and faithful servant on the back and allowed as how he would be missed, but that the political world's loss was the academic world's gain. Lieutenant Governor Joe R. Hanley then got up and echoed his boss' sentiments, and Irwin Steingut, the Democratic minority leader of the Assembly, brushed a tear from his cheek and delivered an oration on the worthiness of his former opponent.

That was less than a year and a half ago. Since then, the corpse—Irving McNeil Ives by name—has developed remarkable signs of vitality. Six months after he was buried politically, Ives was resurrected when Dewey could find no other Republican in the state to throw in against former Governor Herbert Lehman in the 1946 senatorial election. Two months after that, Ives was elected. Thirteen months, to the day, after the wake at the Ten Eyck Hotel, he broke freshman-senator tradition by leading debate on the floor of the Senate and scoring victories over Robert Alphonso Taft of Ohio.

As a result of all this, Ives is being hailed in various authoritative quarters as (a) Dewey's spokesman in the Senate, placed there to duel skillfully with Taft and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, in the Dewey Presidential offensive; (b) the most influential freshman senator to grace the Capitol in the memory of a half-dozen Washington correspondents; (c) the next Republican Vice-Presidential candidate if Dewey is stopped at the G.O.P. convention, and a Middle Westerner like Taft is chosen to head the ticket; and (d) the next governor of New York, with a good chance to be the Republican nominee for President in 1952 or 1956.

Much of this, of course, is open to dispute by other experts, skeptics and Democrats, who claim that Ives is not a skillful spokesman or an advance man for Dewey, but merely is a stooge who takes his orders by direct telephone line from the supposedly Silent Man of Albany; that he exists as a Vice-Presidential candidate only in the carefully planted rumors of Taft followers who are trying to split the Dewey camp; and that his present position is based mostly on his reputation as a friend of labor, and if he con-

Senator Irving M. Ives, here posed before the statue, The Driller, in the Museum of Natural History, Washington, has won prestige among his colleagues as a labor expert and a man very close to Republican potentate Thomas E. Dewey

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF

IAN

Senator Irving M. Ives has been notably successful in talking like a liberal and voting like a conservative. The result: prestige for himself and a flock of assorted votes for his political mentor, Governor Dewey

BY BILL DAVIDSON

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

One of the most elaborate of political wakes was given Ives in 1946 by Oswald Heck, left, and Governor Dewey. A year later Ives was a potent freshman in the U.S. Senate

tinues to alienate labor as he seems to have done since he came to Congress, he will have a tough time getting elected to anything.

These items are highly controversial, and either—or neither—side may be one hundred per cent correct. There is one point, however, about which there is no argument whatever. It is generally agreed in Washington that the tall, good-looking, 51-year-old Ives has bounded from the limbo of discarded politicians to a position of almost unprecedented power for a freshman senator.

This showed up for the first time when the 13-man Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee met one day last spring to begin consideration of the labor legislation which eventually became the Taft-Hartley Bill.

Mr. Taft Was All Smiles

Robert Taft was the chairman of that committee and Ives was its lowest-ranking junior member. Taft came in, all smiles, and handed out printed copies of the stringent labor measure which he personally had drawn up in conjunction with Senator Joseph H. Ball of Minnesota. "All right now," he said, "let's get to work and start on page one of my bill."

At this point, according to other senators present, Ives said, "There are a lot of things in your bill that I don't agree with, Senator. So I've brought along copies of my own bill."

Taft was struck speechless by this, and Ball turned a flaming shade of red. "*Your* bill?" Taft asked finally, in a tone calculated to chill the wet spots behind the ears of the freshman.

"Yes," said Ives. And while Taft looked on helplessly, the junior senator from New York passed out typewritten copies of his bill.

From that point on, the junior senator from New York led a combination of four Democrats and three liberal Republicans to a series of 7 to 6 victories over some of the sterner provisions of Taft's bill. Later, he fought Taft again on the floor—until he went into a series of spectacular reversals (presumably due to party pressure) and wound up on Taft's side. Many experts consider that once he joined Taft's side, he became the keyman in the passing of the Taft-Hartley Bill over President Truman's veto. No less than ten Republican senators admittedly looked to Ives for a lead on how to vote on the bill, and even Taft's people confirm that if Ives had voted against overriding the veto, the Taft-Hartley act would not be law today.

When you check over this list of Ives-influenced senators, an interesting fact emerges: Nearly all of them are from the Eastern industrial states and would be Dewey supporters in the 1948 Republican Presidential showdown. One begins to wonder, therefore, if they vote with Ives merely because he is known as a labor expert, or because he actually does speak for the heir presumptive to the Republican nomination. Ives emphatically denies any pressure or instructions from Dewey, or even any contact with him, since he came to Washington. This may be true. There is, however, considerable evidence on the other side of the argument.

For instance, even though Ives always has been courteous and respectful in his committee work and debates, the chances are that if he weren't in very close touch with a powerful figure like Dewey, he would have been given the same freeze treatment accorded to other freshman senators who got a little too active in their first session. Ives, furthermore, *did* confer with Dewey at least three times during the debate on the labor bill—at the Gridiron Club dinner in Washington on May 10th, at the New York State Young Republicans convention at Schroon Lake, New York, at the end of May, and at the Hamilton College commencement a few days before the veto battle.

One of Ives' closest acquaintances in the Senate said, during the labor bill debate, "Ives is not a free agent. He is troubled terribly right now." Another senator points out that several times Ives argued violently for a point on one day, and then meekly voted against it on the next. He mentioned specifically page 4264 of the Congressional Record for April 28th, where Ives put up a tremendous fight to have the labor bill split up into four separate bills, and pages 4389 and 4392 of the Congressional Record of April 30th, when he abruptly changed his mind and voted for the single bill. This senator attributes Ives' changes of mind to nocturnal telephone calls.

A top Dewey aide in Albany readily confirmed these long-distance conferences. "The telephone," he said, "is a wonderful thing." One of the Capitol telephone operators reports that official calls from Albany get top priority on any of the three overtaxed telephone extensions allotted to Senator Ives—even if one of the extensions happens to be connected with the White House.

Whether he is playing Dewey's game or his own, Ives is playing it very shrewdly so far—for Dewey. While Ives is occasionally scorched by the Old Guard Republicans as "just another damned New Dealer," and by the unions as "a traitor to labor," Dewey merely says, as he has before, "Ives is to the left of me." He then proceeds to gather in the liberal votes produced by his hand-picked senator's talks, and the conservative votes that result from his own pregnant silences.

During this session Ives has sponsored two other pieces of legislation that undoubtedly are based on humanitarian motives, but follow the same pattern. His bill for a federal commission against racial and religious discrimination in employment is exactly the same as the mild New York State bill that didn't cause anybody any trouble, and brought several hundred thousand Negro, Jewish and Catholic votes into the Dewey Republican fold in 1946.

The second of these bills came about in a strange way. In 1943, during the battle of the Warsaw ghetto, a tiny, six-year-old girl named Elza Friedrych saw her father and mother slaughtered by the Nazi SS troops. Then she was spirited away and hidden by members of the Polish underground. When the war ended, two old friends of Elza's parents—Helen and Isaac Shatzkin of New York City—determined to find the little girl, adopt her, and bring her to the United States.

Inequity in the Quota Law

They spent large sums of money locating Elza. Then they had her transported to a boarding school in Sweden, and Mrs. Shatzkin flew to Stockholm to complete the adoption arrangements. There she ran into a fantastic State Department situation. Because Elza had not been precocious enough to register as a displaced person in December, 1945, when she was all of eight years old, she was ineligible to enter the United States under existing quota regulations.

Mrs. Shatzkin raved at every level of the State Department—but to no avail. Then, in desperation, she came to see Senator Ives in Washington. The result was S830, or the Ives War Orphans Bill, which is designed to permit any war orphan under 14 years of age to be admitted to the United States, just so long as an American citizen will adopt him.

Because of his feelings in matters like this, plus a tremendous amount of personal charm, Ives always has been able to stampede the women delegates at every convention at which he was a candidate. He is a slim six-footer, with graying hair and deep blue eyes, and a beautifully resonant speaking voice.

Ives comes from pre-Revolutionary Dutch-English-Presbyterian stock. He was born on January 24, 1896, in Bainbridge, New York, a tiny village in the Susquehanna Valley about halfway upstate, which is surrounded by milk cows and Allegheny foothills. The cows provided his father, a feed and grain merchant, with a comfortable living, and the mountains furnished inspiration for his mother, a former schoolteacher and minister's daughter, who was determined that her only son, Irving, should either become the President of the United States, or a Presbyterian pastor somewhere in the valley. "I want," she used to say, "his voice to be heard."

Irving's voice was heard considerably—in school plays, in the dozens of public-speaking courses his mother made him take, and on the tennis court, where he cussed out pretty Elizabeth Skinner one day, and ended up by marrying her a few years later. (She died early this summer after 27 years of marriage.) A platoon of 5th Division infantry listened to Lieutenant Ives' voice over the sound of shells during the six months of the Saint Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives in World War I. And then, when he returned to Hamilton College in 1919, to finish up his junior and senior years, a lot of other people heard him.

He was captain of the tennis team, a basketball forward, the president of his class, a member of the debating team, a baritone (like Dewey) in the glee club, the favorite leading man of the dramatic club, a Phi Beta Kappa and the editor of the yearbook. In his spare time, he sounded off with extra fortitude as a cheer leader. And back in his freshman year, he led a wild campus political campaign which netted 14 adult votes for Charles Evans Hughes in the Presidential race of 1916.

During this early period, Ives did some surprising things for a man who now is a pillar of the Republican party

(Continued on page 63)

"He said you were a four-flusher so I slapped him," Myra said. I began to grin. "Kiss me," I said. She did. Several times.

YOU TOO CAN BE A GENIUS

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

In this case, genius was 10 per cent inspiration and 90 per cent Myra

IT WAS the same old thing. I looked at Myra Stewart sitting across the table from me in Harry's Bar, and why I'd had to go and fall in love with her I couldn't guess. But there it was. Not that she wasn't nice looking, with her dark hair done in a topknot and that little nose tilted up and the way her chin was, soft and round, with a dimple in it.

She looked all right, and she was a fine girl and I liked her. Only, she had these ideas.

She said, "After all, Herb, you've been out of the Army for over a year, now."

Was that something to complain about?

"Sure," I said.

"But you haven't *done* anything!"

What did she want me to do, pick a fight with Molotov?

I said, "I won eighty-five bucks in a crap game last night."

"Be serious, Herb." She leaned toward me across the table. She was earnest, intent. "Haven't you any pride? Haven't you any ambition? Look at James Wyatt."

I didn't want to.

"I'll have to look at him all week end," I said. "What was the idea of telling him we'd come to his damned farm, anyway?"

"It isn't a farm—it's a perfectly beautiful estate on Long Island."

"Oh," I said. "So that's it. I'm supposed to be struck all of a heap."

Her lips tightened. "It wouldn't occur to you," she said, "that you might have had a Long Island estate yourself, if you'd tried."

I made a noise in my throat. "Are you trying to tell me James Wyatt worked for that place himself?"

Myra blushed a little. "Well—maybe he did inherit it. But you have to admit he's running the business by himself. A big publishing firm like that!"

All he did was sign his name where somebody told him to. He wouldn't know a book if he met one in one of his favorite bars.

"Okay," I said.

"I'd be ashamed," Myra said. "You started out together in college—and now look at you! Working on a newspaper—the fifth one since you left school!"

The difference was, my old man hadn't left me fifty-one per cent of the stock in a publishing outfit. I said, "Okay, okay. Forget it."

I'd been hearing that kind of stuff ever since college. James this and James that. James was captain of the debating team. James was editor of the yearbook. I played a little second-string football and basketball, and a pretty sharp game of poker. When the war came along, James was a lieutenant in the A.G. section of Corps Headquarters, and I was an artillery sergeant. And now it was starting again.

I was pretty tired of James Wyatt.

"Forget it," I said. "Let's talk about something interesting, like: When are we going to get married?"

Myra's face tightened up again. "Not until you've made something of yourself," she said. "I don't want to marry a—a bum. A newspaper bum."

So now I was a bum. I stared at her, and I was mad. I said, "Maybe you want to marry James Wyatt."

I said, "I'm damn' tired of hearing about James Wyatt. Anybody can publish a book. If he could write one it'd be different. But he can't even write his name without using both hands."

I kept on staring at her. She was beginning to burn. Her mouth trembled a little and her topknot bobbed and swung.

"Oh!" she cried. "I suppose *you* could write a book?"

I hadn't thought of it, but why not?

"Why not?" I said.

Her jaw dropped a little.

"Herb! Do you mean—?"

Why I did it I don't know. I was just mad enough not to be able to think straight. At the time, it seemed like a good idea.

"'Sure," I said.

"A book! Herb Waters! And I never suspected—!"

Neither had I. I leaned back in my chair and looked nonchalant. Myra just gawked at me. Then what the literary lads call a trace of suspicion came into her eyes.

"Just where is this book?" she said.

I made my second mistake. "Right here in my pocket."

She sat up straight and reached across the table. "Let me see it."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that. It would disturb what we literary men call the current of inspiration."

Myra looked at me. Her eyes were big. Awed.

She said, "Is it—finished yet?"

"Not quite."

"How much longer will it take?"

I might as well make it good. "Oh," I said, "a few hours—maybe a day."

She reached across the table again and caught my hand. "Herb," she said, "I'll marry you just as soon as you finish it!" Her eyes were shining.

Mine weren't. I swallowed a couple of times. "Swell," I said. "Fine." I swallowed again. "That's just dandy."

Myra nodded happily. There were dreams in her eyes, now, plenty of them.

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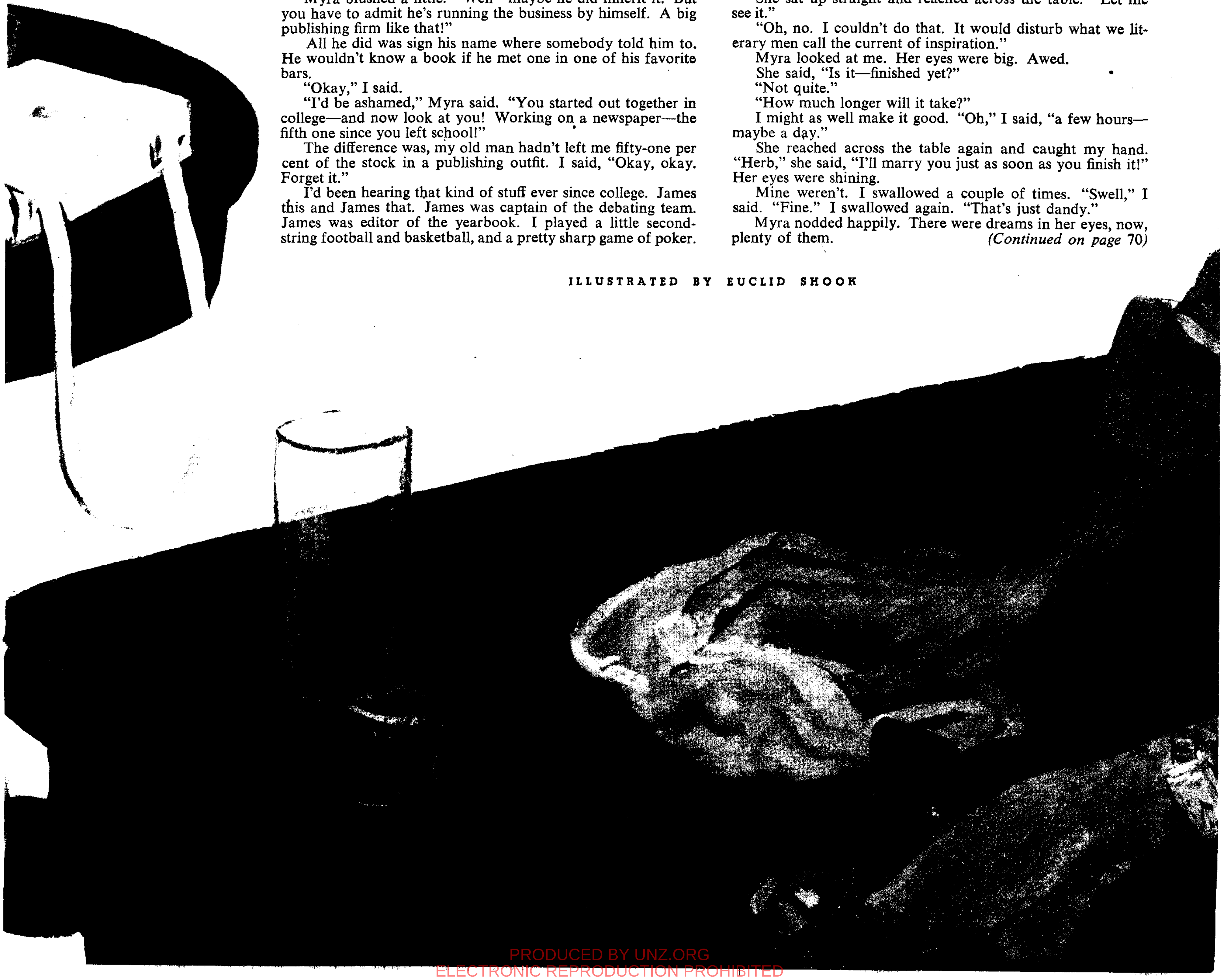
ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK



GOLF'S BAD BOY

BY TOM SILER

The petulant Frank Stranahan probably won't be the choice of the wise money in the coming National Amateur tournament. But he's sure to be the center of attention

When Stranahan won the semifinals of the Western Amateur, the girls, his best gallery support, crowded about him

FRANK STRANAHAN, the golfer, is the luckiest young man in America—he is lucky to be alive. How he came this far without being clipped by a cleek is a mystery. He has irritated spectators, infuriated competitors and almost caused the British to reject the Marshall Plan. What has undoubtedly saved him is a federal law prohibiting a spectator from shooting a golfer in a trap.

His tours of England and Scotland have done as little for Anglo-Saxon amity as the Battle of Bunker Hill. His first venture among the heather saw him firing his caddy in a fit of rage. Since a Scottish caddy has the same approximate standing in the community as a Presbyterian dominie, this was regarded as sacrilege, and London papers muttered darkly that if Stranahan were part of the American loan they might need to reconsider the deal.

Last April, Frank returned as a member of the Walker Cup team and conducted himself so admirably that several Englishmen ventured to speak to him. This, naturally, couldn't last. He remained over for the British Amateur and on the very first hole of his third-round match with George Morgan, a virtual unknown from Glasgow, he did it again.

Morgan knocked in his putt for a par four and then tapped in Frank's ball, the Scot's way of conceding a half on the hole.

Stranahan flabbergasted the gallery and remote parts of the British Empire by asking for a ruling. In short he wanted credit for winning the hole because Morgan had hit his ball. The stewards ruled against him, and the English press thereafter wanted no part of him. He lost next day to Willie Turnesa, the eventual winner, and returned home amid a chorus of ironic cheers.

"A braw sort o' lad," said the Scots dourly, "but a bit daft."

But he was back again in July playing in the British Open. All he had to do on the 72d and final hole to tie Fred Daly was to sink a shot from 110 yards away. He smacked it, the ball arched high in the air, hit the green and rolled straight toward the cup. The crowd let out an awful holler, the cheers ringing loud and clear. Stranahan galloped hopefully up to find the ball three inches from the cup. His face fell.

The story now verges. According to reports in the American press the British were honoring a courageous warrior who would not be downed by adversity. Frank followed with a little speech in which he said he had been a bad boy but would be a bad boy no longer and furthermore he loved each and every one of the British race (Cheers).

Or Were They Bronx Cheers?

However, Vic Ghezzi, another title-seeking invader, had a sourer view of the proceedings.

"You don't think they were cheering that shot, do you?" he asked Frankie. "They were yelling because you missed it. That was a holler of relief."

Ghezzi was serious but it wouldn't do to interpret his sharp remark as an indictment of British sportsmanship. After all Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen and Lawson Little had a grand time collecting British championships. The natives were fond of the visitors and still talk endearingly of Jones' brilliant triumphs over there. But mention Stranahan, and the hair rises on the backs of the lions in Trafalgar Square.

As a golfer, Stranahan is the most egocentric, monomaniacal character who ever swung a mashie. His sole, constant, obsessive ambition is to be the "best golfer in the world." As a young man he sat down and considered his assets: no financial worries, no job to tie him down, a fine set of muscles and a mind that gets hold of an idea and crushes it. He is a rich man's son who has taken the golfing veil. Furthermore, he gets his determination from his father, Robert A. Stranahan, multimillionaire manufacturer of Toledo, who is himself a crack golfer and still ranks high among the seniors.

Not since Papa Feller began buying machines to build up little Robert into a great pitcher has anything approached the Stranahans. The boy's notions concerning food, drink and exercise border on the eccentric. Stranahan drinks no whisky or beer; he has never tasted coffee. Maybe a root beer or a strawberry pop on a wild night, but milk is the staple beverage in his diet. Nor does he smoke. He is a prodigious consumer of bananas, oranges, apples and raw vegetables like carrots. Lifting 250-pound bar bells is his idea of fun.

Jim Ferrier, the P.G.A. champion, tells of the time he had dinner with Frank during one of the Carolinas tournaments. "As soon as we sat down Frank opened a brown paper sack and pulled out a raw carrot," Jim recalls. "While munching on that, he ordered four shrimp cocktails and three glasses of milk. Nothing else. The waitress turned a bit pale and backed away a few paces as she wrote down his order."

Stranahan firmly believes his life of monastic simplicity will lead to golfing greatness. He practices more than tireless Ben Hogan, constantly seeks perfect physical condition and plays

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHNA PEPPER

golf somewhere with somebody virtually every day in the year. Golfing history fails to record what part, if any, sobriety and bulging biceps played in the gallant championship battles of the past. Frank, however, is not remotely concerned with history—only the present and the future. He knows that milk was not a basic part of Hagen's diet; that Jones never hoisted a bar bell in his life; that Sarazen wouldn't be caught dead nibbling raw carrots.

He also knows that, strangely enough, poor boys win golf titles, pro and amateur. Dick Chapman is the only wealthy amateur champion since Jones' prime. And virtually every pro star is an ex-caddy. Yet Stranahan today is the amateur most likely to challenge the supremacy of the pros.

No amateur has had such a build-up in a decade and a half. His brilliant golf, his sharp tongue and lack of restraint, and the jockeying with spectators always have him on the spot in any tournament. He'll be a major attraction once again when the amateur field gathers shortly at Pebble Beach, Del Monte, California, for the National championship. Ted Bishop is the defending champion and Marvin "Bud" Ward, who recently defeated Stranahan for the Western championship, probably will be the choice of the wise money. But Stranahan will be the center of attention.

The top pros insist Stranahan right now is like an incubator egg 20 days gone. He's on the verge of breaking out of his shell and becoming a big winner. His 1947 record bears them out. He finished second to Demaret and tied with Nelson in the Masters at Augusta and was only a stroke off the winning pace in the British Open. The National Amateur this year could be the show that would launch him on a winning spree.

Stranahan's approach to the final round at the Masters was characteristic. He trailed Demaret, the leader, by five strokes. Picard told him he still could win it. Frank agreed, but added, "It'll take a 66 to do it." It seemed a prodigal waste of time to point out that Nelson, Hogan, Chick Harbert and a few others who played golf for a living were closer to Demaret than he was. That night Stranahan ate an early dinner and whisked his pretty girl friend to her home. He tossed the weights around for an hour and practiced putting on the carpet of his hotel room for two hours. An hour's practice the next morning on woods and irons and he was ready to tee off.

He shot a brilliant 68 to tie Nelson at 283, a new amateur record for the Masters, and finished in front of 50 of the country's finest golfers. He reproached himself endlessly for not tying Demaret. Significantly, he wasn't too downhearted to go to the practice tee and bang away for another hour in the gathering twilight.

Plays Strictly for Medals

Stranahan convinced himself last year that he was ready for the best. He won the Western Amateur, Great Lakes Amateur, North and South Amateur, and Mexican Amateur, doing poorly in the National Amateur, of which more later. Against the pros Frank won the Kansas City and Fort Worth Opens, and finished no lower than fifth in six other open meets. According to his own bookkeeping he would have finished sixth among the money winners had he been allowed to accept prize money. As it was, he collected medals and left the cash for the pros. He could easily net $20,000 as a pro this year. He doesn't want to join 'em, he wants only to beat 'em.

Money, as you may have gathered, is not one of his worries. His father picks up the tab. Years ago he tried to persuade his strong-willed son to go into business. No dice. Now Frank joins the pros in January and stays with them all year, detouring during the summer long enough to compete in all the major amateur events. Otherwise, he's a fixture along golf's gold trail. He travels by motor usually and has an awful time at hotels. When the bellhops see him coming they yell, "Head for the woods, men. The bar-bell boy is here."

Frankie is the first to admit he's still in the doghouse in England but reports progress on this side.

"Had 'em on my side for the first time last winter," he says proudly. "I think it's the bobby-soxers."

We can personally vouch for the last part. The bobby-sox brigade rallies behind him faithfully, trails him around the course, surges in for autographs on the 18th green and even stands worshipfully by while he bangs away in interminable practice sessions.

Being a handsome brute, the gals troop along with him in a match as if it were a country picnic. By the end of the day he is hard in friendship with a few of them and occasionally dinner dates result. That's when the ladies get disillusioned. Just when things begin to get interesting, Frankie hoists himself aloft, looks at his watch, says, "Gotta get my sleep, you know," and departs. This leaves the ladies with a lot of evening still on their hands.

Frankie was dismayed in his early days when he found the gallery was against him. They evidently resented his money and were eternally rooting for some ex-caddy who was reared around the coalyard. Frankie naïvely asked the sports writers to soft-pedal the fact that he was solvent but all that got him was a belligerent lack of cooperation among the newsmen.

His appearance and demeanor also antagonized the patrons. As he comes out to the first tee, Frankie walks ramrod-straight, taking long deliberate steps, something between a strut and a swagger. He is five feet ten and has long chestnut hair that falls daringly over his forehead as he plays bareheaded. He has deep brown eyes, square shoulders and a picture physique of 175 well-scattered pounds. His slacks are impeccably tailored and his solid-colored polo shirts fit him as tightly as Mabel's girdle, giving his impressive biceps a chance to ripple.

What really started him on the way up in public approval was his match with Smiley Quick, thirty-seven-year-old Public Links champion, last year in the Western Amateur at Duluth. Smiley was the sentimental favorite. Talkative and colorful, Quick had had the spectators in his hip pocket all along, entertaining them with dire predictions of Stranahan's fate. Smiley began giving Frank the "treatment," obviously figuring his pampered rival wouldn't know how to meet the challenge.

The match quickly settled into the golfing counterpart of a barroom brawl. They began standing in the line of each other's putts, moving about while the other player executed a shot. The Emily Post of golf, whoever that is, would have been horrified. On one occasion, having the upper hand, Quick told Frank, "All your millions won't help you now." Stranahan, another time, putted out and went on to the next tee, leaving Quick to putt out alone.

"I'm going to put the spurs to you now," Quick said, as they teed off.

"With what?" snapped Stranahan.

"It won't take much with that swing you've got," retorted Smiley.

This sort of thing, unprecedented in championship golf, went on for 38 holes, by which time the gallery had eased off of gritty, leather-tough Smiley and was rooting for Stranahan, who had shown he could protect himself with brass knuckles or pillows.

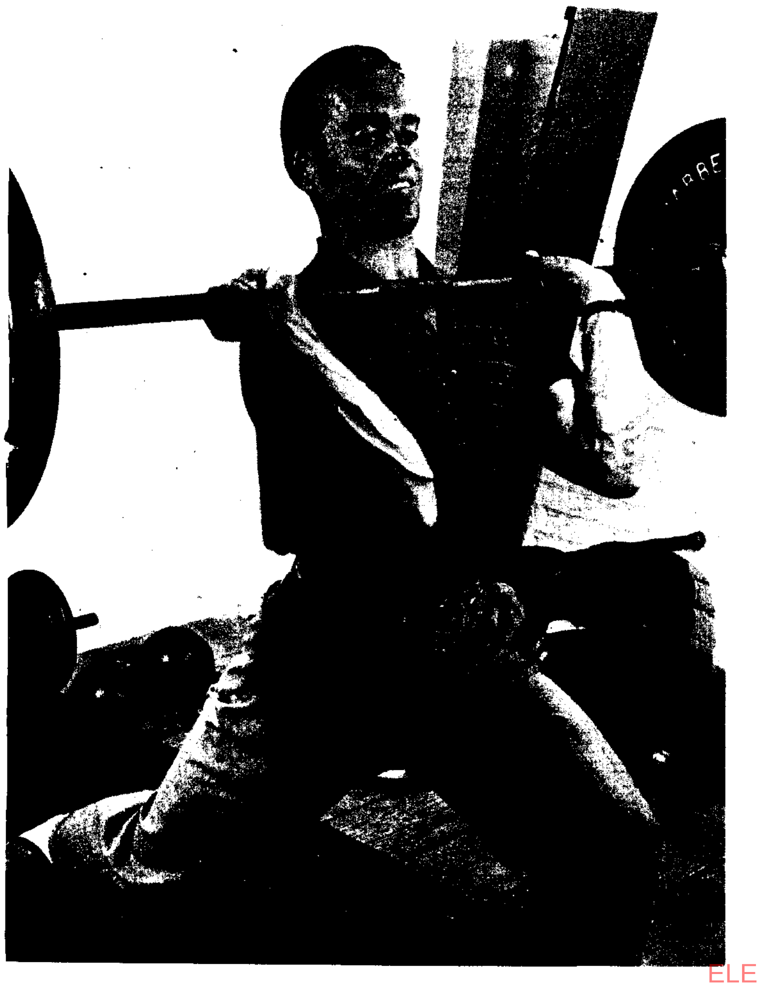
Going to the 39th hole, Quick said, "I'm going to end this match now; then I'm going to take care of you out behind the clubhouse."

Stranahan's answer was a 12-foot putt for the birdie that ended the overtime match on the 39th hole. Quick walked over, shook Frank's hand quickly, and disappeared. That was the last trace of the Stranahan-Quick feud. Anticlimactic as it was, Stranahan bounced right back from that vicious battle to defeat Ward, two-time National Amateur champion, in the championship match which also went into overtime.

A month later, in the finals of the Great Lakes Amateur in Chicago,

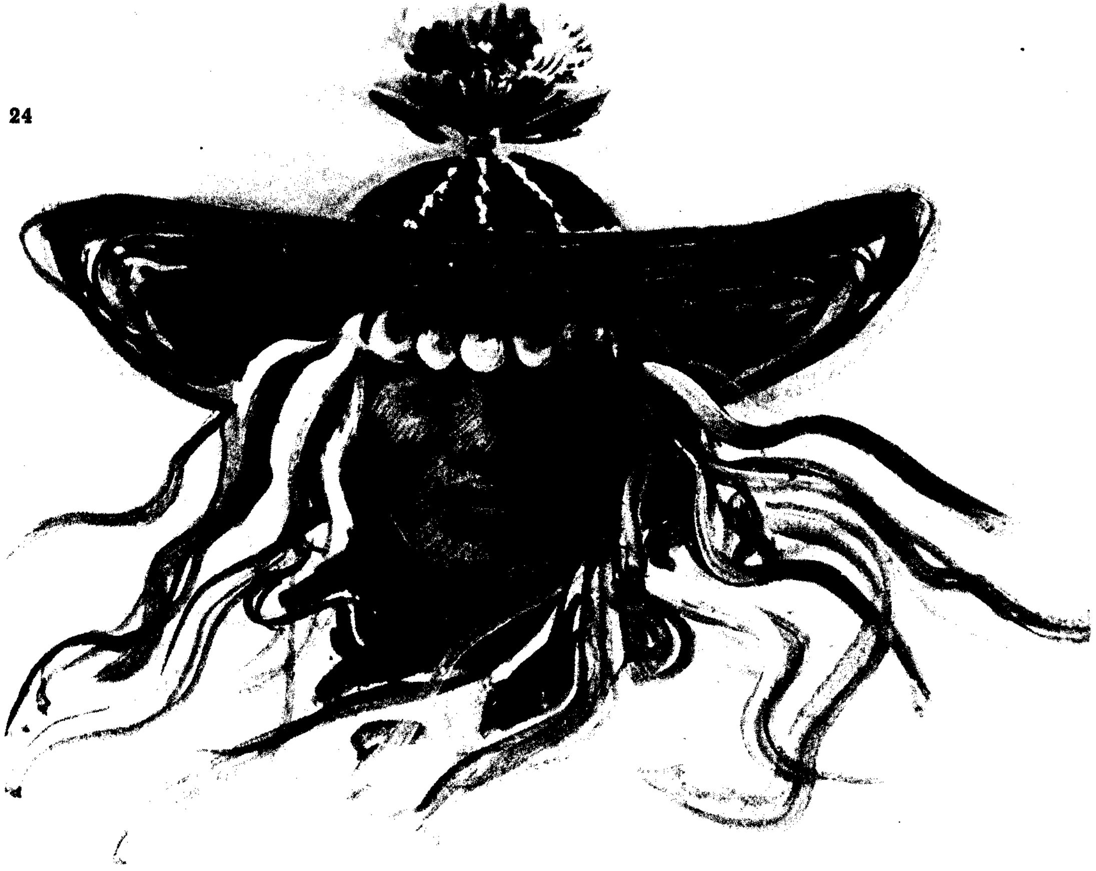
(Continued on page 61)

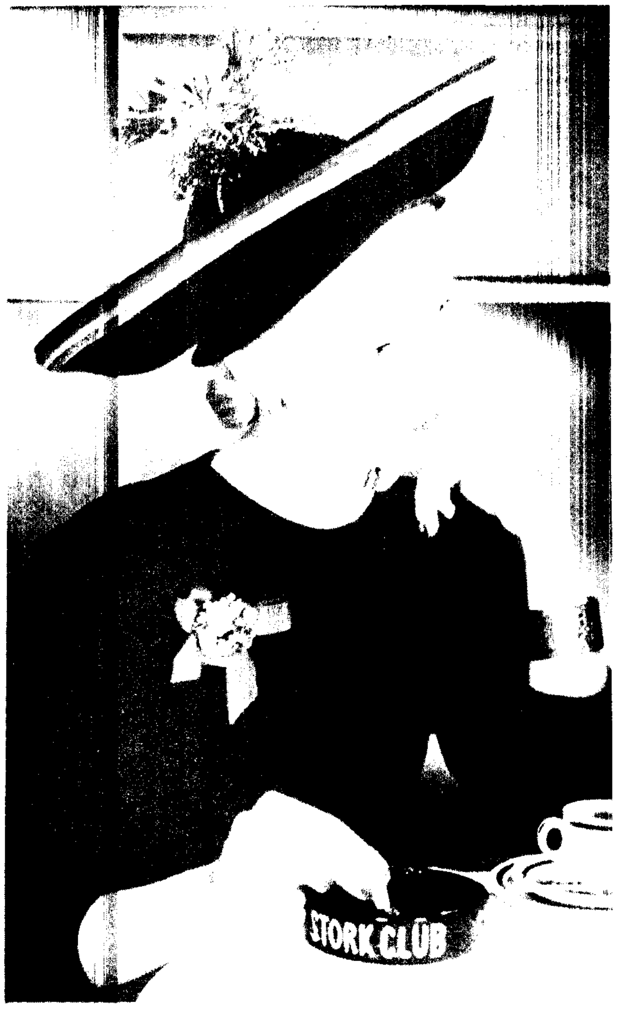
Frank's favorite conditioning exercise is tossing the weights about. Here he's revealed "cleaning" a 150-pound bar bell



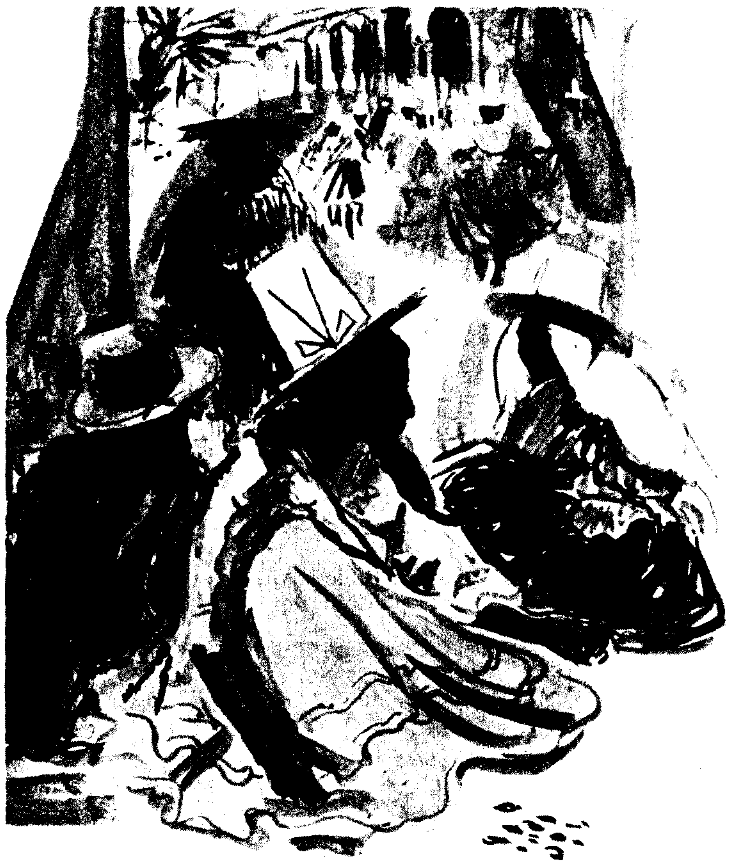
In his hotel room the tireless Mr. Stranahan devotes much of his time to polishing up on his putting game

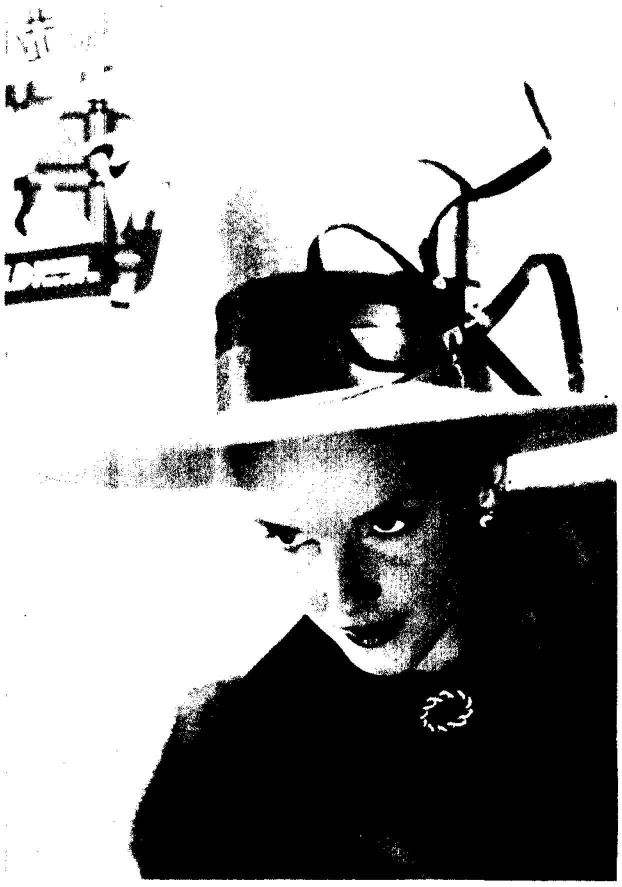
The Stranahan grip. Exercise and golf have developed powerful hands





The Tarabucan women of southern Bolivia have a "special occasion" hat made of felt, trimmed with sequins, coins and tassels. Little do they know that its adaptation by Laddie Northridge in black felt, trimmed with tassels and felt strips, is being worn at the fashionable Stork Club



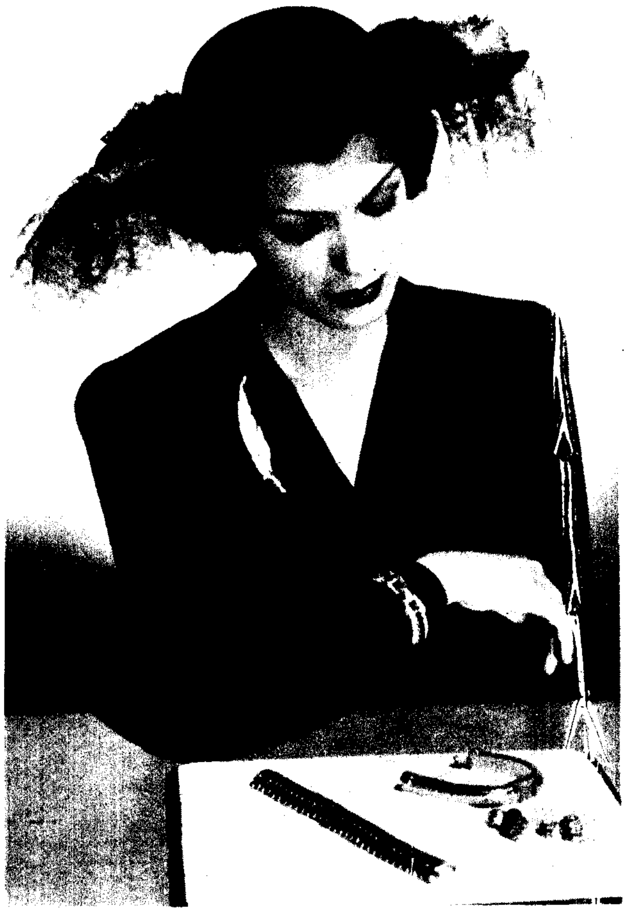


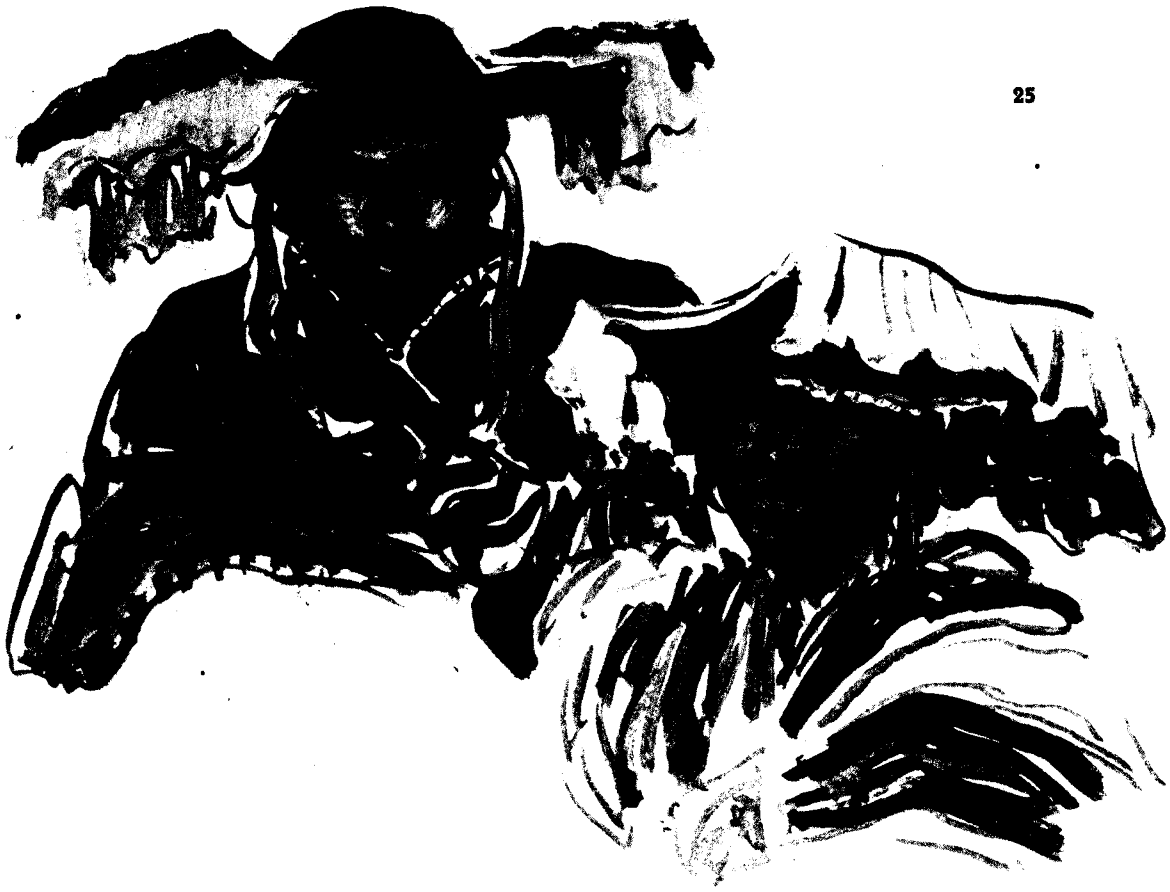
The fanciful creation on the right is the famous Cholo hat of Bolivia and Peru. Painted a glossy white, it acts as a reflector of the sun's rays. Walter Florell reflects a future note in an off-white beaver felt with bands of bright green and fuchsia satin encircling the crown

LIFTING THE LID

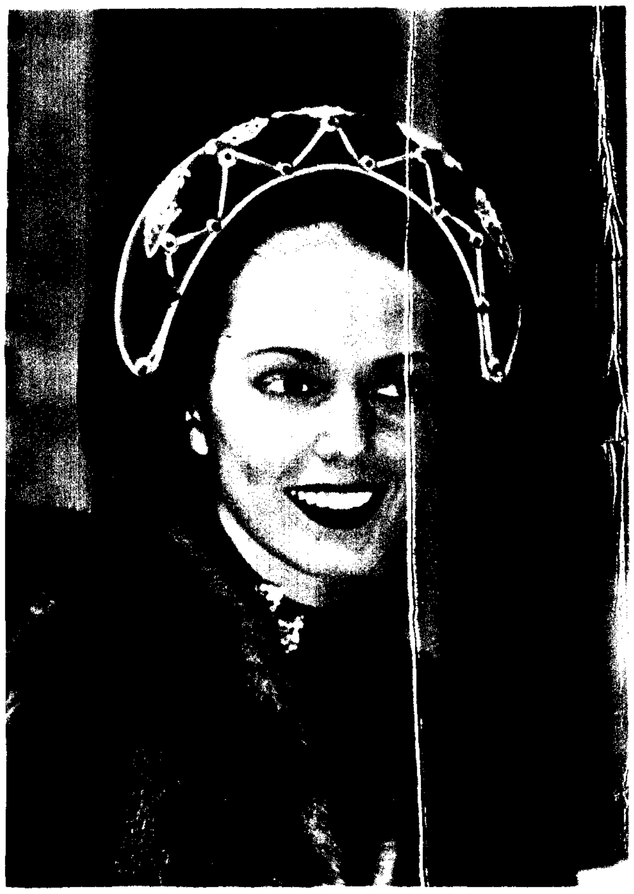
BY MARTHA SAWYERS

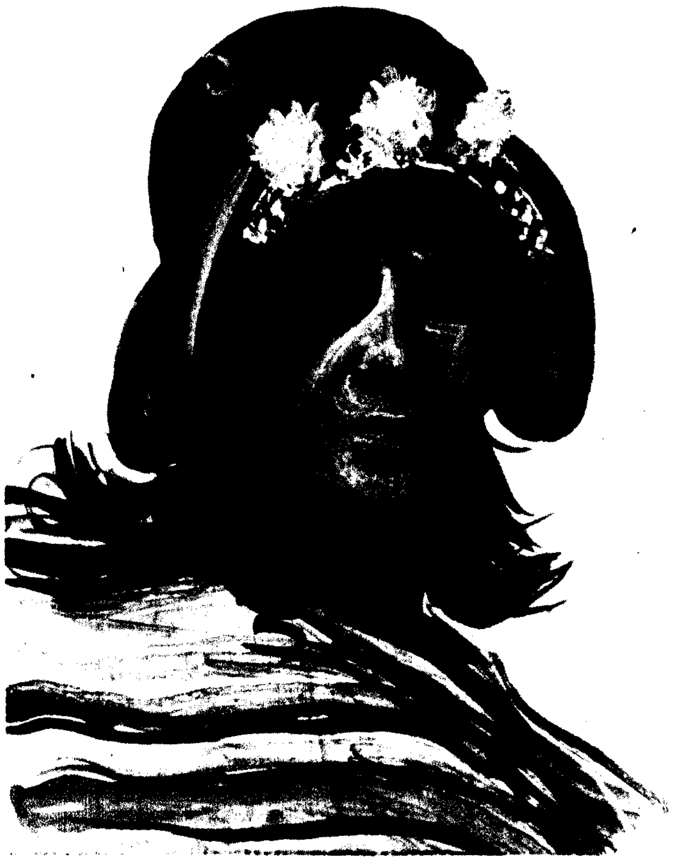
On a recent tour of South America, Martha Sawyers was fascinated by local millinery designs and sketched these hats for Collier's. Back in New York the sketches inspired leading hat designers with the results shown here





Around the Peruvian side of Lake Titicaca, Indian women wear the above hat to shade their eyes or hide from wolves. In T. Azeez, a Park Avenue jewelry store, Peter Bondi's version in felt, trimmed with ostrich tips and lace, would cause any American wolf to look twice





A legacy of the Spanish Conquistadors, this suède helmet is worn by both sexes of the Tarabucan Indians. "For Ladies Only," Florence Reichman made a velours helmet that enhances the charm of our Rockefeller Center visitor. The colorful trimming is velvet, gilt braid and pompons

THE G.I. covered his head with a steel bucket for protection, but he also used it as a chair and often as a washbasin. The silk topper serves magicians as a rabbit hutch. But in the Cordilleras of South America, the Indians wear a varied assortment of lids for more obvious reasons: To attract the opposite sex; as a tribal designation or special badge of distinction; to provide warmth or to shed rain and sunlight.

In Sucre, Bolivia, the women advertise the fact that they are in mourning by looping the crown of their hats with some pompon gimmicks. Striking a more cheerful note, the men and women of Pisaç, Peru, wear a flat-funnel hat with a base of woven straw. The underside is covered with red llama felt and a cross of silver or gold braid is stitched onto the black round top.

Nowadays the man wears it only on ceremonial occasions such as weddings or fiestas. Most of the time he sports a snappy felt model of modern classical pattern. Machine-made of llama wool and glue, it costs the equivalent of 25 cents and looks like it after the first rain.

With the exception of Carmen Miranda's creations, the most famous of all South American hats are those worn by the Cholos of Peru and Bolivia. In the lower altitudes of Peru, the stovepipe crown is of almost normal height, but when we reach the Bolivian Andes, it becomes affected by the altitude and shoots up into the thin air to a height of 15 inches. Banded by a narrow black ribbon which is sewn into a butterfly V-shape on one side, the hat becomes a class symbol of the vast majority of Indians in the Andes region.

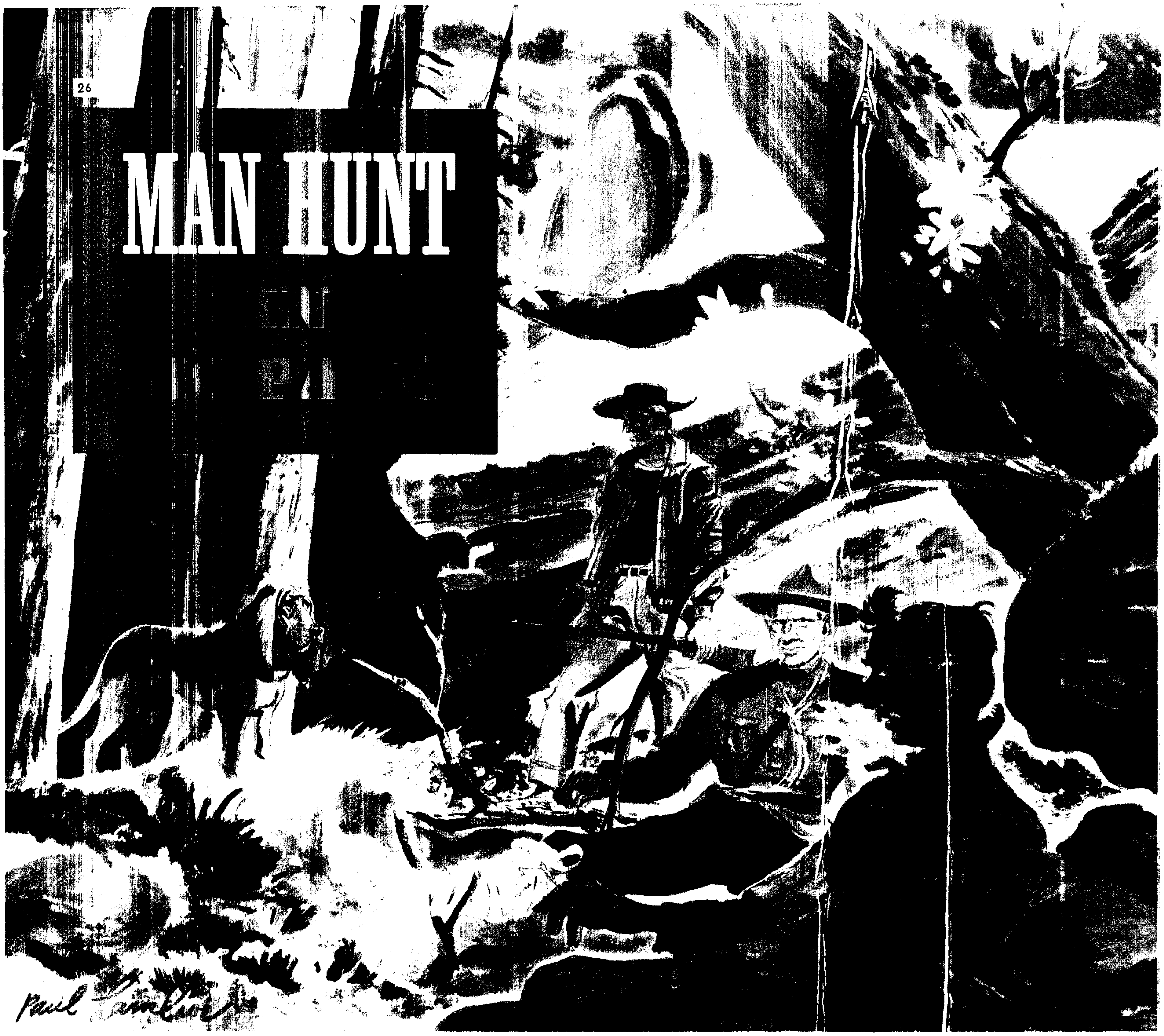
The female city slickers of La Paz, Bolivia, are partial to felt derbies which are manufactured in Spain. Shaped like our own derbies, they are produced in many colors and are worn straight on the head except by the more modish teen-agers.

The hat paintings shown on these pages are part of the collection I brought back from South America for Collier's. Four were selected for adaptation by leading American millinery designers. The results were not only attractive but the silhouettes of the Indian hats are strikingly similar to those which American and Parisian milliners are showing as the creations which all self-respecting women must wear for fall and winter.

Since it's a well-known fact that contrary to our South American sisters, the primary, secondary and last purpose of our hats is to attract the roving eyes of the opposite sex we'll know that our designers have done their job well when the familiar low whistle greets the appearance of these bonnets. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER • DRAWINGS BY MARTHA SAWYERS

MAN HUNT



It was just as well that in the dim light, neither the warden nor the mounty could see the look of righteous malevolence in Jeff's eye when he saw the bloodhound

BY EDMUND WARE

Jeff Coongate, master of the art of poaching, reforms—slightly, that is

EMERGING from a dream of pursuit by game wardens—a figment too often duplicated in the reality of his life—Thomas Jefferson Coongate, the one-eyed poacher of Mopang Forest, sat upright under a dripping cedar. He fought his way through layers of sleep which hung upon him like the folds of a collapsed parachute dipped in alcohol and winced at the afternoon light. He knew at a glance exactly where he was, but as yet, not how he had got there. From where he sat, Zack Bourne's cabin was less than a mile up the shore of Mopang Lake, and that, then, must have been his destination. There were signs that the object of his excursion had been the illegal slaying of game.

Old Jeff's rifle lay beside him on the wet moss. In the pocket of his mackinaw rested a bottle of rum which went by the brand name of Dark Hazard. From the song in his temples and the savor of his mustaches, the one-eyed poacher concluded that he had been drinking. Moreover, he became aware suddenly of a unique and startling hang-over symptom—the sensation of someone kissing the back of his neck. At first, Jeff did not dare look around. The kissing was rhythmic, damp and musical, and he believed it to be an illusion which would pass, along with the brown mists of rum. Yet, while in memory he retraced the steps which had brought him low, the kissing lavishly persisted.

Earlier that spring day, Jeff recalled, he had strolled into Sim Pease's store in the hamlet of Privilege to see if his Spanish War pension check had arrived. Sim Pease, storekeeper and postmaster, said, "Nothing doing, old-timer. You're about three days previous."

"They might've made a mistake an' sent it early."

"The treasurer," Sim said, turning up the radio on the counter, "has never been known to make a mistake of that kind."

Over the radio, a horticulturist was giving an address on the treatment of potato seed prior to planting. Jeff recalled being bored by the subject matter.

"Who cares about potatoes," he asked Sim, "without venison gravy to pour over 'em? Turn that dang thing off—no, wait! Hold her steady, jest as she is!"

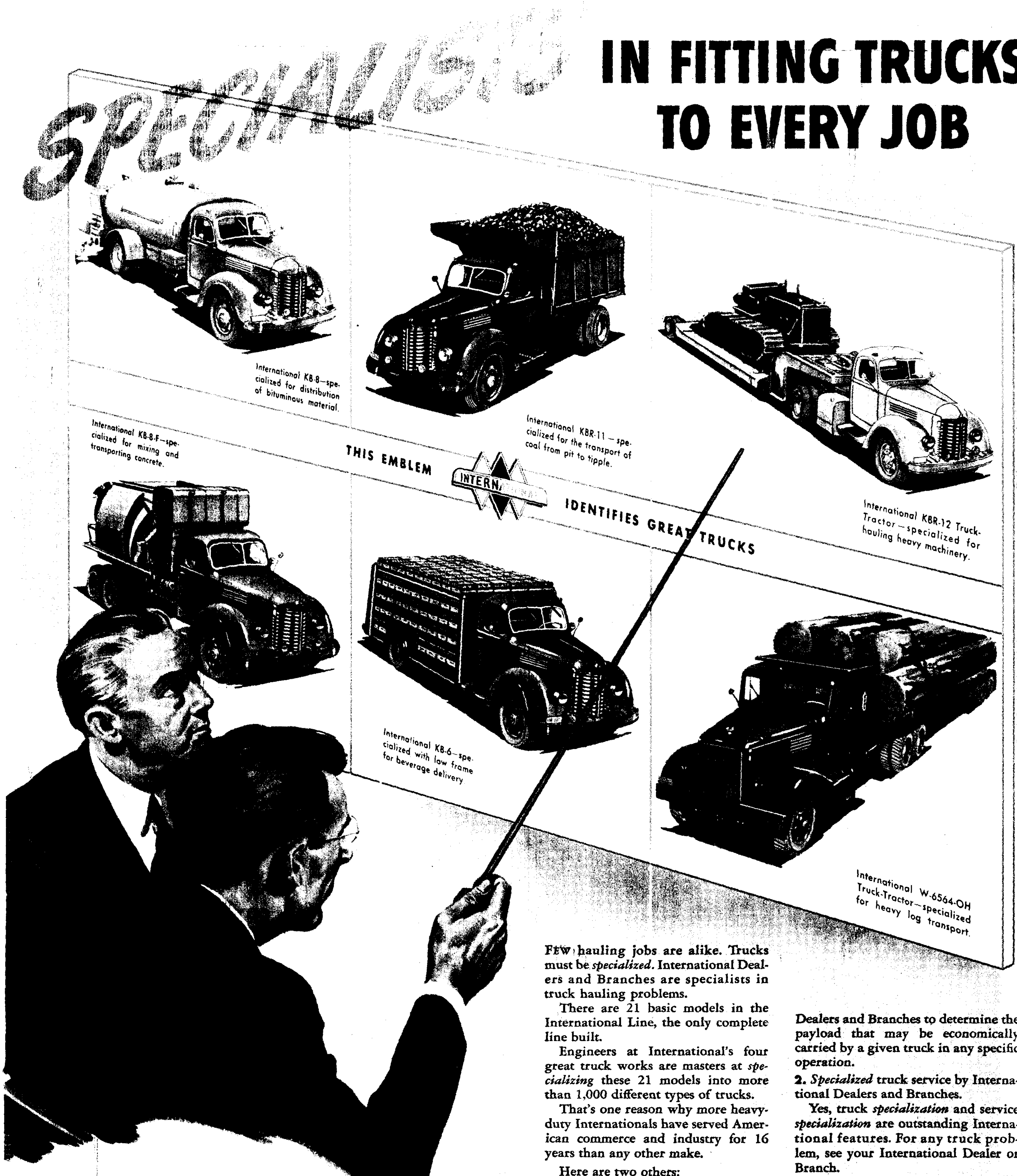
An announcer had broken in with the latest news on a man hunt which was then in progress in the wilderness areas to the north and west of Mopang Lake. Until then, Jeff Coongate had been scornful of efforts to trace the fugitive, an escaped murderer named Creeper Conway. To Jeff, who could track a bug across a dry ledge, the efforts of the law had seemed shameful. But the current newscast brought incidental tidings of the sweetest kind.

Two bloodhounds, the newscaster said, had been on the trail of Creeper Conway for several hours. And the

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

IN FITTING TRUCKS TO EVERY JOB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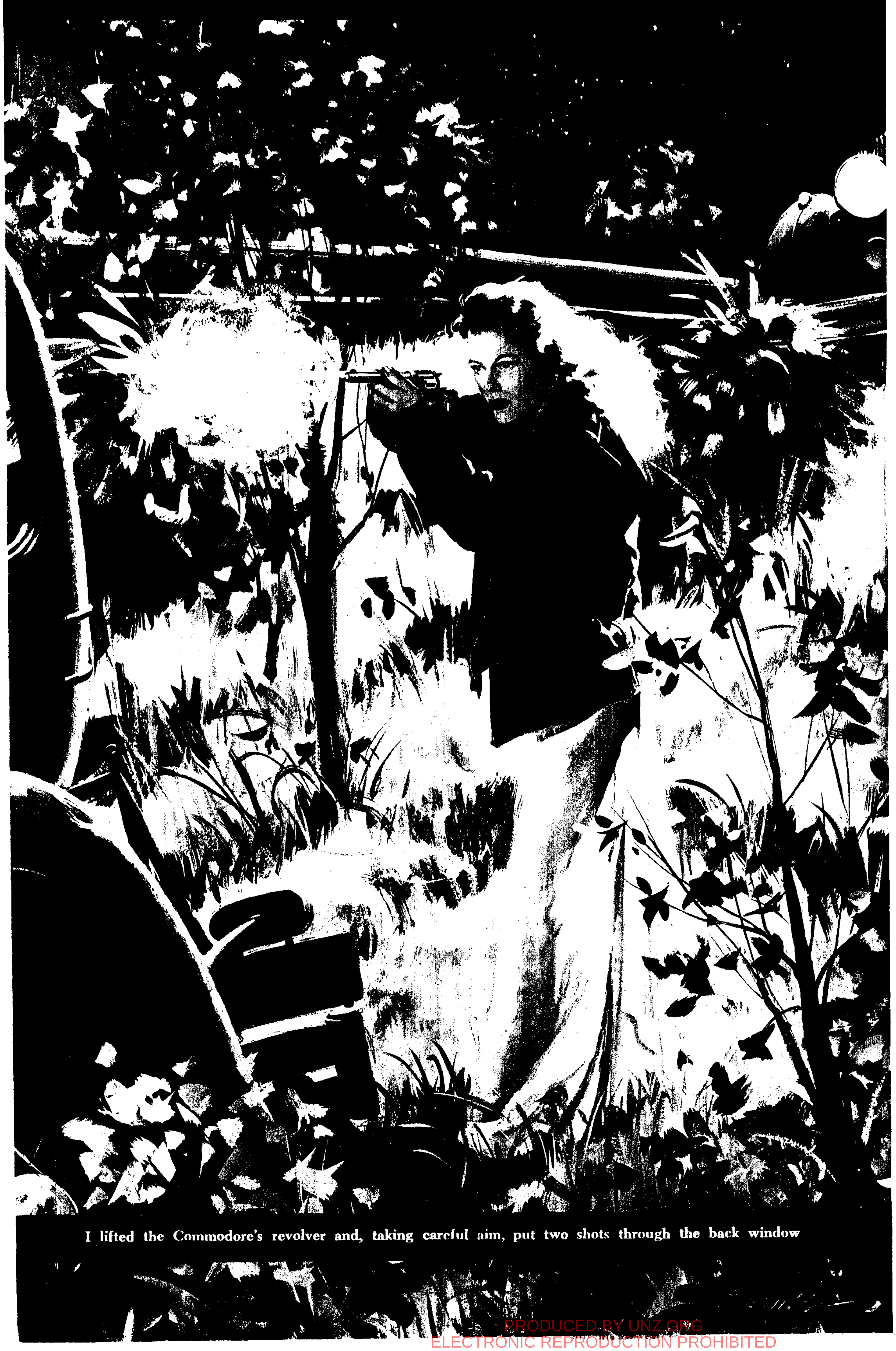
MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE



I lifted the Commodore's revolver and, taking careful aim, put two shots through the back window

The Story:

Eve Gill is prevailed upon by her crusty, eccentric father, **Commodore Gill**, to steal a Rembrandt painting—which he feels should belong to him—from his wealthy sister-in-law. After failing to come to terms with a shady London art dealer, **K. Zimmer**, one evening, Eve encounters **Jonathan Penrose**; Jonathan is fleeing from the house of millionaire **Joseph Inwood**, who lies murdered in his library. Jonathan, who has been having an affair with Inwood's wanton wife, **Charlotte**, has been attempting to make the murder, which Charlotte has confessed to him, seem the work of anonymous burglars.

Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill country place in Kessingland, where she hides him. The Commodore, who has sailed to the Netherlands to sell the Rembrandt, telephones Eve and tells her the painting is a forgery.

Returning to London, Eve manages to scratch up an acquaintance with **Detective Smith**, who, although he has no inkling of the Jonathan-Charlotte relationship, is hunting Jonathan in connection with the murder. Realizing that Jonathan is being ruthlessly used by Charlotte, Eve disguises herself as "Dorothy Simpson" and obtains a position as lady's maid to the supposedly grief-stricken widow. Soon Eve finds out that Charlotte is in cahoots with her real lover, **Freddy Williams**. **Groves** the butler attempts blackmail and meets with a fatal "accident" engineered by the cool, brutal Williams.

In order to continue the war of nerves more effectively, Eve leaves the Inwood household and telephones Charlotte. In her plaintive lady's-maid voice, Eve demands blackmail money. Then, dropping her characterization of Dorothy Simpson, Eve walks into the apartment of the mysterious Williams "by mistake." She poses as an aspiring actress, "Felicity Cunningham." Williams attempts to seduce her, but Charlotte, upset by the telephone call from her maid, interrupts his advances by ringing the downstairs doorbell.

"Leave by the back stairs and call me in the morning," says Williams as he goes downstairs to open the door. But Eve slips back into the apartment and hides behind drapes as Williams, angry at Charlotte's intrusion, ushers the widow into the apartment. Eve listens to their conversation. . . .

V

"DARLING, don't!" It was Charlotte speaking. *"You're hurting me!"*

"When will you learn that when I say something I mean it? I said *tomorrow.* This is the second time you've done this."

There was physical pain in Charlotte's voice. "And for the same reason—exactly the same reason. Oh-h—please—"

"Something's happened to put the wind up you. I know, I know."

"For God's sake give me a drink."

I heard glass against glass, and the gurgle of liquid.

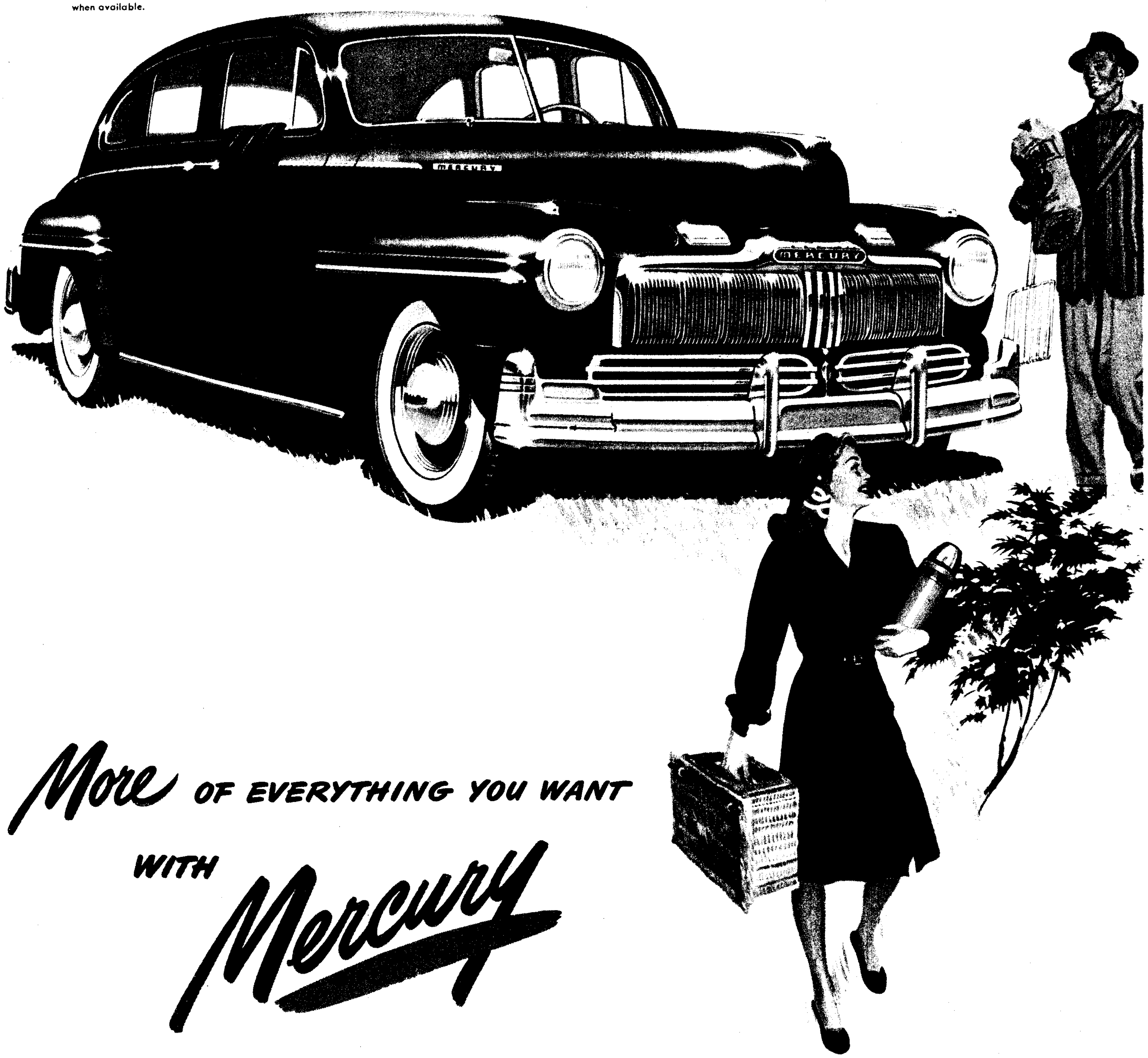
"Freddy," she said, "it's happening again. I don't think I can stand it. I know I can't. It's torture! All over again! Freddy—!"

"What is all over again?" Freddy demanded.

"Groves—"

"If there's anything in the world that can't happen again, it's your butler. I ought to know." He laughed unpleasantly. "I am extremely, furiously angry with you for coming here again—the second time I've said you

ILLUSTRATED BY
WENDELL KLING



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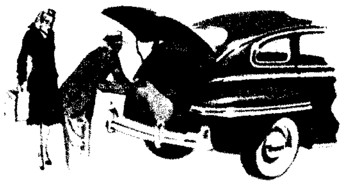

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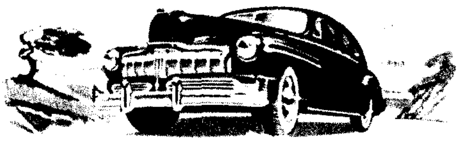

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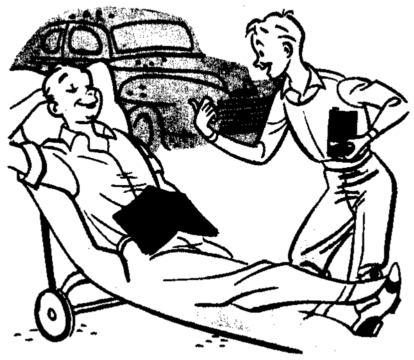

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weren't to. Just because you have an attack of nerves and see ghosts—"

"You don't understand. It's someone else—doing what Groves did—blackmail—" She was sobbing by now, dry, strangled sounds of a woman at the end of her tether.

He hit her. I heard the sharp smack of his hand on soft, thinly covered flesh. She cried out and he hit her again, ordering her savagely to stop being sorry for herself and tell him what had happened.

"Don't—don't!" But he hit her a third time. I held my breath. It was ridiculous to feel sorry for her; after all, I had arranged things so that he would be in a bad temper when she came and I ought to be glad my plan was working out. All right, I was glad.

IT WAS high time, however, I told myself, that the swine realized he wouldn't get much out of her if he beat her up any more.

"Freddy—Freddy—" she said, and I marveled to hear the fear, the misery and humiliation in that voice of all voices. An actress? Not at the moment. They say there is no fellowship among women. No, I hated Charlotte as thoroughly as ever, and this was the most important moment, so far, but I nearly wrecked the whole thing by almost stepping out from behind those curtains and throwing something at Freddy Williams.

"Let's go back to where you came in," the man was saying, with a shade more reasonableness in his tone. "Someone else has stepped into Groves' shoes. A friend of his he let into his—and your—little secret?"

"No—but it comes to the same thing—" She struggled for control of her voice. "Freddy darling—oh, you hurt me so—"

"You make me sick," he observed. "I thought you had guts of a kind. You started off well enough, too."

"I'm afraid I love you too much. It's—it's very weakening for the morale."

"All right. You love me too much. That's my fault of course."

"I'd rather you hit me than despised me."

"The two go together. Hurry up. I'm bloody tired. I never realized murder could be so exhausting. Who's the blackmailer and what's his angle?"

"It's a girl—a wretched, half-witted creature of a maid I took on when Good left. At least, she doesn't seem quite so half-witted—"

"A *girl!*" He sounded relieved, almost amused.

"Sly, cunning, nasty—she frightened me much more than Groves did. He was at least polite about it."

"What does she know?"

"She heard, and I think saw, Jonathan the other night. She's not in the house any longer, thank God. She ran out after Groves—died."

"Does she know about you and me?" he asked.

"I don't think so. I don't see how. Except—"

"Except what?"

"No. It's nothing. No, she can't possibly know about you."

I realized she had thought better of telling him about the switchboard at Number 4. She had got herself into enough trouble. In any case, she could not be sure I had listened in to her conversations with him. She preferred to think I had not.

"She feels she ought to go to the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, the same sort of line that Groves used."

"It's the usual one, I believe, although I've never used it myself. It's quite unnecessary as a rule, if the setup is sound. What stage is this in, so far?"

"She obviously wanted me to stew in my own juice for a bit. She said she would ring me tomorrow. I don't know how much she'll want, but I think she'll tell me soon. It's awful, Freddy. I can't face it! Oh, Freddy, I'm so miserable."

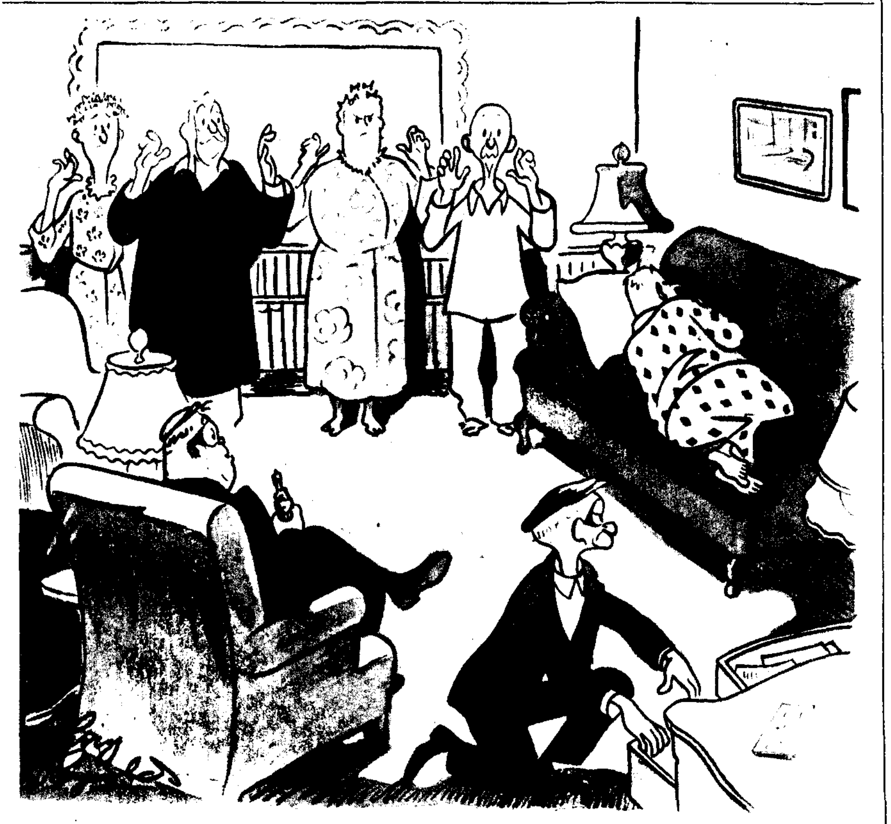
His temper gave out again. "For God's sake almighty!" he shouted. "Do you realize, you little cow, that you're saying you have another one on the plate for me? How many more people are there who've seen or heard this or that and will expect to cash in on it? Your damned all-powerful vanity is at the bottom of it! You think you can never make a mistake—that no one will dare to oppose you or take advantage of you." He got his breath. "When in hell's name is it going to stop?"

"Don't forget, darling, you started it. You killed—"

This time he must have struck her in the mouth. The name vanished in the blow and her whimpering cry. He went on without stopping:

"There's Penrose still to be dealt with. Who comes first in the new series? Haven't you made a list? In order of priority. Shall I notify London Transport, so they can have the mortuary ambulance at the right station at the right time? What a waste of petrol, going up and down—surely we could fix to do the whole lot together. . . ."

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S "I tol' him he could. He has t' get up at six-thirty"

"Darling, darling! You mustn't—"

"I'm not as tough as I thought I was, either," he remarked, and I heard him filling a glass.

This! I told myself, breathless against the wall, *is the truth.* Just a little more, Freddy, just a little more.

THERE was a silence. Then he said, "Penrose, obviously. You can pay the girl for a bit and we'll have time to see. But he is in a different category. Marked 'urgent' in fact. They mustn't catch him. Not now. I couldn't stand the worry. And no more train suicides."

"No, dear. No more train suicides. God! You've made my lip bleed."

"Serve you bloody well right."

There was another short silence.

"Wanton," he said.

"Yes, darling. Isn't it lovely?"

"I can't think if you do that."

"Do you want to think?"

"Of course I want to think!" he said sharply. "That message must go in tomorrow, for the next day's issue—Friday."

"The girl will see it. She's bound to watch for it, though I don't think she'll be expecting it."

"That was in my mind. Unless we word it carefully she'll be likely to turn up at the rendezvous too. I prefer to deal with problems of that kind one at a time. Your Jonathan will be enough for one mouthful. For God's sake, Charlotte, you seem to think this sort of thing is easy!"

"I don't! It's only that you're so unafraid."

"Maybe. But I'm not careless. *Is* there any place you could give him for a rendezvous without actually putting a name to it but which he would know at once; somewhere you have met him before? It really doesn't matter where it is so long as you can pick him up with a car easily."

"Where *I* can pick him up?"

"Yes, you."

"No, no! I couldn't! You can't ask me to!"

"Seems to me," he said coldly, "you're losing sight of realities. You never learn, do you?"

I do not know what he did to her but she gave a sharp, muffled scream. His voice went steadily on:

"I let you off Groves, but from now on you are going to do your share. Besides, I've never set eyes on the man and even if I could recognize him would he come with me? Of course not. It's you he'd be expecting, risking his neck for."

"Where—where would I take him?"

"I think I know that part of it. I'd be waiting. You would stop the car, tell him to get out, and then as soon as he was out you would drive off. God, but I'm tired!"

"Let's go to bed," said Charlotte abruptly in a voice I scarcely recognized as hers; it was like a child's.

"I wondered when we'd come to that," he muttered. "Oh, well—"

And before I had fully realized what was happening, a door to my left was opened, the lights went out, and the door closed.

I remained listening where I was; there was little or nothing to hear. I was still perplexed and disappointed. Just like that, in the middle of a sentence almost and certainly halfway through a discussion of the utmost importance, they had gone to bed.

I waited five minutes, or what felt like

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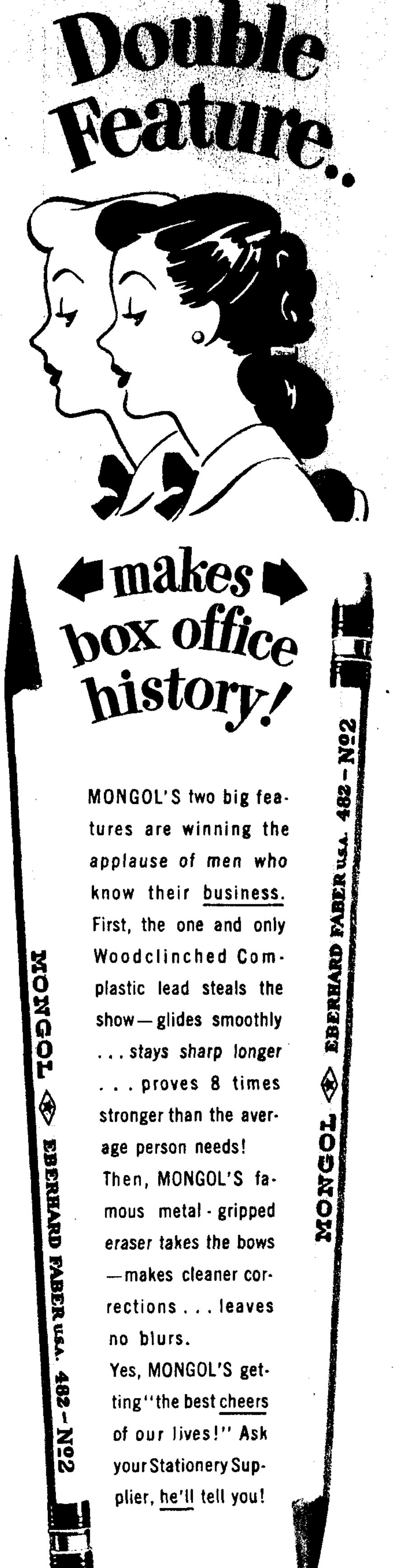

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five minutes; probably it was less than three, and then satisfied that they really were in the next room, that the communicating door was tight shut, and the evening over so far as I was concerned, I came out. The room was very dark and I was glad I had earlier taken a good look at its geography. I went carefully but without lingering to the hallway, closing the sitting-room door after me slowly. It was pitch dark now and I dared not put on the light, for I was sure the door on the left would be another door into the bedroom; I thought I could hear the low murmur of their voices beyond it. However, I was not going to stay in the place a moment longer than it would take me to feel for the knob of the main door and turn it, even if by putting my ear to their door I might perhaps make out an occasional word.

I was in a bad state, with now and again an uncontrollable trembling; I had had just about enough.

I stood in the corridor, where a low-power bulb gave me light at last, and decided I must risk the click the door of the flat would make if I closed it fully. The alternative of leaving it open seemed the worse, for Freddy Williams would be certain he had shut it properly after Charlotte's arrival. So I pulled it gently but steadily until the tongue slipped over the edge of the staple and sprang home. It sounded terribly loud to my tense ears. I ran quickly to the stairs and down the three flights to the entrance lobby, ready to believe that I heard him running down the stairs behind me. But all was quiet.

I slid back the spring lock of the street door and stepped into the welcome freshness of the night air; I kept close in to the wall as long as the pavement was within view of the windows above.

I reached the corner and turned it, feeling like a swimmer who has gained the beach after a long hard fight against an outgoing tide.

WHAT more did I know now than I had known when I went in? Nothing. I had known all that, hadn't I? But with an element lacking which made all the difference: certainty in many things which so far had been suspicion and intuition; for instance I was certain now that Freddy Williams and not Charlotte had killed her husband. She had probably been present, for otherwise she could not have played her act with Jonathan, bloodstained frock and all the rest of it. Her slender arms and soft white hands might be guilty of that murder, but they had not swung the candlestick. Further, Freddy Williams had twice confirmed that he had killed Groves, and I had heard enough of their future plan to know that he proposed to kill both Jonathan and Dorothy Simpson, separately and in that order. It was odd to think that I was Dorothy Simpson. But they would have some difficulty in finding her, unless I let them. No. She had done her part well; as a final contribution forcing Charlotte to Freddy Williams' flat at the time and in the circumstances I had chosen.

But would what I had heard be regarded as admissible evidence according to the law?

I thought of Billy Bull. If I told him the story—or told my Mr. Smith, or should I go to a lawyer?

By this time I was within a few yards of the Daimler and so busily occupied with my thoughts that I awoke rather abruptly to the sight of a man with his hat over his eyes who leaned against the fender and watched me approach.

"Thought you'd never show up, sister. The boss wants you."

"Does he?" I said. "And who's the boss?" But I was trembling again and my mouth was dry. Freddy Williams? I was so thoroughly frightened of him that I could expect any cunning from him.

"Come on, sister, don't act dumb." He moved up to the door of the car as I opened it. "I said, *the boss.*" He dropped his voice. "Zimmer—"

I stopped trembling, and heard myself laugh.

"Zimmer—you said?"

He slipped past me into the back seat. It was slickly done. I saw that he was undersized and thin-faced.

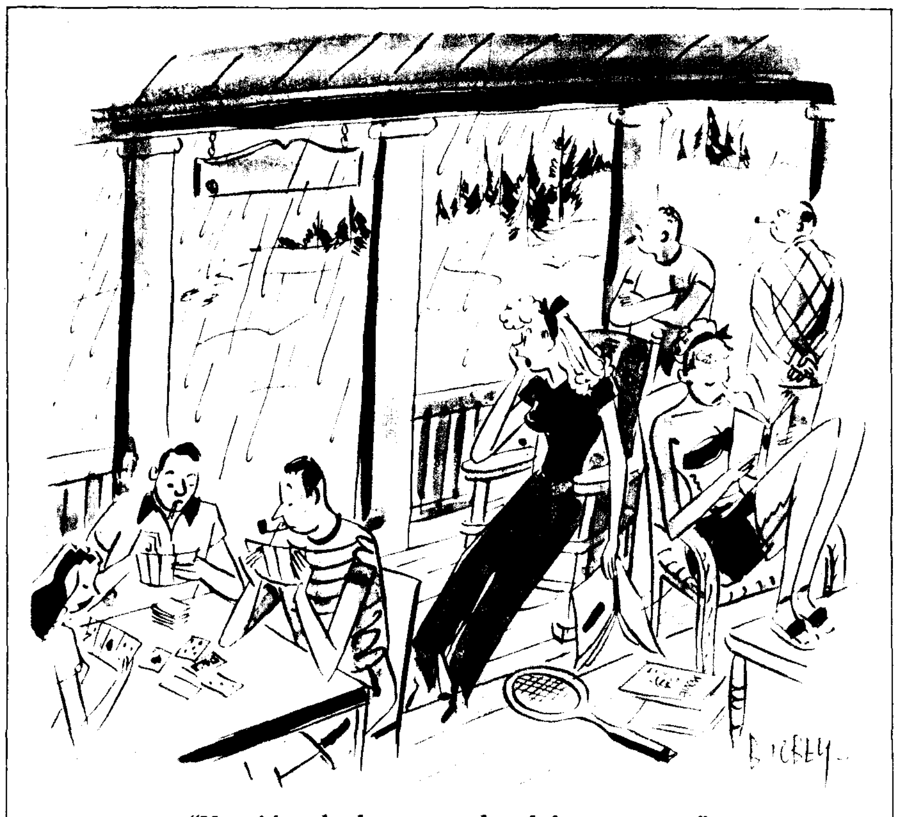
"You drive, sister. I'll show you the way."

"Yes," I said, suddenly angry in the reaction from fear; this seemed only irritating and a stupid waste of time after what had been filling my mind. I started the engine, revved it unkindly and drove off in what in any other car would have been a roar of acceleration. As it was, we merely went fast very soon. "Yes," I said again, "I'll drive, but I'll show *you* the way."

"Hey!" he said loudly. "Turn left at the bottom."

I swung the car to the right and streaked toward Hyde Park Corner.

"Sister," he said in my ear, "you're going to get into serious trouble. I'm holdin' a rod behind your sweet neck and if you don't calm down I'm liable to drill a hole in you. Turn this car around! I've got a rod an' I mean it!"



COLLIER'S "Now it's only three more days left to get a tan" BARNEY TOBEY

"I hope you'll be able to produce a firearms certificate for it," I said. "The police are bound to ask if you've got one."

"What's that you're givin' me?"

"They let you go to the pictures too often as a kid," I said. "The wrong sort of pictures. I'll tell the magistrate so when I give evidence. Perhaps he'll remand you for a medical report. You'll probably get away with it, if you go on the way you're behaving now. Unless, of course, you have previous convictions."

"For gosh sake, shut up and do as you're told!" he cried.

I whirled the car around the Artillery Memorial on a squeal of protesting tires, bouncing him from right to left and back again.

"You don't mind Chelsea?" I asked. "It's more convenient for me. I know Inspector Smith very well. He'll give you every attention."

"Zimmer said—"

"You tell Inspector Smith what he said. I've never heard of the man."

"You—*what?*"

I took no notice while he wrestled with his problem. I was quite sure that whatever else he did he would not drill a hole in me; for one thing I was driving fast enough to insure that he would get killed in the subsequent crash; for a second thing, I knew that whatever had been in K. Zimmer's orders to him there had been nothing about murder, and for a third I thought it unlikely that he really had a gun.

Finally, near the Knightsbridge fork, his nerve broke. "Say that again," he requested, almost mildly.

"I didn't say anything. I don't mind if you smoke, though."

"You said you'd never heard of Zimmer."

"That's right. That's what I said. But don't let it bother you. I expect lots of other people haven't heard of him either."

"Your name's Gill," he said. "I followed you from Thurloe Square after we'd got the address from that girl, the maid at the Kessingland place. Say, you gotta be Gill an' you can't fool me! Turn this car around or—"

I laughed. I made it a good round hearty laugh. He began to swear in a rather filthy manner and demanded if I wasn't Gill, who in hell was I? I did not answer him. He climbed over the back of the seat and slid down beside me, squinting at me nervously.

"*Only another three minutes,*" I said. "Do you know that this will be the first time I've ever charged anyone with attempting kidnaping, assault, illegal possession of arms, using obscene language, disturbing the peace, and something much worse I've just thought of—"

"Stop this car," he said. "Lemme out of here! Zimmer's nuts anyway!"

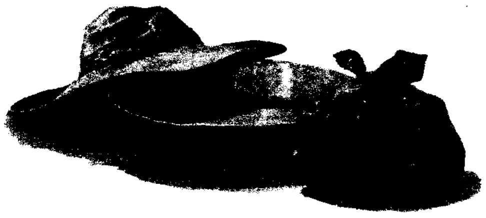
I laughed again. He reached for the wheel in a kind of miserable panic and I jabbed him hard with my elbow. He grunted and became extremely agitated, talking at a great rate about how he was always getting into trouble because people took advantage of him, of his good nature, his weakness for wanting to help his pals.

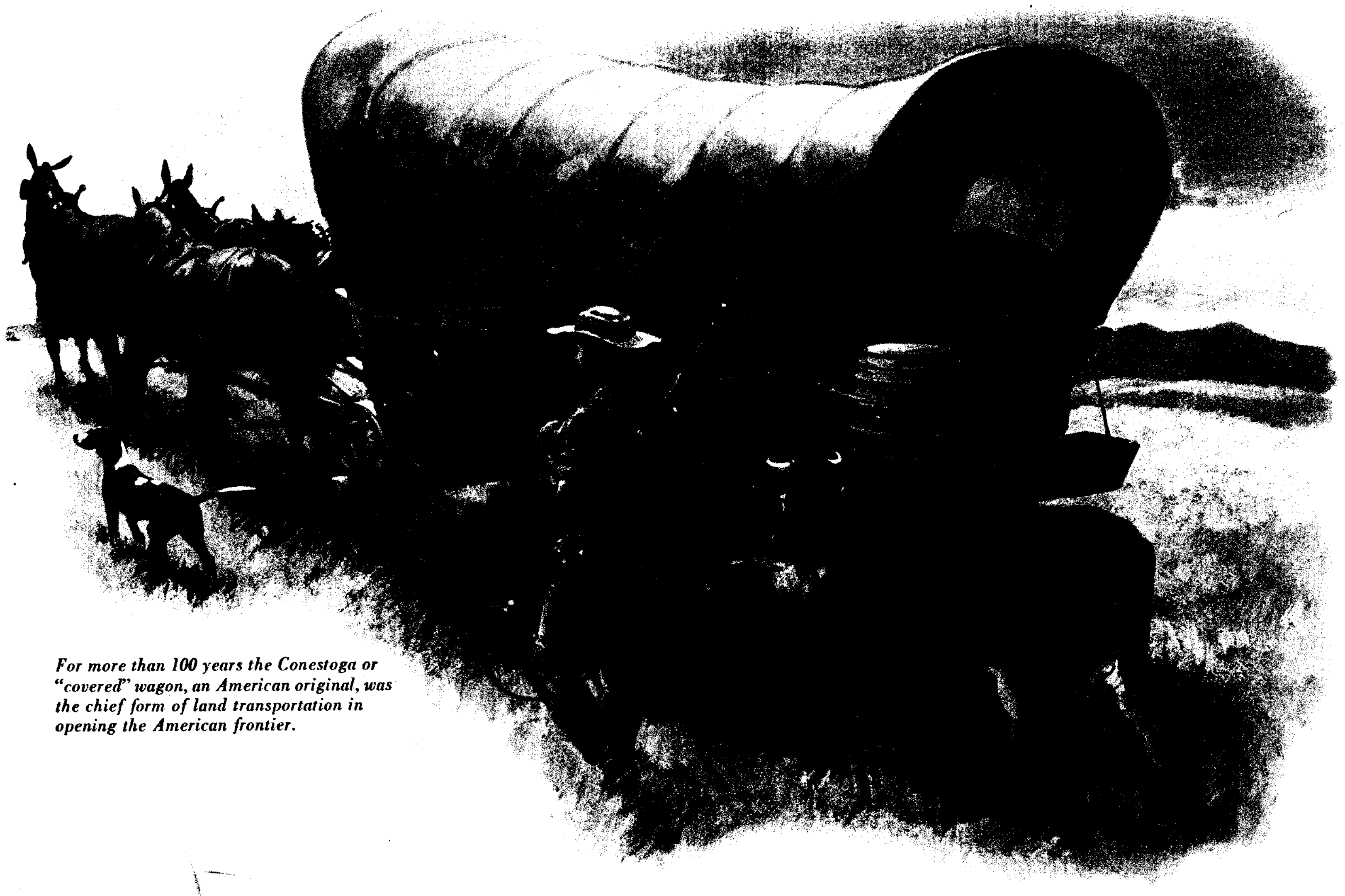
"Here we are," I said. "Chelsea Police Station."

He was out of the car and running like a hare before I had stopped. I was shaking all over. I sat there gripping the wheel with both hands; the blue lamp over the police station was blurred when I tried to focus it in an effort to control my nerves.

I had a wild and yearning thought that in a moment Ordinary Smith would come out of that door, see me here and, hurrying across the pavement, would say, "My

American Originals





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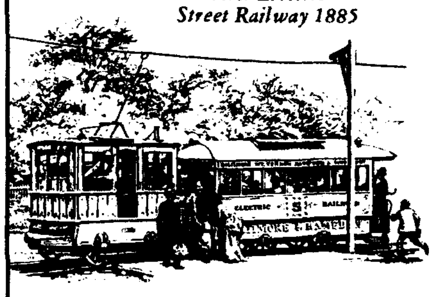

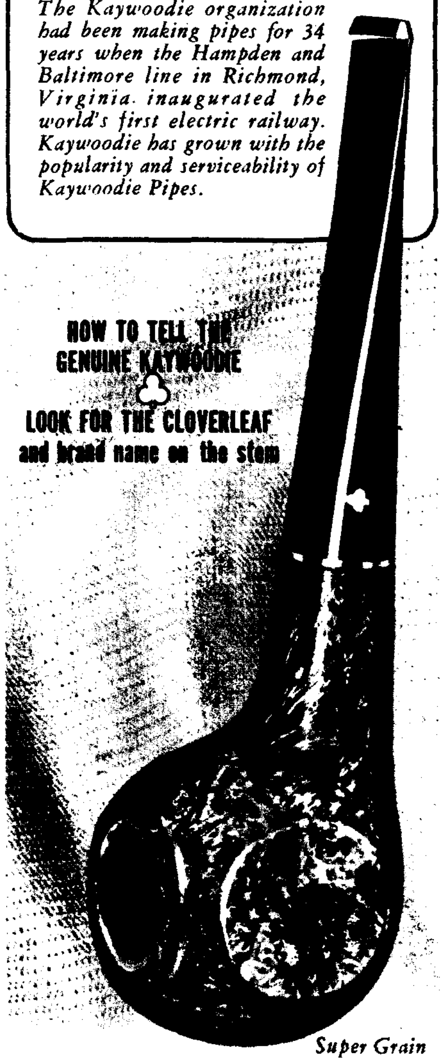
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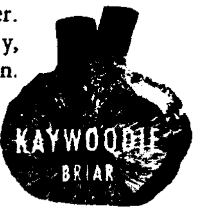


dear, you've been right all the time. Why didn't you tell me? Of course Jonathan didn't do it; you're all in—it's our turn now."

But of course he did not, being snugly at home in bed, asleep and not even dreaming about me.

I sat a moment or two longer, recovering a little, and thinking of what had just happened.

So K. Zimmer had come to life, had he? Anyway, it would take him a day or two to work out what he wanted to do about it. That was all that mattered at the moment.

I wished I were less sleepy, but I had had more brandy in the last two hours than I was used to, by several glasses. I let myself into Aunt Florence's, warmed some milk and took it up with me, slipped off the gray frock, kicked off my shoes and lay on the bed trying to think about tomorrow and all that had to be done.

After having breakfast with Aunt Florence, I sent her off to Harrods. Then I shut myself in the living room and made some telephone calls, the first to Kessingland. I rang to ask if the Peacock was home yet. Mary answered.

"No, Miss Eve, not yet. Jim was up in the clock tower ten minutes ago, and they're not even in sight. I sent him up there, wanting to know about lunch, and so on."

"Everything all right?"

"Yes, dear."

"I shall be home this evening, I hope for good."

"Hobhouse says to tell you he has put the Austin back in the stable. He says it's all right now."

"Is Hobhouse with you?"

"No, dear. He was in last night for his drop of milk. A nicely spoken man, I thought. He'll be company for Captain Charlie. Jim says he's all right too, and Jim takes a lot of pleasing. Jim's been teaching him about the sheep, maybe as a beginning. We wanted an extra man, they all say. I'll have something in the larder for you."

I called Charlotte and told her peremptorily to draw five hundred pounds in one-pound notes and wait for further instructions about delivery—it might be a few days. But she'd better be ready with the money.

I added, to make sure she was not trying to believe that Dorothy Simpson could be ignored as an amateur, that of course in the final settlement, whenever that should be, I would give her back the four letters "he" had written to her but which were now in my handbag. I heard the gasp of horrified surprise, and rang off satisfied that her morale was beyond reviving for a while.

Next, I woke up Freddy Williams, or rather half woke him up, for he was characteristically heavy-headed, and wanted to know who and what in a muttered, disagreeable undertone.

"Felicity!" I said brightly. "You haven't forgotten Felicity Cunningham. After all, it's only three years since we met—or it feels like it."

"Oh—ah—" he said, and I could hear a prodigious yawn.

"Wake up! It's nearly ten o'clock. Did she keep you up so very late? And did you fix it up?"

This, as I had hoped, upset him; he had fixed up several things last night, but nothing I was supposed to know about.

"Fix what up?" he said, more alertly.

"You silly man. Whatever piece of business you pretended was to be discussed. So that you could put on that show. I suppose I'm *very* tactless, but are the chances of a job any better—a show with a place in it for your Felicity?"

He laughed again and paused to consider in the light of morning how he stood in the world compared with this time yesterday. It must surely seem better to him. The basis for assuming so was sound; every murder he committed on her behalf bound her more closely to him, a woman already infatuated with him, a woman who would be worth, so they said, nearly five hundred thousand pounds.

"Yes," he said finally, "I think there's very little doubt, now, that I shall do a show, maybe two shows."

"At the same time?" I said in reverent tones.

"Who knows? It might be the way to break in."

"When—when—" I asked breathlessly. "I mean, how soon can I see you? I'm a horrid, forward hussy, and ought to be ashamed of myself! The trouble is—and you know perfectly well what it is—oh, Freddy, I don't care whether I get to be an actress or not, but I—I would like to see you again."

"And I would like to see you," he said. "Show or no show?"

"Show or no show. So I'm going to be very sensible and cool-headed and say, before it's too late and I'm forever lost: Goodby, Freddy darling."

"Hey, wait a minute. I don't eat young women."

"I don't like the way this has hit me. It's too much like the—the real thing, and you're the wrong man, my dear Freddy!"

"What about lunch?" he said in a practical voice designed to bring me to my senses and at the same time tempt me into saying to myself: "After all, I can keep my head at lunch, can't I?"

"No," I said in a stifled voice. "No . . . I'll ring you up—maybe. Are—are you likely to be free sort of—any day? If I feel . . ."

He chuckled, but he did not crow, and said, "Any day this week, any day next week—except Tuesday. I may have to go out of town on Tuesday. The best time to ring me is about eleven in the morning."

"Yes," I said weakly. "Goodby."

"Goodby for now."

I put down the receiver. I might be wrong, but it looked as though he had put aside Tuesday for Jonathan's murder. That gave me four days.

I telephoned Chelsea Police Station and asked if Inspector Smith would speak to Miss Eve Gill. He would. I asked him about the week end after next. Could he come to Marsh House? He sounded stunned, but pleased.

Yes, he'd love to.

I made sure not only that he would accept but that he would not mind coming as plain Mr. Smith because for some silly reason my eccentric father was prejudiced about policemen, and I wanted the old gentleman's favorable first impressions of my new friend to b without such prejudices. Once those impressions were in his mind, it would no matter, of course. In fact, one of hi best friends was Bull, the chief superintendent of the East Suffolk Constabulary so it just showed, didn't it? Indeed Billy Bull often came to lunch on Sundays, so he might meet him and see for himsel that the Commodore could like a policeman and without reservations.

I could not forget the sordid and deceitful reasons for which I had made him like me, and I felt like a beast. But, I hoped, some good would come of it for him.

I put through another trunk call, this time to Billy Bull at Norwich, and made certain that he would, in point of fact come to lunch on Sunday week.

"I'm flattered," he said. "Usually I don't wait to be asked over."

"I know, and I was thinking it's rude and unkind of me. You're a good friend of mine, Billy Bull. For heaven's sake don't think you can't come over just whenever you feel like it as well. It's only that sometimes I want to be a hostess."

"I understand, my dear. You're rather nice, you know. I'll look forward to Sunday week. I'll put a circle around it now, on my calendar. A red-letter day."

"It may well be that," I said, and hoped he would not hear the shivering anticipation of the thought behind it.

My third trunk call went to Sophie, Countess of Inderswick. She was cutting roses in the garden, but they fetched her to the telephone.

"Eve darling!"

"I've been in a bad spot, Sophie, but I can just see the way out, I think."

"A *man!*" said Sophie delightedly.

"A man," I agreed, to save time—and I suppose it was true. "Lots of men, Sophie. Some of them will be around the Marsh House the week end after this one. Will you come for the Sunday?"

"Do I have to bring the Earl?"

"No."

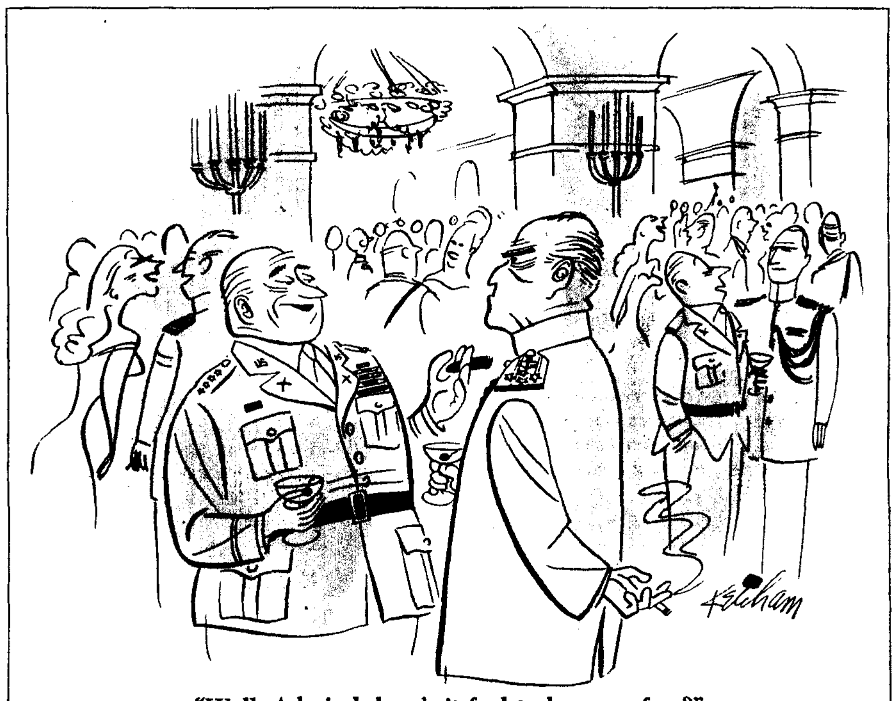
"Goody-goody."

"One other thing, Sophie. Do you remember years and years ago, when you were terribly young and actually *worked* for a living—all of eighteen months ago, in fact—and you used—"

"Of course I don't remember such things. I married the Earl to forget them, didn't I?"

"—you used to be able to do a kind of shorthand—"

"A *kind* of shorthand!" snorted Sophie Briggs, and I could see her red hair swing as she jerked her indignant head. "A hundred and twenty-two words a minute! I



COLLIER'S "Well, Admiral, how's it feel to be one of us?" HANK KETCHAM

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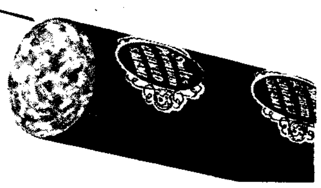


was the fastest girl in my year—I mean at shorthand—"

"And at earldoms. But what I am trying to say, and this isn't airy conversation, please if you think you need to, practice the shorthand between now and Sunday week, and bring your little book with you and some sharp pencils."

"How lovely and mysterious! Whatever for?"

"No, Sophie dear, no questions yet. Please? You'll come?"

"Of course. But you'll tell me soon? You know suspense makes me lose weight."

"*That* wouldn't hurt you."

"But it would infuriate the Earl. His mother was a Gaiety Girl."

I looked up Stevens, Rogerson and Stevens, dialed the number of their dusty offices in Bedford Row and asked for Mr. Rogerson, Jr., who was of my generation and not old enough or articled enough to put an equalizing "Rogerson" in the firm's name. But there was nothing he did not know about the Gills and their possessions. At least, he knew all the respectable parts, which at the moment was sufficient for my purpose.

"Donald, this is Eve Gill. Can you lay hands on the plans of the Marsh House estate, easily I mean, while I hold on? There's an argument about a measurement—not a legal argument, so don't get in a state."

"The papers are in the family box. It will take me a minute or two. What measurement do you want?"

"The distance from the southwest corner of the house to Ship Cottage."

"As the crow flies?"

"Well, as the footpath crawls or walks or whatever footpaths do. It's nearly straight."

"Hold on," he said.

I held on.

He came back to the telephone.

"Fourteen hundred and twenty-four feet," he said, "by the footpath. It's shown as straight, but isn't there a bend in the middle I seem to remember? Although it wouldn't make any great difference."

"Thank you, Donald."

That was enough of the telephone.

MY PACKING did not take long. I fetched the car, put my bags in it and drove to Harrods.

Aunt Florence was not deviating from routine and I found her at a small, elegant table among the armchairs in the large, silent beige lounge, dealing with today's correspondence, which was as heavy as always.

"I'm just finishing, dear. Why didn't you tell me you were coming? But it's just as well. I'd like you to meet Mr. Eskewing, in the sports department. His little girl—"

I said hastily I was ridiculously busy because I had had a message from the Marsh House, some housekeeping problem or other which meant I must hurry home. I had come to say goodby and thank you. And there was just one thing. It was probably a silly question, but where had she bought that radio set she had given Father last Christmas? "It was here, at Harrods?"

"But of course, dear. Don't tell me it has gone *wrong!* Mr. Haslett would be most upset. They got it in specially because Rupert said he particularly wanted to play records and get South America and ships at sea and all sorts of things. Mr. Haslett said—"

"No, Aunt dear, it's working beautifully. It's only that I don't understand one of the gadgets, and if I could have a word with Mr. Haslett, who may remember the set, if he's still here—"

Mr. Haslett was most helpful. Not only did he remember the radio set Aunt Florence had bought for Commodore Gill, but remembered it in the intimate way a good technical salesman should. He was able to tell me that I was quite right in thinking that the letters MIC over two of the many little holes in the back were an abbreviation for the word "microphone" and that if the knob on the left of the front panel was moved over to the extreme right, a position which was also marked "MIC," the set could be used as a microphone amplifier.

"In fact, Madam," said Mr. Haslett proudly, "you could use it as a public-address system."

"If we had a microphone?" I suggested.

"Exactly, Madam. You would put the leads of the microphone into the terminal holes you noticed in the back of the chassis."

"Tell me about microphones. Can I buy one?"

Mr. Haslett waved his hand at a showcase and in a moment was demonstrating microphones, explaining their simple mysteries, their characteristics and peculiarities. For the best and clearest results you spoke about six inches from the instrument; the same volume control used for radio also decided the volume of the voice coming through the microphone circuit to the loud-speaker.

"Or voices?" I asked. "I mean, several people could be heard at the same time?"

"For that you would do better with the omnidirectional type," he said, with the technician's happy disregard for the lay mind's limitations. "A good one costs twenty guineas, but a very fine job. This one, for instance—"

"Ah, yes," I said, "and is there any limit to the length of the connection between it and the set?"

"My word, yes! Not more than five yards." He was horrified. So was I; my heart fell with a sickening disappointment; then he added: "Unless, of course, you use a screened cable, and a booster amplifier."

"Oh," I said, brightening, "I see."

"This sort of thing—" He pulled out a small, silvery drum, its outside being made of firmly woven metal thread. It looked very professional.

"With that," I asked, "I wouldn't have to worry about the distance between microphone and set?"

"No worry at all. It's expensive, of course—one and six a yard. But with this booster"—he held up a small box—"you'd be safe over any distance—fifty, sixty yards—any distance you liked."

I swallowed, and said sheepishly:

"Er—five hundred?"

He looked startled. He was thinking: What a silly girl! Why doesn't she move the radio nearer the microphone? But he was a good Harrods man; he said: "Five hundred—well, I don't see why not, Madam. There's nothing against it, technically."

I was feeling much better.

"Good. I'll take that microphone—and the booster and five hundred yards of the er—screened stuff."

His face fell. He infinitely regretted it, but he had not so much as that in stock, it really was an exceptional amount, I understood? Furthermore, it came in hundred-yard rolls, and that meant four joins, *soldered* joins if the screening was to be effective. He looked harassed. I said, "Oh, dear, couldn't you *please* try? Mrs. Webster was sure you would do everything you could. It is most urgent and important. I have to go up to Suffolk this afternoon. If I could have it by three o'clock—"

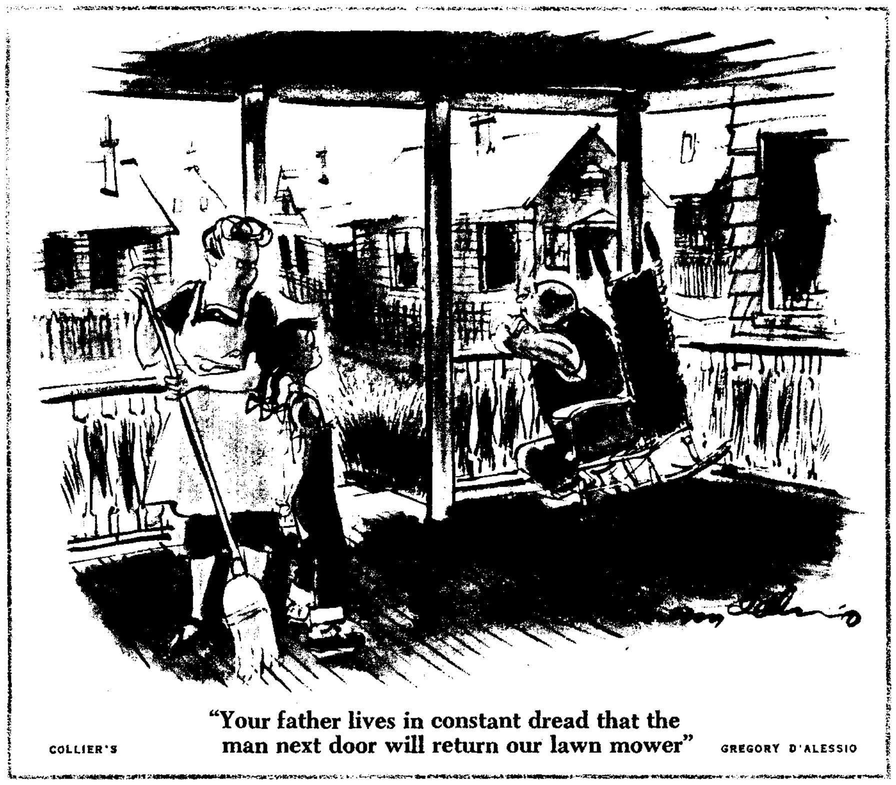
"It will be a considerable weight."

"I have a car."

To disappoint Mrs. Webster was out of the question. He took the plunge.

"We'll do our best, Madam, for three o'clock."

I wrote a check for seventy-odd pounds while he made out an order. It was a lot of money, but it was the best material I could get and if it did what I needed it to do, it would not be too much.



COLLIER'S "Your father lives in constant dread that the man next door will return our lawn mower" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

I hoped from the bottom of my heart the Peacock would be back soon. I could do without the Commodore very well, but I doubted if I could manage without Charlie. This sort of thing was just up his street.

Next I went to Piccadilly underground station to retrieve Jonathan's attaché case. It was an anxious moment, although needlessly so, while the clerk took away the ticket to find the matching counterfoil among the racks of bags and suitcases. But it was such vital evidence, indeed the only tangible, provable evidence, so much an Exhibit A if ever there was one, that if anything had happened to it . . .

I paid the small sum owing on the deposit charge, carried the oil- and dirt-smeared case to the car and sitting safely inside, pulled back the button on the single spring clasp and lifted the lid an inch or so.

White satin glimmered. A dark, irregular smear stained a four-inch patch in the upper folds, and Charlotte's perfume sweetened the air with heavy fragrance. I closed it, pressed down the catch, and lifting the back seat, made room for it among the spare inner tubes and so on; it looked quite at home there, and would take some finding even if any one knew what to look for.

Mr. Haslett had done all he had set ou to do. The packages were carried down to the car and he gave me a short, concise lecture on what to remember when installing the microphone.

So at last I set off for home, with four days in which to persuade Jonathan no to accept any invitation to come and be murdered which might appear for him in tomorrow's Daily Telegraph. Also, if I was doing arithmetic with days, I could count on only eight in which to prepare to justify having spent that chunk of my life savings on satisfying the rules of evidence.

IT WAS good to be home again, to unpack and put away my things, to sit with the windows of the dining room wide open to the warm dusk, the candles lighted, their yellow light playing on the black wood of the table and glittering in the silver.

A great deal had happened to me since I had set off for London ten days ago; I was emotionally and physically exhausted, and in no condition to meet the crisis I had planned. If I could not control it, guide it, use it, I would be finished. Looked at then, as I forced myself to do, objectively and critically, it seemed an impossible thing I was asking. Nine human beings, most of them almost complete strangers to me and unknown to one another, occupying distant positions not only in space but in relationship, had to be brought together in this one corner of England at an exact hour and in precisely organized circumstances in order to save a man from the consequences of one act of romantic folly.

I was plain frightened. I was frightened of being hated by people I liked when they found, as they would, that I had deceived and cheated them. I was frightened of Father, who would give me every kind of hell for getting mixed up in such an unsavory business—if I failed. If I succeeded, of course, he would probably commend me as a credit to his teaching. I was frightened of Charlotte, of her cold self-interest combined with her madness where Freddy Williams was concerned—and I was particularly frightened of Williams in a physical way. But above all and everything I was frightened of losing Jonathan, because, however hard I tried, I would not be able to save Charlotte entirely from the consequences of what she had done as an accessory to murder.

The healing peace of the evening was rapidly vanishing under the impact of these thoughts, and I pulled myself away from them by reminding myself that Jonathan was not far off, that apart from a desire to see him which had been nagging me quietly ever since I reached home, there was something of importance I must try to find out from him without letting him realize what he was telling me.

So I fetched a scarf and walked to Ship Cottage by the footpath which led through the thick belt of trees protecting the house from the north wind.

There was a light in the downstairs room and the front door was open. Jonathan was sitting in a chair by the side of it, smoking a pipe, reading a book and looking for all the world like a cottager taking his ease after the day's work.

I whistled to him, to give him time to see me and realize who I was.

"Well, what's the news?" he asked. "I've been worrying about you."

"That was nice of you."

"I realized after you left on Wednesday that I hadn't really the faintest idea what you were up to. I tried to find out, but somehow the point got lost. As I say, I've been worrying."

Not so nice of him, I thought. We leaned on the wooden fence and looked across the marshes.

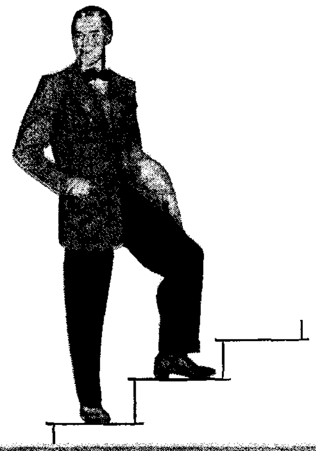
"You mean, I might be interfering?"

A new high in styling...

INTRODUCING FORTUNE'S

ROCKIT

SERIES



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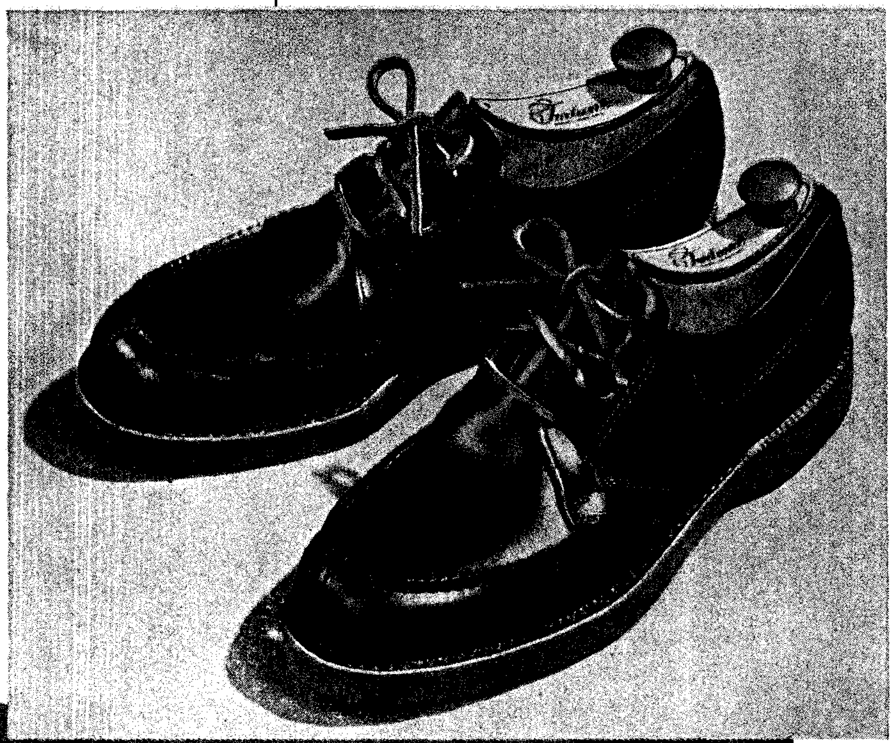

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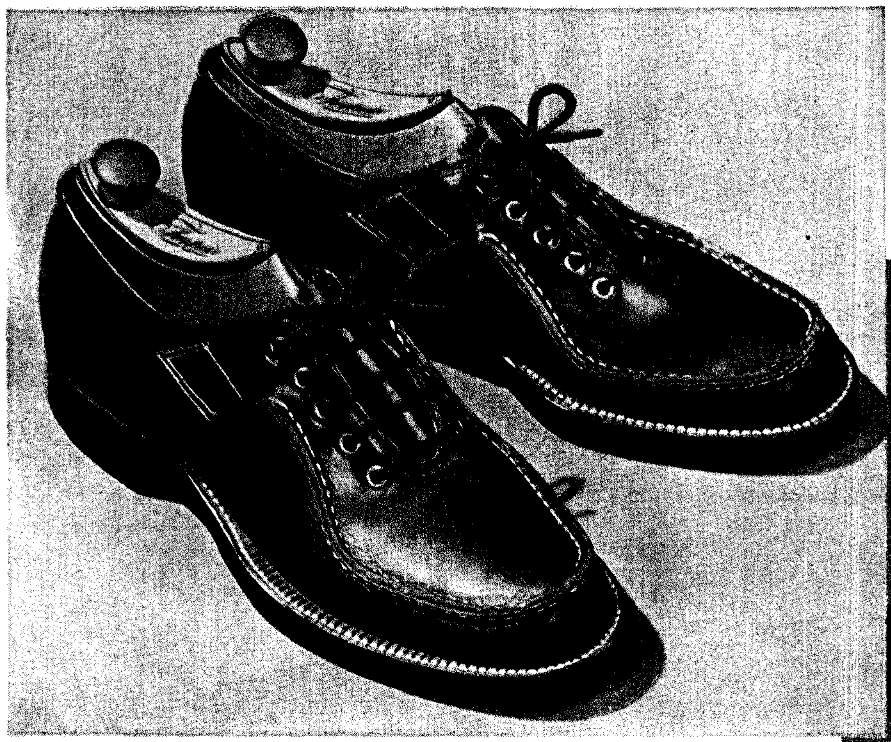

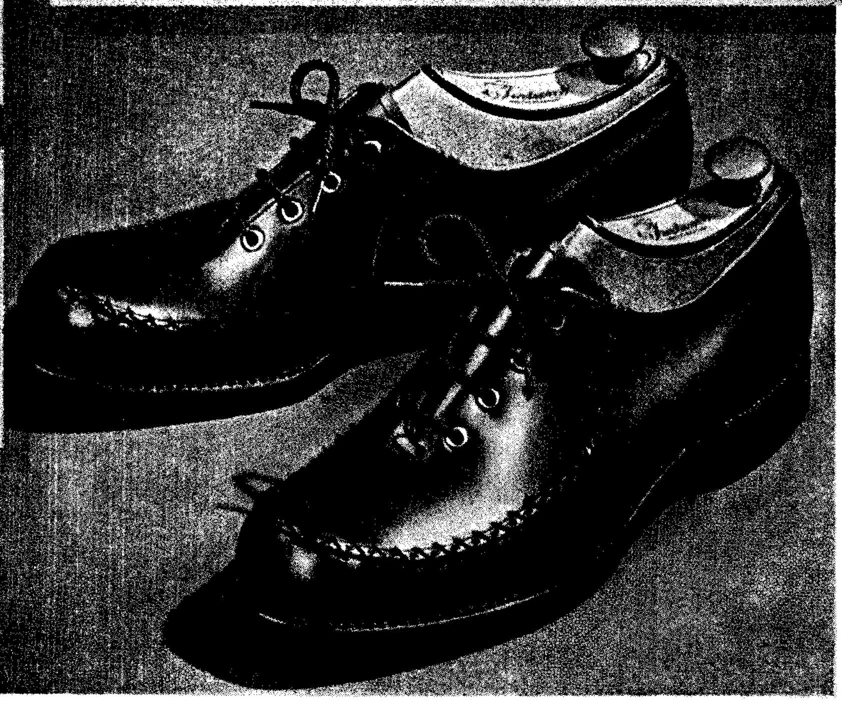

● LEFT: Style 6090. U-throat bal with heavy trim moccasin seam.

● ABOVE: Style 6176 Ghillie tie with rawhide lace; new beveled heel.

● BELOW: Style 6174. One-piece vamp, zigzag stitching; brass eyelets.

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"I know you're trying to help, but what *can* you do? It's an inescapably fixed situation. You haven't been trying to nobble that wine-shop chap? Upset his ideas of whom he saw? That's frightfully dangerous, getting at a witness. If he told the police—"

"It never even occurred to me. Besides, there are other things apart from the wine merchant—other evidence. No, I've spent a certain amount of time with the enemy."

He looked at me anxiously.

"The police?"

I nodded. I said I had even had lunch today with one of the men in charge of the case.

JONATHAN was impressed and hoped to heaven I had been careful. "Tell me, do they know about Charlotte and me? That's the crux of it. Do they?"

"I don't think so."

"Thank God!"

"Not yet, anyway."

"If they don't so far, they never will," he said with conviction. "She's safe."

"You're very sure, Jonathan. *No* one knew about you two?"

He shook his head. "We have known each other such a short time—only six weeks up to the time of the—accident. We didn't meet in places where we would be seen by people who knew either of us."

THE
IN THE
WORLD

"You haven't quite hit it yet. Take the rest of the day off; go home and sleep it off, and sock out another layout in the morning"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"I see. And you did not meet often?"

"Nearly every day," he said nostalgically. "She was wonderful, a busy person like that."

"She telephoned you to make dates?"

"Usually. In fact, I think always. She would ring me about ten, and let me know if she could manage it."

"Someone may have heard her telephoning," I suggested. "One of her servants."

"Maybe. But so far as I remember she never used my name, and it was always a very short conversation, such as 'I may be a bit late today'—or, 'I'm sorry I can't make it at all.' "

"I see. That sounds as if you had a usual meeting place."

"We had. A café cake-shop place."

"But that's just what I mean," I said quickly. "Anybody who knew you may have seen you without your knowing, someone who may suddenly remember."

"No. Not in a small, out-of-the-way café like that one."

"Smack in the middle of her shopping area, I expect, where all her women friends spend their mornings."

"If her friends shop in Crawford Street, and the unfashionable end of it at that, I shall be very surprised."

"Crawford Street? But that is in the West End, isn't it?"

"It's off Baker Street, which is not strictly speaking the West End. No. Honestly, you're expecting more than the worst; it's the impossible. We arrived separately, we left separately. It was an ideal place, and it was the only place we ever met in public."

If it was in my mind to tell him before I left him that evening all that I had found out, the whole story of Charlotte and Freddy Williams, I discovered I could not do it. Every waking thought he had was about her, and if he dreamed, she filled his sleeping hours; he was like a sick man too ill to stand an operation, and I—well, I was the bad surgeon with neither courage to take the risk nor confidence in my own skill.

I knew that the Daily Telegraph tomorrow morning would force me, however frightened for myself, to tell him the truth, literally in order to save his life.

We said good night at the cottage wall and I went on alone to the house, depressed and disheartened.

Lying in bed in the darkness, with the window open, I saw the masthead light of the Peacock like a low, yellow star at the mouth of the river; she would lie inside the bar for the night and reach her harborage about eleven in the morning; I fell asleep comforted in the knowledge that Charlie was home and would be able to help me. He would understand. I might even be able to talk to him about Jonathan and perhaps straighten out some of the conflicting desires and motives which seemed to be making me more and more woolly-minded at a time when I wanted all my wits about me.

But before I could see Charlie and indulge myself with the luxury of healing confession, I had the Daily Telegraph to look forward to.

I contrived to meet Sam Page again on his way to the cottage, and was able to see our Telegraph, identify the message before Jonathan saw it, and thus be with him within a few moments of his having read it in his copy.

He was standing at the door with the paper clenched in his hand, an expression of anxious determination creasing his forehead.

"Good morning," I said. "I came to tell you that the Peacock is nearly home and—whatever's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing—"

I opened the Daily Express, and pretended to search it.

"You frightened me," I said. "I thought it might be something in the paper—or is it only in the Telegraph?"

"Charlotte needs me," he said. "I don't think anything has gone seriously wrong though."

He showed me the message, and I read it again:

John. Please meet me at the usual place at four on Tuesday. I need you.

"If it was trouble she would want to see me sooner than that, wouldn't she?"

"I should think so, yes. But if it's not urgent, ought you to run the risk of going at all? You're so safe here."

"I must."

He had satisfied himself, of course, that her need was a personal one, a beloved's need to see her lover, and his emotion was a fine mixture of pleased ego and triumphant male. Risk? Any risk was worth taking while he felt like this.

Oh, God, I thought, how can I even begin?

"Do you think," I began, however, "that because you don't figure on front pages any more the police have forgotten you? It will be weeks and weeks before—"

"You forget I've made one trip to London and back."

"That was at night, and the fact remains that you were incredibly lucky."

"I shall be lucky again. I realize I was a bit mad to have gone as I did, on the chance that I might be able to see her. But my chief mistake was in using your car—I might have involved you badly if they'd caught me in it. I would have said I had stolen it, but even so—" He shook his head. "This time I shall go by train, or bus."

"Either way would be equally sensible, or stupid. That's exactly the sort of thing they are waiting for you to do."

He shook his head.

"Thanks to you I'm John Hobhouse, and can prove it."

"For how long?"

"Long enough."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "You really are an obstinate idiot. You believe just what you want to believe, don't you?"

"Like the rest of my species. Look at you. You believe that I shall get caught because you've made up your mind that I'm being a fool about Charlotte. It's as clear as daylight."

"I'm extremely glad of that. It makes things easier for me to tell you something which ought to convince you of it. I should have told you days ago, but I hadn't the courage and I wasn't absolutely certain. Let's sit down somewhere."

I SET off for the dike wall, where the long fine grass was soft below the crest, and sheltered from the land breeze. He followed. We sat on the slope of the bank, and I started at once by saying, "How much did she tell you about Freddy Williams?"

"That he was an old friend who would help her to the extent of giving her an alibi for the short time she was home that night—she had been to a theater with him."

"I thought she had to be so careful about a jealous husband? The theater?"

"Williams was a friend of Inwood, a friend of the family. If you're trying to make *me* jealous—" He laughed easily. "You're a funny kid," he added. "You're so very young in some ways."

I dug my nails into my palms in an effort to control my fury. I counted ten, and then another ten; anything I told him while I was angry would mean less than nothing in making him believe.

"Williams," I said at length, "may have been her husband's friend, but she was—and is—having an affair with him."

"Nonsense," he remarked, without heat.

"Williams," I went on, "was not providing her with an alibi. It was the other way about. She was providing him with one, and with more than that. She provided him with someone to fake a burglary to account for the killing and in doing so did even better; she provided a

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U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Don Quixote, who is quite happily performing the part of murderer-in-chief in his place. Charlotte did not kill her husband. Freddy Williams did it, in a sudden rage, I think, without premeditation, in a quarrel probably about her. Freddy Williams killed Joseph Inwood and she came to you pretending she had done it, and persuaded you to help her."

After a startled movement, Jonathan sat staring at me as if either he or I had gone suddenly mad.

But I rushed on in a kind of vacuum of ineffectual assertion and insistence that all this was true and he *must* believe it. "She had been with him the night you saw her. Where else at that hour? You're so crazy about her you can't see how obvious all this really is. Her butler, Groves, tried to blackmail her and she went to Williams about it—and Groves had to be got rid of. Yes, he was killed too—though proof would be difficult. They are murderers, Jonathan. Murderers! I've talked with Williams. He's an incredible, ruthless, brutal creature with a tremendous conceit in his own infallibility, particularly with women. Charlotte can't see straight when she's with him, or even away from him. He obviously wants her money. For the first time in his life he sees a chance of a huge fortune coming his way with very little trouble to himself. He doesn't mind killing. He's a sadist anyway. And now you're the only danger left to him. He can't rely either on your final success in keeping out of the way of the police or on your silence about Charlotte's share in the death of Inwood when they catch you. So you're to be killed too. It's the only solution, the last step necessary to put them—and particularly himself—into lasting safety. I don't know all the details of the plan, but this message from Charlotte is the first sign of it. I was waiting for it. I knew it was coming. She will meet you and take you to some place where he—"

I realized that Jonathan was getting to his feet.

"You must believe me!" I cried desperately.

"You know I don't," he said. "How can I? I suppose you've a motive for trying to do this, but it's beyond me at the moment. If I were conceited enough to think you—you had fallen for me and are trying to keep me here, for yourself, it might make a little sense. But although we've been involved together, considerably involved, you scarcely know me well enough to feel like that about me."

"I hate you for a blind fool!" I said.

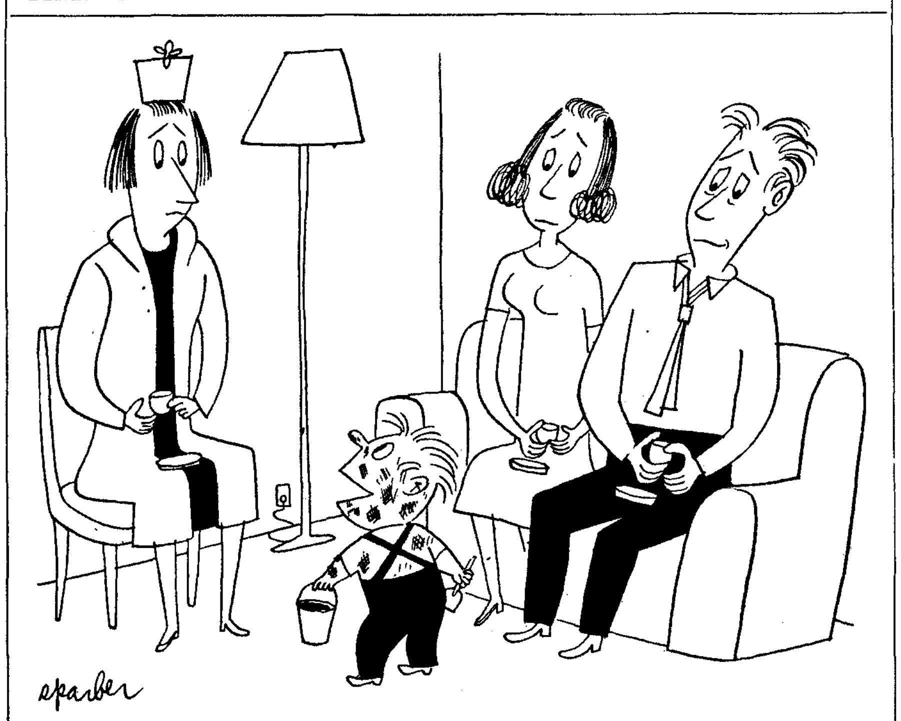
"Don't you see how silly your story is?" he asked with infuriating patience. "You weren't there when Charlotte came to my flat, with his blood on her dress, in a state of abject fear and desperation. Even if love blinds me as you suggest, and God knows I would like to think she hadn't killed him, I know a real emotion and a true situation when I see it."

"Do you, *do you?*" I said. "Isn't it that you won't admit the possibility that someone else killed him because that would mean she loves that someone to such an extent that she would do anything to save him. Fooling you, for instance, into believing *she* had done it. You would rather she was a murderess than unfaithful to you."

"Charlotte is utterly incapable of the guile, the wickedness necessary to such a deception," he said with magnificent simplicity. "Incapable technically, intellectually and morally."

"Oh, my God," I whispered. "She hid Freddy Williams from you—and you from him. Was it her husband she was so afraid of when she took such care to meet you only in secret? I don't think so. She's afraid, terribly afraid, of Freddy Williams because she can't do without him."

TIMMY by HOWARD SPARBER



"My daddy keeps himself so clean that he never has to take a bath"

COLLIER'S

He smiled at me with dislike and said that on the contrary he knew all about Freddy Williams, who was no more than a good friend of hers. She had made no bones about it and often talked about him. I held my head and struggled for some revelation of mind or instinct which would show me how to break through the wall of his impregnable faith.

"I think I had better be moving on," he added. "Things are a bit difficult, aren't they?"

"But you're safe here!"

"Under false pretenses. I've given you a right to criticize, or rather to question my good sense—where she is concerned, and I shouldn't have done that. It's not your fault. I—I don't want our—" He searched for a word and could not find it. He knew that in some ways it was more than friendship, but in others less.

I was beaten and knew it. Perhaps I should have presented him with a slower, more circumstantial picture of my discoveries, instead of exploding the thing at him like that in the panic of the moment. All I had done was to outrage his lover's feelings. I faced him contritely.

"I'm sorry. But please stay here. I won't start this sort of conversation again. You *are* safe here, as safe as you can be. You're already establishing yourself as John Hobhouse in a small group of people. That's a beginning, isn't it?"

"Of course. But—"

"Another thing. Suppose they do catch you during one of these sorties? You realize exactly what it will mean? They are absolutely convinced you're the murderer."

"They won't catch me. Anyway, I'll have a story. Shock, amnesia—I have until Tuesday to work out the details."

"Where did you get money, identification, clothes when you were in a state of amnesia—producing shock? Oh, Jonathan, I'm not a policeman, but it must be very easy to upset any story which isn't true, once you can subject it to a few simple, common-sense questions."

"I have until Tuesday," he said again. "I'll leave Hobhouse and the money with Charlie and stick to the simplest version I can devise. The lost memory following shock is obviously the best one."

"I agree there," I said. "You *might* get away with it. *Always* providing the Charlotte connection does not come out."

He shook his head. He was unshaken in that belief also.

"My luck will hold," he was saying. "And of course I'll stay if you, and Charlie, will let me. But I will be leaving sooner or later. I—we—will be going abroad, you see." His tone betrayed his excitement. "That may be what she wants to see me about. She may have a plan, even a date—she'll need to get me a passport. There are all sorts of details to talk out."

I searched his face for some sign that a seed of doubt had fallen in the obstinate ground of his martyr's mind and that between now and Tuesday it would burgeon and take root. If only he would want to take up the argument again with me in Charlotte's defense. . . .

He went back to the cottage, and I trailed after him. He was not actively disliking me yet, but I knew he did not care to talk to me.

I WALKED to the beach with a sick and heavy heart. Presently I took off my clothes, swam a little, and then lay in the sun with nothing on, so that the heat burned into me.

A mutter of sound in the morning air became a gradually more certain thud-thud of the Peacock's auxiliary engine, until I could see her masts above the far bank where she approached the last curve of the backwater. I dressed and went back to the house, wanting a little more time alone before I had to face other people, in particular the Commodore, who might be in one of his moods after a fruitless voyage.

We had lunch together, however, in the Long Room, a cheerful meal at which he told me all about his adventures with the Rembrandt among the experts. The discovery that Aunt Harvey Gill's golden swan was a goose had delighted him.

He finished the story by saying, "Well, that's that. I've put the damn' thing in the cupboard under the stairs at the moment, but it's most important she should have it back. I suppose you wouldn't care to hang it up in her picture gallery again one dark night."

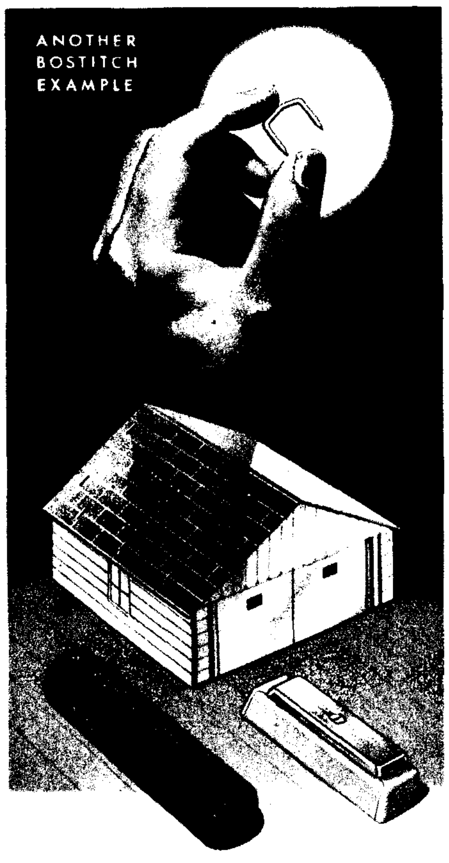
"No, I wouldn't," I said.

"I want to know it's in her possession again, and I want forty-eight hours notice of when that is."

I asked him why, but he refused to say, putting on his mulish expression.

"I feel I have had enough of it," I said, and told him how K. Zimmer had tried to lure me into another business talk on the subject.

"Surely you don't propose we should keep it indefinitely, do you?" he asked. "A dud Rembrandt—in *this* house? No, its proper place is with that bloody woman, and I shall look to you to see she gets it. I don't give a damn how you do it, except I dare say you'll see the sense of



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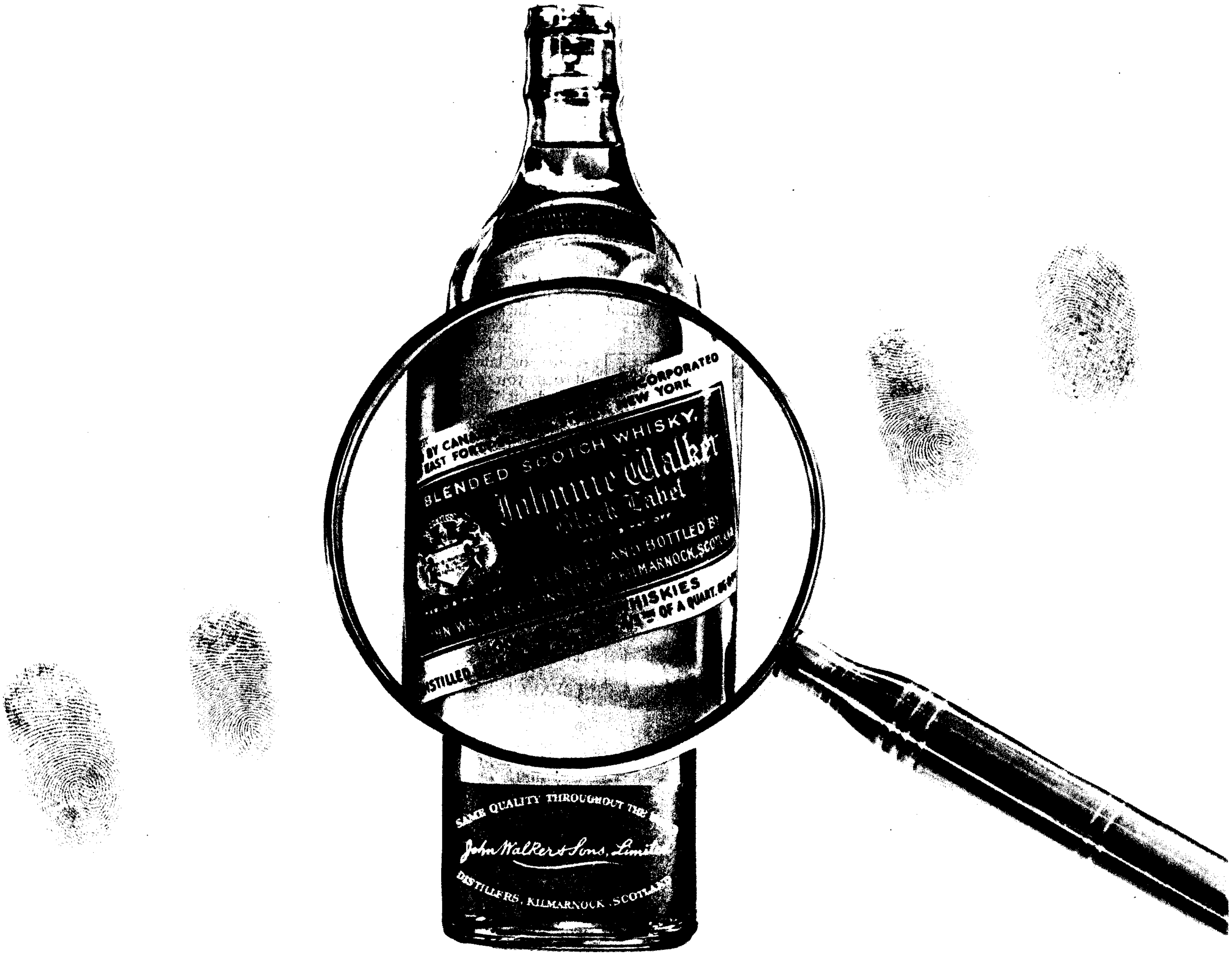
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not putting her in a position to prove we took it, even if she knows we did."

I had to promise to see what I could do about it, for soon, next week end in fact, I would be asking him to do things for me; or at least to do and say nothing to interfere while I did things myself not quite in the usual routine of a normal house party.

This reminded me of the influx of guests he must expect to see, so I broke the news to him.

He said he wouldn't mind, and we parted the best of friends. But I thought: Damn and blast the non-Rembrandt! Even if I ignored Father's wishes and let it rot in the cupboard among the spiders and stringless tennis rackets, I was still under a moral obligation to Billy Bull to tidy up the matter if I could. To return it somehow to Aunt Harvey Gill would do that.

Sunday, Monday, *Tuesday*.

I HUNG about for hours before I had a chance to see Charlie without going over to Ship Cottage and upsetting myself by contact with Jonathan, but finally because I did not show up there, Charlie came looking for me.

"You're thinner," he said. "You've been fussing," he decided. "It's this Penrose business, I suppose."

"I'll tell you about it very soon, Charlie. I promise. In fact I've been wanting to all the time you've been away. It's been difficult and I couldn't trust anyone. He wants to go away—to see the Inwood woman."

"We could prevent him going, perhaps?"

"And make ourselves his enemies forever."

"I could stand it."

"Could I, though?"

He made a movement of his vast shoulders, meaning I knew my own business best.

"All I want to know," I said, "is if he shows any signs of doubt about going, or any disposition to discuss the thing. As I say, I've done what I could to shake his faith in Charlotte Inwood, and with truth behind me, I *may* have been more successful than I think."

"I'll keep an eye open. If he goes to her, he goes. Is that it?"

"Yes, Charlie. It's important, too, that I should know the time he leaves and how he proposes to travel. If he's caught en route, there must be no way they can find out we've sheltered him. The Commodore, of course, doesn't know about it, and wouldn't like it."

"Neither would the police, nor any of us after they got through with us," he remarked, and left me in the abrupt way he has when he considers a subject has been exhausted, which is often sooner than the other person likes to admit.

I continued to keep out of people's way for the rest of the day, but I could find no inspiration for improving the Jonathan situation. I thought feebly of writing him a letter, and even began one, but the words looked as meaningless as they had earlier sounded.

The alternative to convincing him of the truth kept me awake until almost dawn, and when I did sleep it was largely due to telling myself a fairy story in which a miracle occurred wherein he suddenly saw the light and came to me to hear the truth again, this time with grateful comprehension and a desire never to leave me as long as he lived.

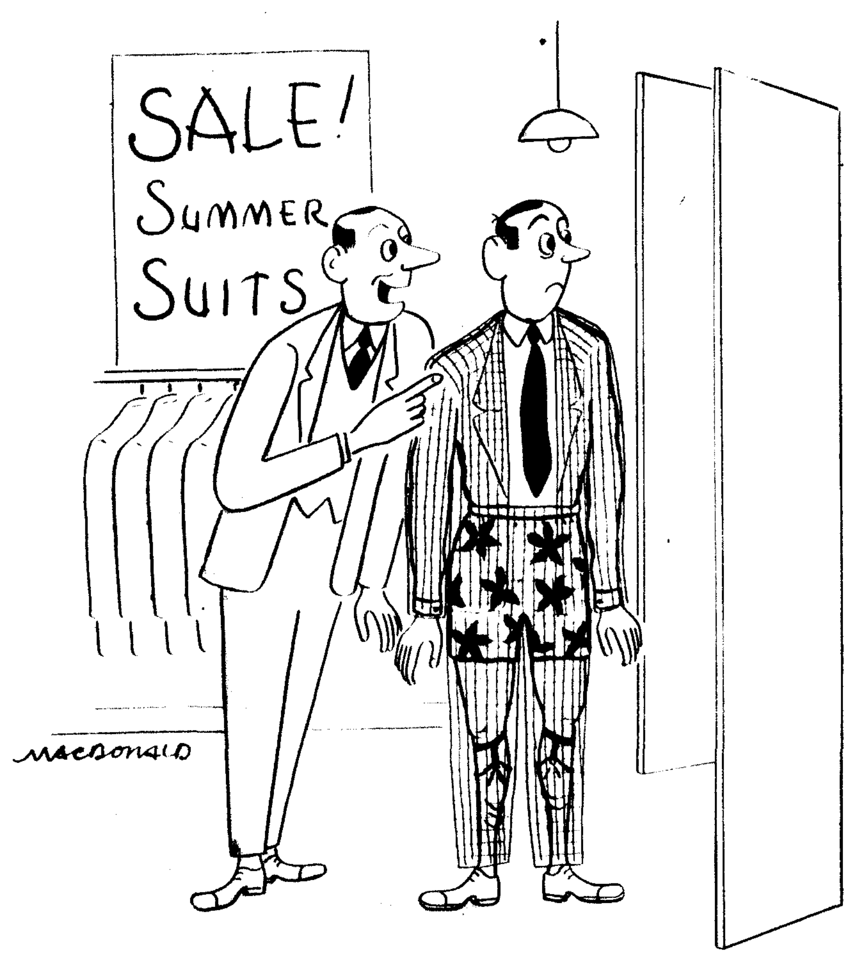
But there was no sign of this miracle all next day, Sunday, and that night also I had very little sleep, but not on account of Jonathan's pigheaded chivalry.

This time it was the Commodore.

At about three o'clock, when sleep was deepest and the night at its quietest, three sharp, shattering explosions startled me into simultaneous consciousness and movement, so that I found myself standing in the middle of my room in alarmed and complete wakefulness, realizing that Father had let off his .45 old-fashioned, long-barreled, silver-plated revolver at least three times in one rapid burst of fire.

I flung myself downstairs to the Long Room.

There was a half moon low in the southern sky which shone through windows, across halls and rooms and filled the house with more light than if it had been fuller but higher. The smoke of the Commodore's fusillade hung blue and



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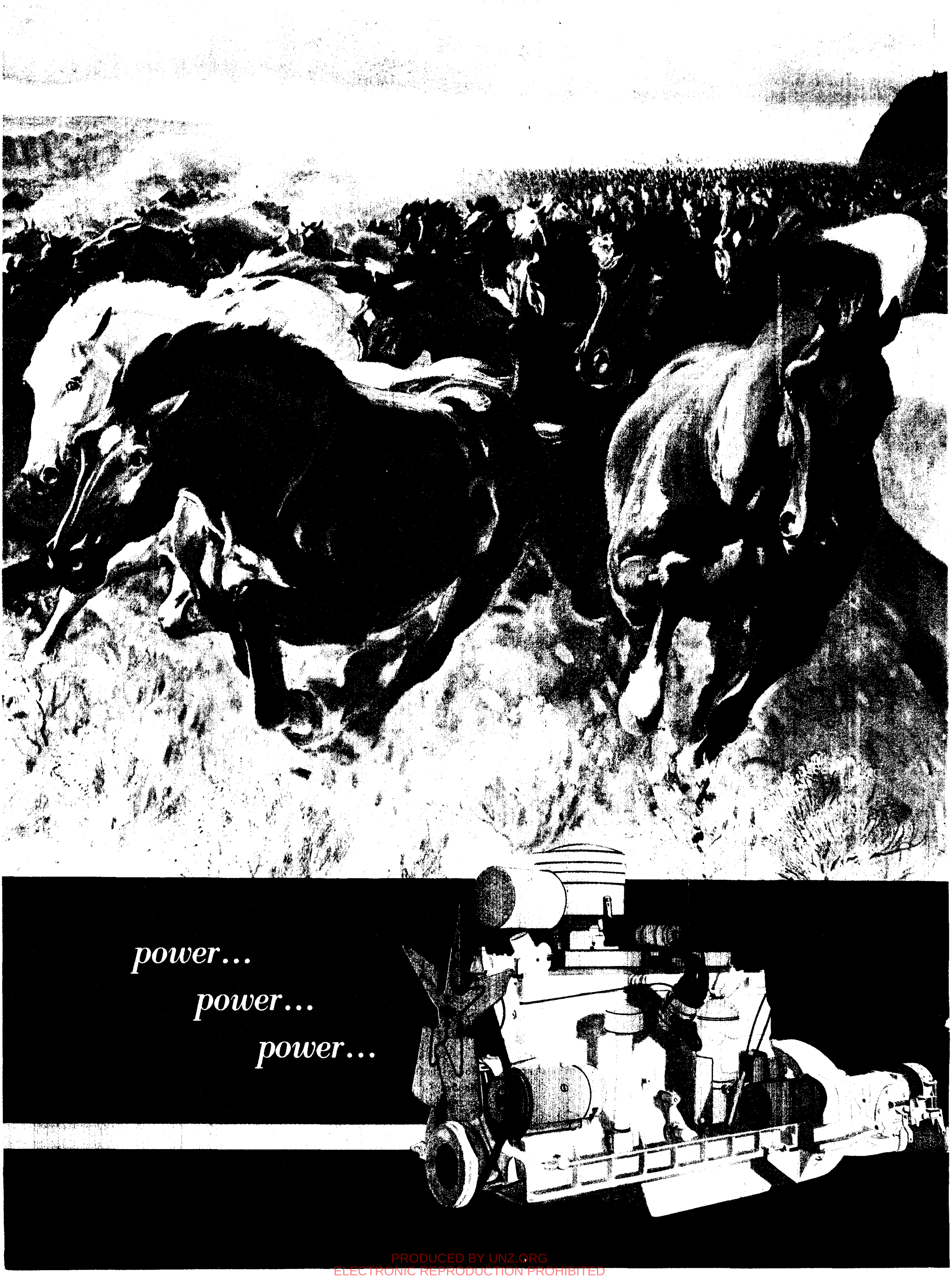
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acrid in the Long Room. I shouted something from the doorway before I went in, for I wanted to be sure he recognized me.

"Eve!" came his brisk, "action-stations" voice from the bunk. "Take this and get after him! Middle window! Missed the bastard!"

The revolver came slithering and glittering along the polished strip of floor between the two lines of Persian rugs and stopped at my feet. I picked it up, a hateful, heavy, unmanageable weapon in my hands, and asked, reasonably I thought, before going near the middle or any other of the open French windows, whom he had been shooting at.

"How in hell should I know?" he barked. "Don't stand there!"

THE household was all awake and vocal by now. I heard Mary crying out, asking what had happened, and the alarmed voices of the maids.

I went into the garden. The big lawn stretched smooth in the moonlight to the shadows of the cedar trees. The flagged path to right and left was empty.

There was dew on the flagstones, but the light was not good enough to see if there were footprints in it. There seemed to be none on the silvered lawn, where they would have shown. More to be able to tell Father I had investigated than because I was convinced as yet that he had really seen someone, I went along the path toward the small gate at the corner from which I would be able to see the courtyard and most of the stable buildings the other side of it. The gate was open, but then it as often was as not.

Nor was there any sign of him in or near the courtyard. I stood there in the shadow of the house, holding the gun in both hands because it weighed a ton, and listened. My heart sounded very loud. A wether's bell tinkled faintly across the marshes. I was enjoying my first moment's coherent thought since that sudden awakening. Having rid myself of the possibility that Jonathan might have been wandering in or about the house, I was reminding myself that in all these years of open doors and windows day and night, we have never had the slightest reason to doubt our freedom from burglars, sneak thieves, gypsies and the like, when suddenly I remembered K. Zimmer. I remembered, too, the incident of the other night, when that little man had tried to bully me. This might easily be the sequel. Hadn't I realized at the time it was unlikely he had been choked off for good? K. Zimmer had seemed to me to be unusually greedy and determined; those who usually dealt with him might be able to rely on the honor system among thieves, but we were outside the ring—strangers and amateurs.

Furthermore, I had refused his original terms and later threatened his messenger with the police. He would steal the picture from us without the smallest compunction.

The Commodore's target thus assumed a possible shape and reality.

Then I heard an unmistakable sound. It came from the road, "our" road which connects us to the main road, and as far as I could judge it was about a quarter of a mile away; the sound of a car engine starting up.

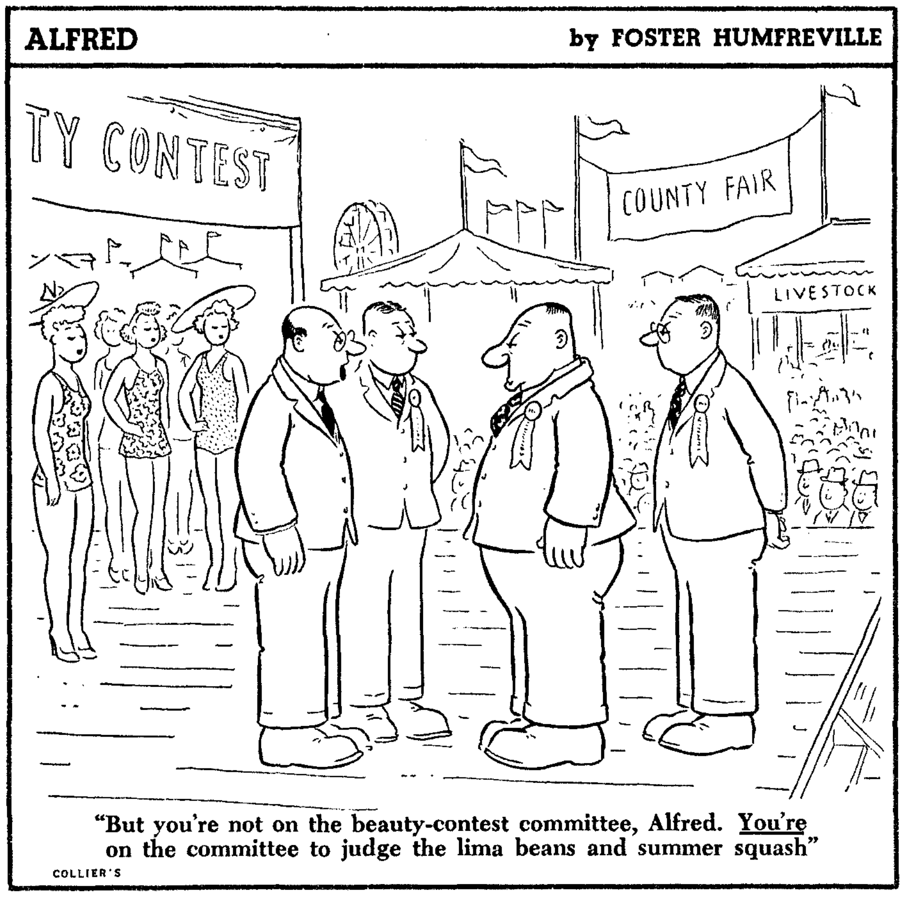
If K. Zimmer's friend had failed to find the parcel in the cupboard under the stairs, or the Commodore's gunplay had frightened him away before he could even begin to look for it, then it was a thousand pities!

I began to move at that moment, and to move fast, and did not pause except once briefly at the door of the Long Room to say, "I think it's K. Zimmer and I know what to do."

I did not wait for comment, which I am sure there was, but hurried to the cupboard. I knew the picture would still be there; not only was it the last place anyone would dream of looking for it, but I was as sure as I could be that the man had got no farther into the house than a step or so inside the Long Room window; he would never have guessed someone was there, someone so lightly asleep and so heavily armed.

The picture was there all right. I dragged it out—a small, flattish, brown-paper parcel, and ran down the hall with it, snatched my leather jacket from its peg in the cloakroom and continued along the passage to the back door, out into the courtyard and across to the stables. There were lights all over the house by now and I could imagine a general convergence, led by Mary armed with a poker, toward the Long Room.

I flung the parcel, pistol and leather jacket into the Daimler and got behind the wheel. As usual she answered the first touch of the starter button, and I drove her out into the courtyard and through the archway as fast as she could pick up the throttle. I had a glimpse of Charlie in pajamas, shotgun in hand, hurrying along the path from Ship Cottage to join the party in the Long Room. He, too, sleeps lightly.



"But you're not on the beauty-contest committee, Alfred. You're on the committee to judge the lima beans and summer squash"

Our road was clear of mist except for patches now and again, and although I drove without lights I lost no time on either account for I know every subtlety of curve and surface along that three-mile stretch, and indeed I doubted if K. Zimmer's emissary was going at half my speed.

It was particularly in the misty places that I realized how thin my nightdress was; the leather jacket would keep off some of the chill, but there was nothing to be done about the hardness of the Daimler's rubber-covered pedals on my bare feet.

I watched for car lights ahead and did not see any. Coming to the main road I slowed down, switched on the fog light which throws a low, broad beam, and saw what I had been hoping to find, the wheel marks of a car which very recently had passed from the smaller road to the larger; the white dust imprints of its tires caught and held by the mist-damp surface of the macadam could not have been clearer.

The tracks curved southward, toward London. I switched off the fog lamp, slipped on the leather jacket and at the same time rescued the revolver from the floor where it had landed and put it on the small shelf in the dashboard to the right of the wheel. Then I set off after my man with fair confidence that it would not be long before his taillight came in sight. It was three fourteen by the dashboard clock, which meant that there was nearly an hour of darkness left. I wanted him to get as far away from Kessingland as possible before trouble started.

I was glad he had turned south, presumably for London, as though he had had enough of it for one night.

A mile from Saxmundham I came over a slight rise and saw a luminous patch and a flicker of red, which the next moment vanished, but it was enough. I could not be sure, of course, that it was the right car, but judging times and distance, I thought that more than probably it was. Apart from any of these calculations, it was not a likely hour to come on any traffic.

I slowed a little and gradually closed up to a two-hundred-yard gap between us, and kept it at that through the dark, twisting main street of Saxmundham and beyond into the open country again.

Presently the moon went, so that the only safe thing to do was to get quite close to him and let his headlights do for both of us. It was not a large car, and the driver was alone, unless he had a passenger who was sitting unnaturally close to one of the back-seat corners, the only parts of the car I could not see through the rear window.

We proceeded like this for some fifteen miles, and I had plenty of time to study the back-view silhouette of the driver's head and shoulders. Although the other night K. Zimmer's messenger most of the time had been behind me rather than I behind him, I thought the angle of the hat was the same, with its brim curling up at the left and back, and down at the right and front, where it almost touched the bridge of his narrow nose.

Just as I was beginning to speculate about relative armament and other aspects of the future, he spotted that there was a car behind him. I saw him move his head alertly to look in the driving mirror at the top of his windshield. I put on side lights immediately, hoping he would think they had been on all the time—for a car with no lights at all would arouse his suspicions, which I did not want to happen for a little while.

He increased speed, and I let him go ahead a bit. I knew exactly where I wanted the showdown: a straight, narrow piece of road with a deep ditch on both sides, midway between Ipswich and Colchester. Approaching it, I caught up with him again, and we passed through a sleeping village in close procession. Two miles beyond it, with my straight stretch of road imminent, I blazed on all the Daimler's illuminations, head, fog, and both spotlights, so that his car was lighted up like a shop window at Christmastime. He turned his head a moment to avoid the reflected glare and reached for the cord which dropped the blind over his back window. The movement was enough to show me his profile, and I saw that I was right in my guess. Then his hand appeared out of the off-side window, signaling me to pass him.

But I refused the invitation, and after a little he began to put on more speed than he had used so far; reading his thoughts, I could assume that he wanted to be alone with them, that he felt uneasy in company tonight; but not necessarily more than that. He was confident that he had got away from Marsh House without danger of pursuit.

As we turned into the straight bit, I put my finger on the horn and held it there. He drew in to his side to let me pass. There was not a lot of room for this, but enough. His hand summoned me on again. I moved the near-side spotlight so that it shone at right angles and began gradually to draw level, keeping him close to the turf at the road's edge until I could look sideways across the Daimler's front seat and the spotlight showed me his face a few feet from me. Yes, it was beyond doubt the film gangster who had ridden with me from North Audley Street to Chelsea. He turned, half blinded by the light, and shouted something at me about pass and be damned to me, and what did I think I was playing at? He could not, of course, recognize the car.

I began crowding him closer and closer to the verge. His mouth was open with surprise and alarm as he clung to the wheel, trying vainly to escape the disturbing spotlight and no doubt in a panic about the meaning of this deliberate attack on him.

HE COULD not resist the impulse to brake suddenly when I swung over so that my front fender was well in front of him. He lacked the courage, in fact, to crash into me—which would have been the sensible thing to do. As his brakes went on, the inevitable happened. His steering was pulled out of exact balance so that he hit the turf with his left front wheel, bounced onto it, lost control altogether for a moment and went off the road completely; the transmission bumped heavily on the ground before the car came to a stop.

I braked and backed quickly until I was abreast of him again with the spotlight on him. He had had time to recognize the Daimler and had probably seen me as well. In any case, he was swearing violently, "So it's you, you—" was part of it, and the gender of the obscenity was feminine. "Bloody near killed me—you!"

He passed a bony hand over his white, perspiring face, gathering his wits after the shock of hitting the ditch. I tilted the spot downward, so that its beam included the bright revolver, the weight of which I rested on the door and kept steadily trained on him. He saw it, paused, and continued to swear more violently.

"Get out," I said, and had to repeat it twice.

He got out and stood uncertainly, blinking in the light.

"I've had enough of this bloody game!" he said. "Murder's against the law. You touch me and see if you don't hang, you—shooting at a bloke out of a dark room, a bloke who only wants to have a little talk."

"You're having a little talk now. Where

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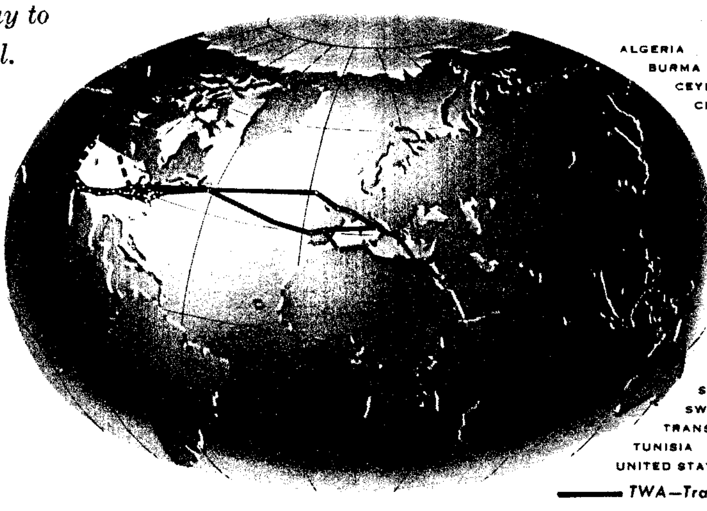

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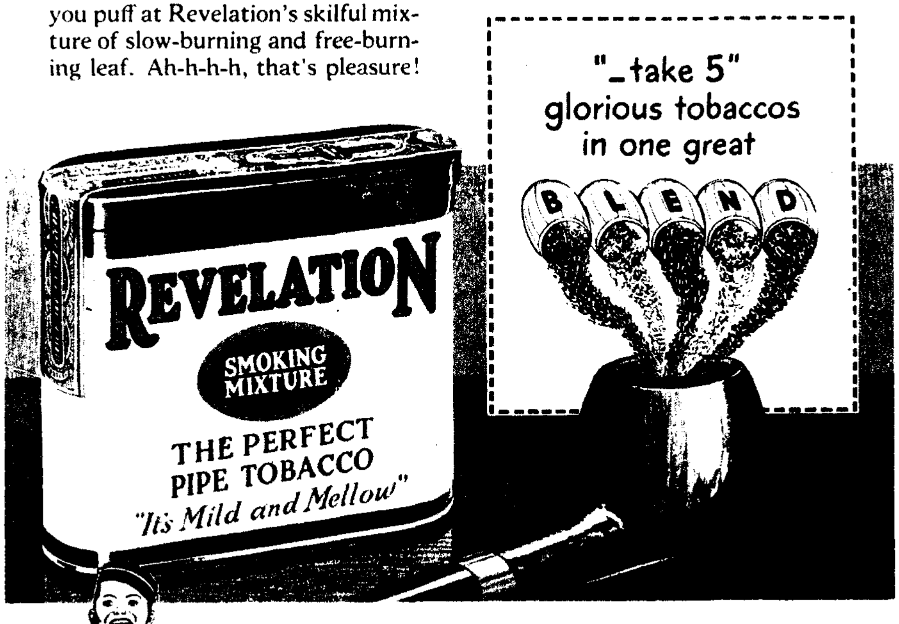

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do you think you're off to in a stolen car?"

"Stolen? This crate? *Hot?*" He was indignant, not at doubt thrown on his virtue, but that he should be accused of negligence. "I'm not that dumb! You've got nothing on me." His words were braver than his voice or chin, which sagged and trembled.

"Oh, so you say it's your car," I said with scornful disbelief.

"I didn't say it was my car. I said it wasn't a hot one, that's all."

"Where's your gun? Let's have it."

He swore he hadn't got a gun, and I was inclined to believe him. Moreover, I made him turn around and prove it by taking the things out of his pockets and pulling off his jacket to show he did not sport a shoulder holster. He grumbled that he was always being misjudged, he could explain about tonight, it was just a misunderstanding. The window was open, and he didn't want to go ringing front doorbells, so he—

But I cut him short, telling him to get up on the front bumper of the Daimler.

"Front bumper?" He looked puzzled and mutinous.

"That's what I said. You can ride facing or back to the engine. Suit yourself. If the radiator's too hot to lean against, you can put your coat over it."

He wanted to know what the big idea was, but I did not see why I should tell him. I gave him five seconds to do as he was told, and jerked the pistol at him in a suggestive way.

"You don't have to die," I said as grimly as I knew how. "Not tonight."

He climbed onto the bumper and hung on to the radiator cap, over which he put his hat to protect his hands.

I DID not drive too fast for fear he might fall off; after half an hour we reached the bottom of the hill where the road turns at right angles to climb again into the city of Colchester. I stopped and ordered him to take to his feet. He could catch the five-fifteen milk train for Liverpool Street if he hurried. He wanted to know what about his friend's car, and I told him he could ring up a garage and have them tow it in for repairs—if he could find a garage open. Or maybe he could arrange it from London. I didn't care. He could continue to suit himself, but I hoped that by now he realized monkeying with me only ended in trouble, and perhaps he would on my behalf invite K. Zimmer to go to hell. He jammed his hat on his head, a hat no longer curly, no longer wicked, and stamped off up the hill. I felt he was sufficiently fed up and frightened at his bad luck where I was concerned to give up any thought of fighting back, for the moment anyway.

I watched him until he was out of sight, then turned the Daimler and drove back fast to the ditched saloon. I was glad it was not a stolen car. Perhaps it was K. Zimmer's? That would be lovely. But even if it were not, it would certainly belong to one of his crowd and be traceable to them.

I looked it over, a derelict in the empty dawn. In another hour or less the first traffic would be on the road, the six-thirty police patrol on its regular run between Colchester and Ipswich would pass this way. . . .

There was nothing in the car of any interest, but I could remedy that.

I took the disputed Rembrandt forgery from the Daimler and put it on the floor in the back of the abandoned car.

Then I had a good look up and down the road to make sure I was still alone, took up a position with the Commodore's revolver just behind the saloon and, using both hands for it, took careful aim.

Through the back window I put two shots, which came out through the windscreen on each side of where the driver's head would have been, and I fired a third into the nearside back fender in dead center so that it ended up in the tire. The air burst from it with a sharp, decisive whistle. I thought investigating minds would be satisfied as to why the car had gone off the road.

Their next question, the reason for such dramatic goings on, they should be able to answer soon enough; they only had to unwrap the parcel they found in the back.

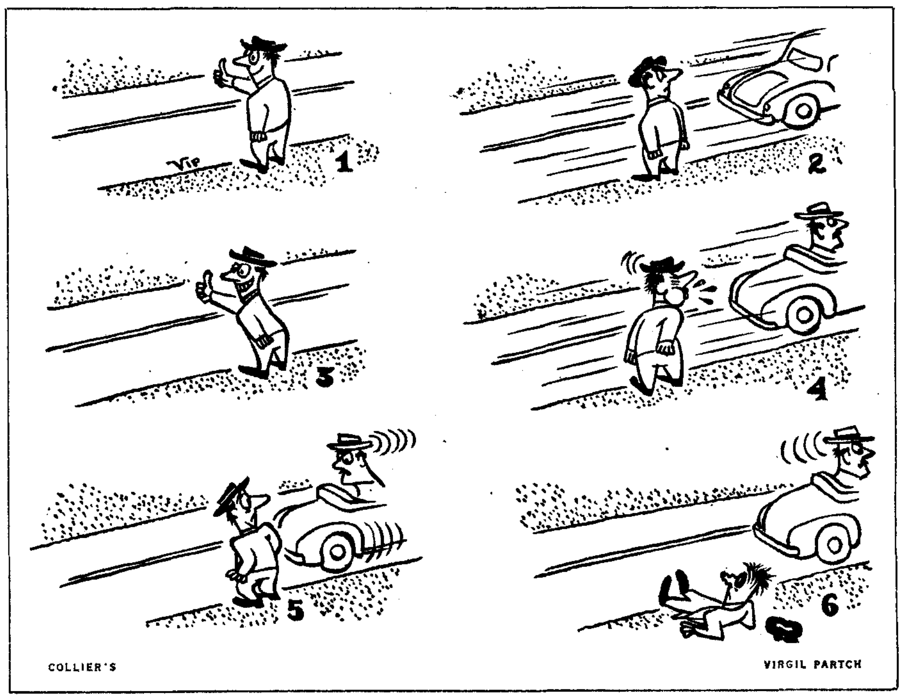
After that, they could consult with K. Zimmer, whom they doubtless knew well by repute. He might be able to explain how The Old Woman in a Shawl came to be there, but again he might not; it was unlikely he would have much help from his curly-hatted friend, whose story to him would be too ridiculous for words. In fact, K. Zimmer might not care to have him for a friend any more.

However, it was other people's problem now, and no longer ours, thank goodness.

I drove home in the gathering dawn of Monday morning, sneezing now and again because my feet were cold. I wondered, but without alarm, if I had left any footprints in the soft turf of the roadside. It was a pity in some ways that the scene was too far south to be in Billy Bull's division; however, I had felt it only right that he should not be embarrassed by having the Rembrandt come to light in his hunting ground.

But prints of a bare foot, a girl's bare foot near a bullet-riddled car found after a gang fight over a stolen masterpiece . . . He would have liked that sinister and mysterious touch.

(To be concluded next week)



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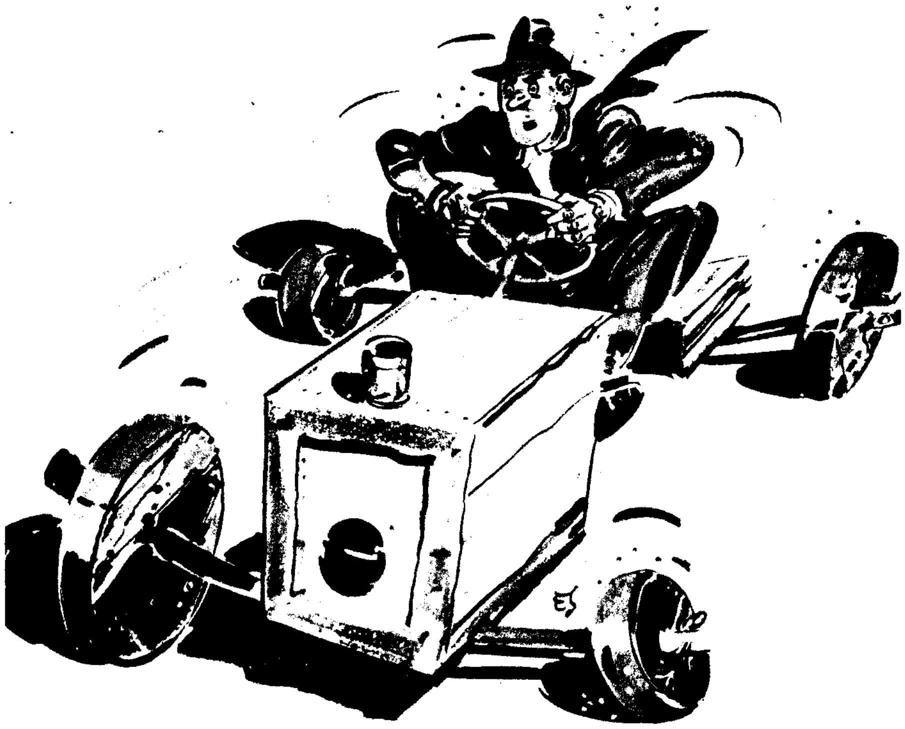

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . We got a rope waiting for that tenderfoot Velie. He'd better stay East. . . .

HANK O'HARE, Butte, Mont.

Mr. Velie was brought up in Wisconsin, talked to everyone from cowhand to rancher, and is mighty quick on the draw, pardner!!!

FORD MUTTER

DEAR SIR: As one of the unnamed by Mr. Gervasi (and if Frank thinks he'll ever get his name in an article of *mine,* he's crazy) interventionists who had a little something to do with presenting Senator Charles Tobey in 1941 with an isolationist umbrella—not a red, white and blue one, as Mr. Gervasi erroneously states, but a black one with, I recall distinctly, a yellow stripe down the center—I should like to state that the intriguers of Center Ossipee are as proud of their senior senator today as they once were disappointed in him. On the question of Tobey or not Tobey, they would vote definitely in the affirmative. (Yankee Gadfly, Aug. 2d.)

COREY FORD, Freedom, N. H.

FOUL BALL

DEAR EDITOR: Sporting Odds (July 26th) is interesting but raises a question in my mind. With a man on first, it is my opinion that the batter is automatically out regardless of whether the catcher drops the third strike or holds it! Right—or wrong?

MARGARET MONE, Bowling Green, Fla.

Right if there is nobody out or if there is one man out. Wrong if there are two out, as was the case in our Sporting Odds. (See Official Baseball Rule 44, Section 6.) Next batter!

HE WHO LAUGHS LASTS

DEAR EDITOR: One Laugh—$2 (July 12th) takes me back almost sixty years to the little town of Micanopy, Florida, and "Old Humphrey"—a Negro who could laugh the loudest of any person we ever knew. Just after sundown when all sounds carry the farthest, you could hear him two miles. His reputation reached New York show people and they sent down agents to hire him.

Humphrey didn't know much about geography—thought New York City was somewhere around the North Pole, so he took no chances and stayed in Micanopy and died there.

On a still evening, if you listen carefully you can still hear his laugh as he sits on a cloud in the sunset's glow and swats at a mosquito with his golden halo and laughs at St. Peter's worn-out jokes.

JAMES CALVERT SMITH, St. Augustine, Fla.

THE PURGE TO CONQUEST

DEAR SIRS: Your editorials are too long. They could be capsuled such as one I dreamed up concerning the Russian purge in Poland. It goes: "Confession is Good for the Pole."

ED MCSTURGES, Denver, Colo.

MESS A MISS, WILL YOU?

DEAR EDITOR: I have just read Catherine Hubbell's story A Game for Two (July 26th). In the story a *thirteen-year-old* girl wears her hair on top of her head, paints her nails, wears earrings and wears pumps. I think it is very disgusting. I am 14 and also tall (5'8") like the girl in the story. But if any girl in our neighborhood would get fixed up like that we would think she was *strictly ickie,* "but def."

ARLENE SLOTE, Lincoln, Nebr.

BUNNYISMS

DEAR SIR: Bunny McLeod and her bunnyisms and Sam Goldwyn and his malaprops (The Week's Work, Aug. 16th) have nothing on my wife's mother. Her tongue is always tripping over her mental feet with little remarks such as when she said she "slept like a hog"; and referred to "52-20 or Fight." Another time she insisted that a "boy's best friend is likely to become a mother!" and sighingly apostrophized: "Heaven help anyone caught helping themselves!" She's occasionally sounded a sensible note with "As certain as debt and taxes!" But I wonder what she meant when speaking of my dear wife: "She keeps her nose to the rhinestone."

B. F. PHILLIPSON, Remsenburg, L. I.

. . . How come you missed Bunny's famed: "There are a lot of nice people in Hollywood, but not many," and "Things are never as bad as they turn out"?

C. D. RUSSELL, Newark, N. J.

MALE CHEESECAKE

GENTLEMEN: Was very happy to see the picture of John Grimek in The Week's Mail (July 12th). It is about time someone exploded the too popular myth among the lads that we girls are here to be enjoyed but not to enjoy. How about some pictures of the better specimens of our manhood—life guards, artist models, or weight lifters?

For instance, in the article The Sun Tan Myth (July 12th)—why all the girls and not a single "he-man" to be seen?

MRS. MARY M. GUSTAFSON,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Okay. Here's something in the sweater-boy style.

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No other pen writes like a Waterman's
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Two new beauties...winners on any Campus!

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Waterman's INK

Try to match these for value!

Waterman's brings you everything you want most in a pen! Smart new styling. Scientific design for restful writing. Matchless performance! A truly personal pen, for the 14 kt. gold point is carefully *ground by hand* to match your own writing style! See, try, the new Waterman's at your dealer's soon.

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Big, handsome, husky—by far your best buy at anywhere near this price. Looks and writes like it cost a lot more. 4 colors. Models for men and women.

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MORE WINNERS!
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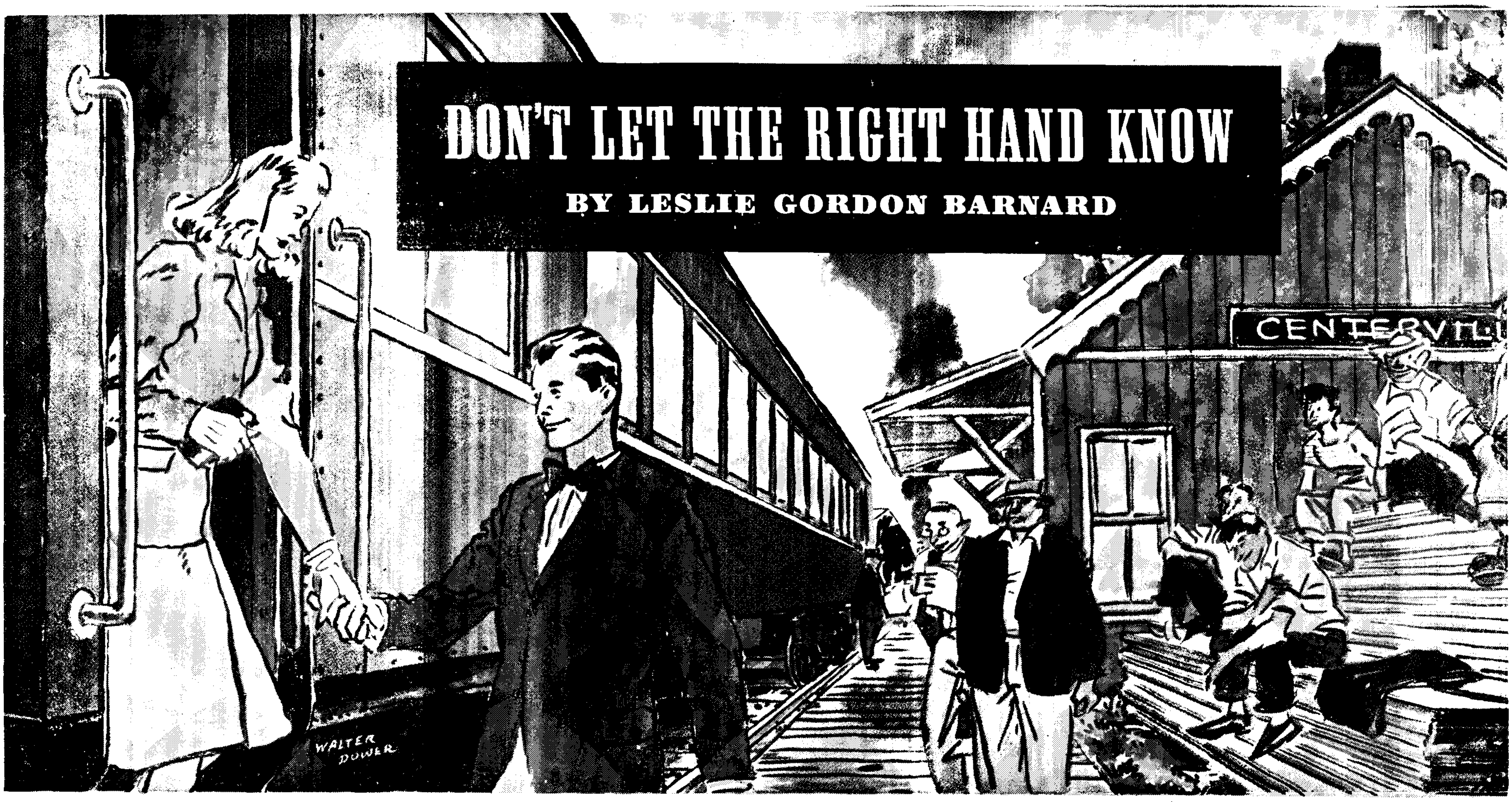
DON'T LET THE RIGHT HAND KNOW

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD



"My gawsh!" Will Gregg, the station agent, whistled. "Don't tell me that's Joe's girl." "Wife," Father said and wondered how Mother would take this

IN ALL his life Father had never felt like this. Behind him sat Joe and Mother. Beside him sat Sally. His heart thumped as he turned the car down the station road, partly because he was desperately afraid Sally might never come back again, and partly because he was going to give her something. He was going to give her two hundred dollars—and Mother knew nothing about it, or so he hoped. Saturday, while Mother was busy marketing, he had drawn it—feeling furtive and guilty—from their joint account. Of course he would tell her later. Let that bad moment take care of itself.

He'd done what he could for Sally; shown her the views from the orchard, taken her out to the barn, explained to her about blights and sprays and yields and co-operatives. Yet all the time there had been a terrible tenseness, because of Mother. . . .

When Joe's wire had come, saying, "Can you meet us Friday afternoon train?" Mother had glanced up sharply and said, "Us?" and Father had edged her past the rest of the message as if she were a shying horse. Saying nothing, she had gone out into the kitchen and started a tremendous baking, allowing herself only a little slamming of pots and pans.

"You'll come to meet them?" Father asked hopefully.

"Why should I?" Mother said, so Father went alone.

Will Gregg, the station agent, asked him, "Not feeling so good?"

"Could be," Father said dryly. Then the train came in and there was Joe helping the girl off.

A row of youths straddling a lumber pile gave with a wolf howl.

"My gawsh!" Will Gregg whistled. "Don't tell me that's Joe's girl."

"Wife," Father said.

"Glory, glory!" Will said, and Father knew he was wondering how Mother would take this.

Father knew also that he should be stiff with Joe for pulling this fast one in the middle of finishing his education at the expense of a grateful country, but instead he shook Joe's hand strongly. "Wish you happiness, my boy," he said, and Joe said apologetically, "We—I figured it'd save a lot of fuss and argument so we—we just up and did it."

"So I see," Father said.

What Father saw was a girl in a green suit, a girl with shining hair and half-frightened eyes, trying to put on a good show, and not doing too well.

"This is Sally," Joe said.

"Hello, Sally." Father smiled.

The look fled from Sally's eyes; she flung her arms around Father and kissed him, and Father forgot everything he should have remembered—especially Mother.

Stiff as a ramrod, Mother met them at the door, in her best black dress. She gave Joe a peck on one cheek, which both men knew was just her undemonstrative way. "This is my mother, Sally," Joe said.

Briefly Mother extended a hand. "I'll show you the room," she said and Father's throat tightened. He knew she didn't mean it to sound as if she were renting them a room for the week end.

WHEN they came down Sally looked subdued but hopeful. Her lips and fingernails were very red, and she was, Father had to admit, highly attractive in lounging pajamas. Mother, never strong on color or show, took a look and said she guessed she'd better start getting supper.

"Could I help?" Sally offered.

Slowly Mother turned. "Ever peel potatoes?"

"Why, yes—I—"

"There's potatoes to peel," Mother said. And Father thought: *Come, this is better*, until presently he heard Mother saying, "If you'd ever raised potatoes on soil like ours you wouldn't peel 'em that way!" Joe, shrugging, went out and chain-smoked on the doorstep. He should have known, Father thought, that Mother just couldn't help being thrifty. Every cent they could scrape had gone into Joe's education and now went into their joint account at the bank. You can't shake a habit like that very easily.

"Your mother's a fine woman," Father said.

"Sure." Joe nodded.

It was like that. Tense. Some parts of the week end better; some not so good. . . .

Now, driving Joe and Sally to the train, Father felt terrible. It had never occurred to him that he would not have this time alone with them until he'd backed the car out. And there, waiting in her best dress and the hat she'd fixed over, was Mother.

"Y-you coming?" he stammered.

"Why not?" Mother asked.

On the station platform Father stood first on one foot and then the other, uneasily conscious of the envelope in his pocket with its ten crisp twenty-dollar bills. Finally, edging Joe aside, he turned his back carefully to Mother, and said, "I want you to give this to Sally after you get on the train, Joe. It's a—a wedding present. From both of us," which was true enough, coming as it did from the joint account, his and Mother's.

Joe nodded, thanked him, and then they turned. Right off Father saw the mistake he had made, leaving those two women together. Something awful had evidently happened because Sally was trying to brush away tears and Mother looked like a dragon that has just effectively flicked its tail. Then with a rush the train steamed in, halted, panting. The conductor shouted, "All aboard!"—and Joe and Sally were gone. In Father's heart was a sick fear that *Joe might never again bring Sally back here.*

Stiff and straight, Mother stood waiting for him to get into the car. Silently they drove off. He would have to confess now, but it didn't seem to matter. The breach between Sally and Joe and Mother was now between himself and Mother—the first serious breach in their long life together. And he knew they must have it out now.

Father came right to the point. "What was Sally crying about?" he asked.

Mother's lips tightened. "I guess that was my doing. Maybe you won't approve."

"Maybe not," Father said, the hurt in him growing.

BLUSHING, Mother said, her words like hard pebbles, as they always were when she wished to cover any strong feeling, "It's something I wanted to talk to you about, once they got away. While you were up getting that feed Saturday I dropped into the bank. There's not as much in our account as there should be. Some's been taken out."

Father braced himself. "I meant to tell you soon's they'd gone. I felt, well, that Sally should have a wedding present—from us. So I drew it out while you were at the market. Two hundred, it was. I slipped it to Joe to give Sally on the train."

Mother looked as if a bolt had struck her. "You did *what?*" she demanded.

So Father repeated it. He said, "There it is, and I can't truthfully say I'm sorry. They'll need all they can get hold of."

A queer look came into Mother's face.

"Well," she said, "they won't want for a while. Not with four hundred dollars."

Father's mouth opened. "Four hundred—"

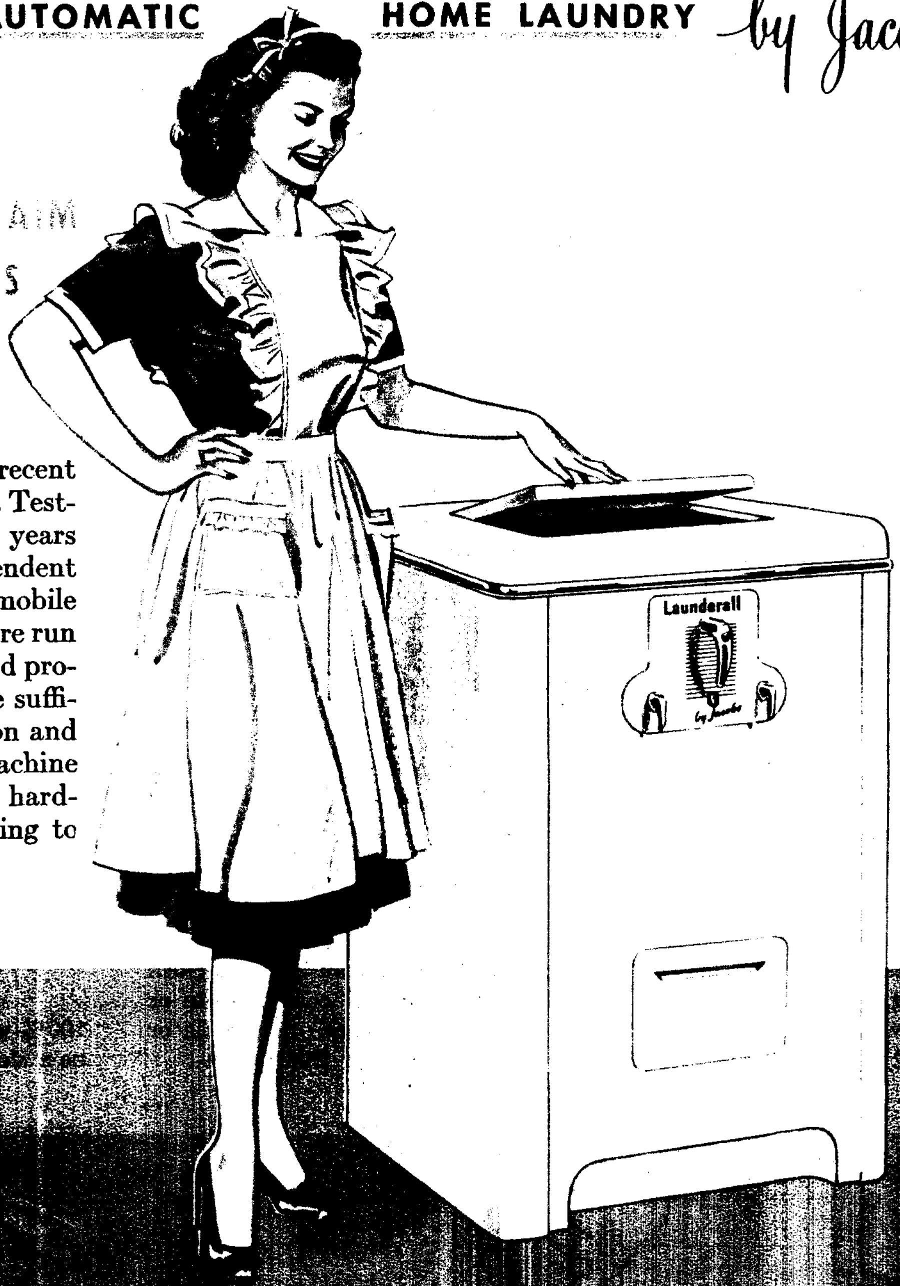
"Your two and my two," Mother said with grim relish. "What d'you suppose I was in the bank for? What d'you suppose I was just trying to tell you? The child seemed—quite touched when I gave it to her."

Father just sat there staring at the wonderful woman he had married. The silent kind. Undemonstrative. That was Mother.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

THE COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC HOME LAUNDRY *by Jacobs*



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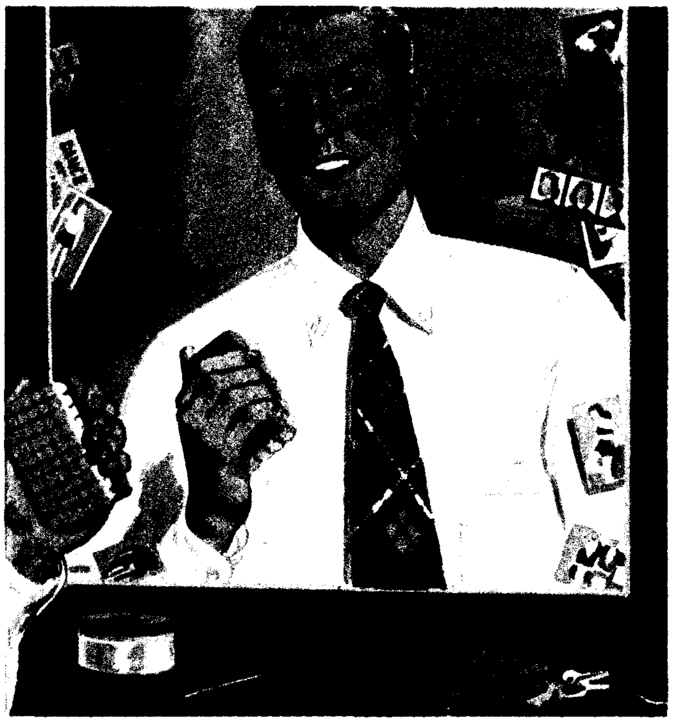
What-to-wear schedule for undergrads

8 AM Up and into your "Mansco" shorts—so well-behaved (no binding, clinging, no classroom squirms) you hardly know they're there. ("Mansco" undershirt, too!)

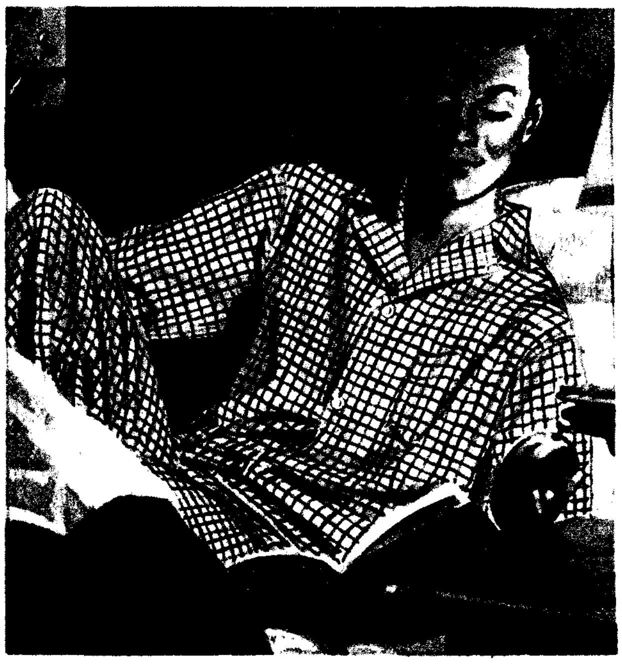


8:04 Climb into a fine "Manhattan" oxford-cloth shirt (button-down or spread collar, white or colored) . . . add an all-wool "Manhattan" tartan tie or solid-color knit, both very, *very* popular this fall . . .

8:06 If a sweater's called for, over your head comes a "Mansco" 100%-wool pullover crew-neck—or maybe a sleeveless V-neck is for you . . .

3 PM You slip into something "more comfortable"—one of your sharp, solid-color, wool sportshirts, tailored to perfection by, you guessed it, Old Maestro "Manhattan" . . .

8 PM If there's a nip in the air, tuck in a pure-wool "Manhattan" muffler—tartan or solid. (Note the "Manhattan" hanky, too) . . .



11 PM? Back in the sack with immaculate "Manhattan" Tattersall flannelette pajamas . . . See your dealer today for these and other "Manhattan" things for the fall semester.

Go back to school this semester with Manhattan Mansco

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THE FARMER SEEKS A WIFE

Continued from page 12

waited politely till you finished talking. Then he would have gone and done the job and done it well."

Father roared. "A fine thing! Well, I think he's just plain dumb."

Henry was able to find for us two men who would help out. They were Mr. Romeo LaBombard, a French Canadian with fourteen children, and Mr. Suds Smith, a truculent individual who swore fluently and continuously, and drank an unbelievable amount of beer of his own manufacture. I was forbidden to hang around near Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith owned a Model T and furnished transportation for Mr. LaBombard.

Father never admitted to himself how much time Henry spent with Anne, but Anne got into the habit of taking "a little walk" up to the main road in the early evenings. Henry usually strolled back with her. He didn't seem particularly silent when he was with Anne.

Often I fished late at the dock, and out of the dusk Anne and Henry would appear in a canoe, lazing along. When Henry was around, Anne's voice was always a couple of tones higher-pitched than it was the rest of the time, and she laughed a lot.

SO THAT day when the letter came and Father made his scene in the kitchen, Mother was ready for the battle because she liked Henry very much. And she knew that no matter how nice he was, being a farmer automatically scored three strikes against him with Father.

The next day, faced with the necessity of finishing everything before Mr. Coolidge arrived, Father went forth to push matters along. Before noon Mr. Smith said, "I'll be a so-and-so if any city so-and-so can browbeat me." And Mr. LaBombard said, "I'll tink I'll not *walking* home, me." They drove away together.

The second blow came that night, though its effects weren't felt until the next morning. Henry sought Father out in the library. I was reading a Ralph Henry Barbour book in a high-backed chair and either they didn't see me or thought I was paying no attention.

Henry said, "Mr. Forman, I want to marry Anne."

There was no explosion because Father was absolutely sure of his ground. "Henry," he said, "I like you a lot. But you can understand that Anne means a great deal to me. She's used to a different life from the one you could give her. She's used to expensive things. It wouldn't work out and so I can't give my permission. Perhaps to make things easier for everybody, it would be better if you didn't come around any more."

From where I sat I could see the curtains at the library door twitch.

Henry didn't say anything. There was a protracted silence. I could tell Father had been making a genuine effort to say what he thought must be said, as mercifully as he could. Lately he had begun to like and admire Henry, which was a great concession in the light of his feeling about farmers. But because he loved Anne, he was honestly trying to do the best thing for her.

When Henry didn't say anything Father talked some more along the same line. Then he stopped and again waited for Henry to say something.

Henry said, "Good night."

Father went to the door with him. Then as he came back down the hall he met Anne. Her head was up and her eyes were brimming. Father said, "Hello, Anne, I didn't know you were around."

Anne rushed past him and up the stairs. You could hear her sobbing. At the top she paused long enough to say in a tense voice, "You're—you're nothing but a Genghis Khan."

"Who, me?" Father looked around to see if there were somebody else in the hall she could have been talking to. "Now what have I done?"

He headed for Mother at once as was his custom when he was in trouble, or when the world's people were not acting reasonably.

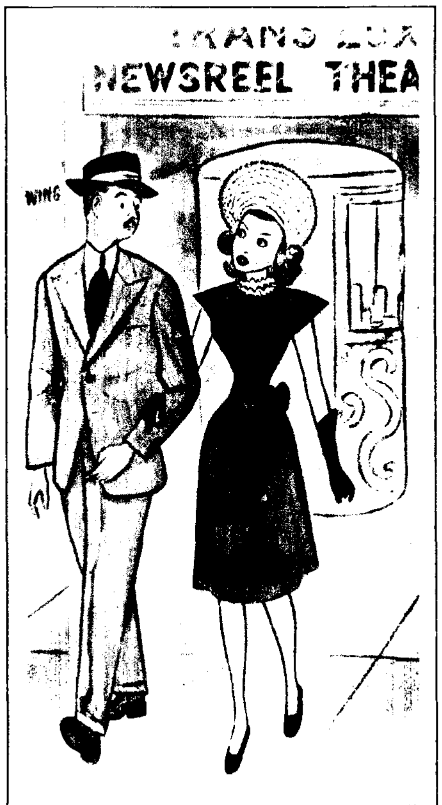
When I reached the kitchen Mother was saying, "But we ought to judge the young man as an individual, Farnsworth, not by what he does."

And Father roared, "If he weren't a peasant, yes."

"I keep telling you farmers are not as poor as you think they are."

"I can well imagine. I suppose they summer at Newport, and winter at Palm Beach. They—" He paused when he saw the look on Mother's face, and bowed his head. "Levia, my little family has not always scorned my advice. But I am resigned to being hated for Anne's sake. I will try not to be bitter."

Mother sighed. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that tomorrow morning you won't have anyone working for you at all."



"It wasn't a bit like the newspapers"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Father snapped erect. "You don't mean Henry will stay away?"

Mother just shrugged. Father lifted his eyes to high heaven and bellowed, "Why can't anyone around here act like a reasonable human being?"

The next morning Father puttered around the yard pretending that he wasn't looking up the road. By 8:05 his face showed his feelings in spite of his efforts to hide them. By 8:10 he knew the worst, and made no pretense of hiding anything. Automatically he started toward the kitchen and Mother, then thought better of it and went out to the car. He asked me if I wanted to ride.

We drove over to the Zebulon Warner farm, where we found Henry riding a mowing machine in the middle of a field of tufted timothy.

Father and I got out, climbed the fence and walked across the newly cut grass. When we reached the uncut part of the field we waited until Henry came around on his next trip. He stopped the team of matched blacks and sat looking at us, saying nothing.

Father said with extreme heartiness, "Well, good morning, Henry. How are you feeling?"

Henry said, "Good."

"I was afraid when you didn't appear this morning that you might be ill." He paused. Then he said, "I see you are not ill."

"No," said Henry.

"I was wondering why you didn't come to work. I'm in a very bad position; we've got to have these things completed before August 3d when Mr. Coolidge comes." Henry said nothing. After a moment Father continued, "What was your reason, Henry?"

"You told me I had better not come around any more."

Father laughed. "Why, I thought you understood I meant only in the evenings to see Anne." Father went on to explain more fully. Then he told a couple of good stories. "Well, I am glad that this misunderstanding is all cleared up. Will you be at work this afternoon or will it be tomorrow morning?"

Henry said mildly, "I am good enough to work there, but not good enough to come and see Anne?"

Father bellowed, "I never—" When he was this far through the sentence he must have realized that bellowing was the worst possible strategy. So with each word the volume of sound diminished until when he had finished he was back to his ordinary voice again. "—said anything like that, my boy. I had hoped last night I had made plain how things stood in the matter of my daughter. I think you are a fine young man personally. I just do not want Anne to live in poverty."

"I'm not poor."

Father smiled knowingly. "Of course not. Poverty is relative." Then he added, "You will come back tomorrow morning, won't you?"

"Yes," said Henry. Then after a second's hesitation he added, "But I *should* stay here because we're behind with the haying. If we get in a jam later, will you help us out?"

"But of course, my boy. Naturally."

BEFORE we left, Henry had agreed to go over that evening and talk to Suds Smith and Romeo LaBombard about coming back to work.

But I couldn't quite understand Henry's giving in when he had Father at his mercy. It didn't make sense.

At home, however, Father's troubles were still manifold. For one thing this was one of the days when Gifford and Davis did not appear. These two men were the plumbers and they would show up regularly for a couple of days, get everything torn up, and then not appear for several days afterward. Father held a shouted conversation with them over the phone during which he elicited promises from them which I was pretty sure they couldn't keep.

Also Father had his troubles with Anne. She would not look directly at him, she held her chin in the air, and her eyes were red most of the time.

The third afternoon the windows were open and I could smell ginger cookies clear down at the dock. When I got into the kitchen Mother and Anne were talking and Anne was so upset that for once she didn't demand that I be sent from the room. She was saying, "—told him I'd be willing to marry him in spite of Father but he wouldn't agree to that. He said he could manage Father all right if he had a little time. As if *anybody* could ever manage Father. Henry makes me furious. Not wanting to go ahead, being so timid, wanting to wait until he can convince Father and keep relations pleasant all round. I'll be an old, old lady with a lined face and gray hair, maybe even as

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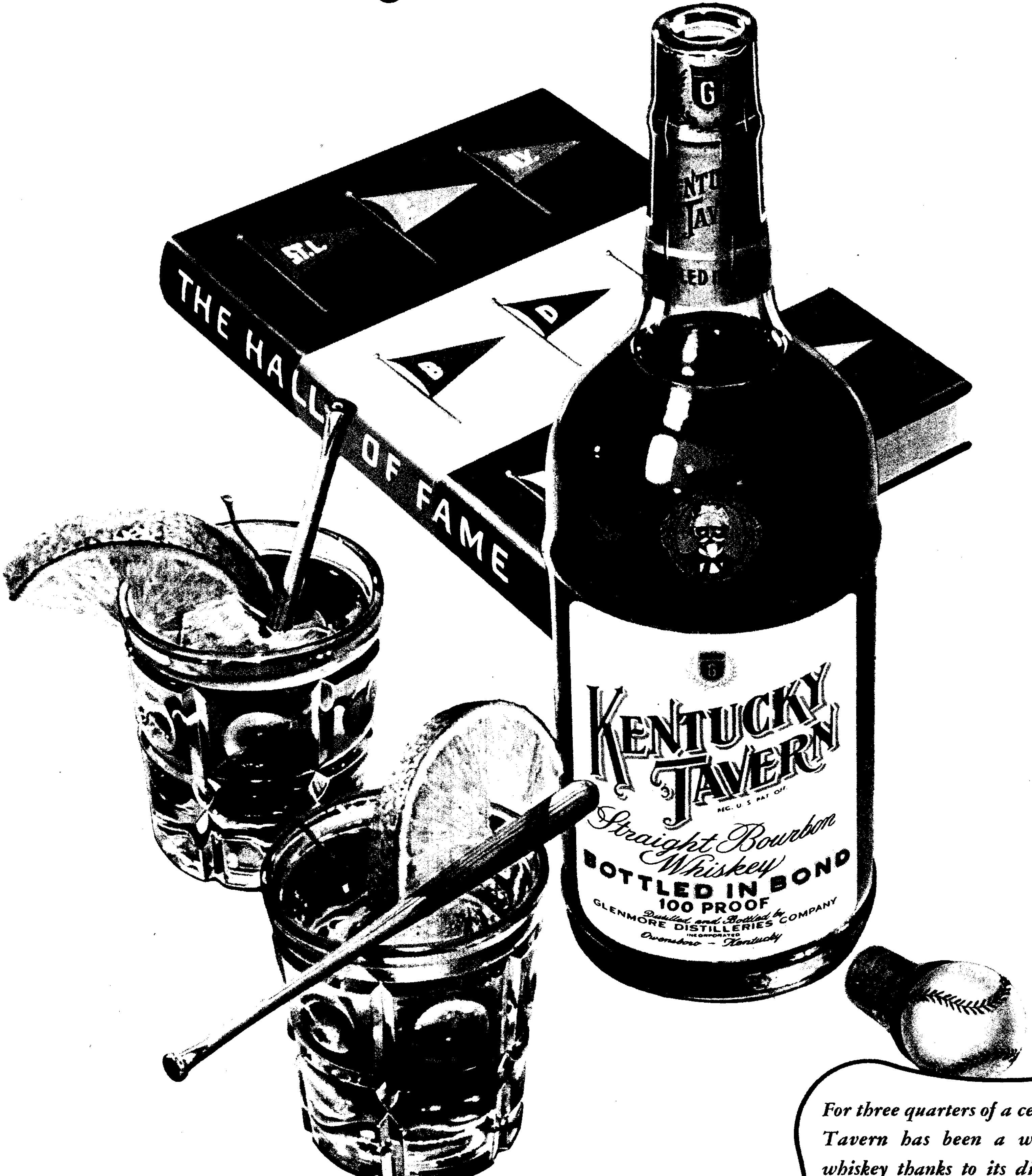
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much as thirty years old before I get to marry Henry at this rate. Believe me, *I'll* work on Father."

I went back to the dock. You couldn't help feeling sorry for somebody who wanted something as much as Anne wanted Father to say yes.

Later in the afternoon I went back to the kitchen because sometimes the too-brown cookies were left in a pan for me. Mother was still in there and Henry was getting a drink of water. She said, "Henry, I'd like to have you eat supper with us this evening, and then you could spend the evening with Anne."

Henry said, "Thank you, Mrs. Forman, but I better not come tonight. It would be hard on Anne pretending all evening I wasn't there. Would you let me tell you when I think the right time has come?"

"That will be fine, Henry. I will be waiting for you to tell me."

Mr. Suds Smith and Mr. Romeo LaBombard and Henry worked hard every day and things began to shape up. They finished the painting and put in the grass seed. They put the last touches on the flower beds; Romeo LaBombard did that. Romeo liked flowers. They turnpiked the road with the town road machine, but against Henry's better judgment.

He said to Father, "A friend of mine didn't make any road. He drove down across the pasture, in a little different place every time. That way the grass never wore thin, and in wet weather he didn't have any trouble with slippery clay." This was practically a two-hour speech for Henry.

"Well, I intend to have a road," said Father testily. "I wouldn't expect the Vice-President of the United States to drive down across a pasture."

The road looked very nice when they got through, with the dirt all dragged up in the center where it would pack well. It was rounded to shed the water; and of course, the Addison County clay, having just been moved, was still pretty soft.

Henry also helped Gifford and Davis hook up the septic tank for the guesthouse. Whenever there was any work to be done at the guesthouse, Henry always seemed to take particular pains with it. When Gifford and Davis were through, Henry got out the hose and filled the septic tank with water.

That evening I heard Father say to Mother, "You know, Levia, I caught Henry shirking for the first time today. He was standing there running water into the septic tank at the little house—something that's completely useless because the tank will fill anyway after we've run off a few baths. It's all right, though. This is his last day, and he was just trying to stretch it out to get full time. These farmers need every cent they can earn."

With Mr. Smith and Mr. LaBombard and Henry all through, Gifford and Davis set the septic tank for the big house late the next afternoon. They promised to be back bright and early the following morning if it didn't rain.

It rained. It began in the early evening and rained hard all night. I awoke once and heard the sound of the waves on the lake. I could hear the rain pelting against the window and the wind sighing in the pine trees east of the house. The air was full of sound but it was sound that made you feel dry and secure where you were, and lulled you back to sleep.

It was still raining at breakfast time the next morning and it poured steadily all day. Gifford and Davis did not come.

IN THE afternoon Father put the side curtains on the car and started for town to explain to Gifford and Davis about Mr. Coolidge and the necessity of having everything done before August 3d. I went with him.

The loose clay on top of the road had soaked up the rain and become as slippery as grease. We had gone only a little distance when the car slipped sideways down into the ditch. Father tried everything to get it out. The clay caked on his shoes until they were twice their ordinary size. Finally he set the gas, put the car in low, and let the wheels spin very slowly. He had me steer. Then he pushed.

He got the car up into the center of the road all right. But the moment he got it up there it slid slowly off into the ditch on the other side of the road. Then he tried to put the chains on but the car was at a considerable angle and slid off the jack.

Finally he just tied the chains around each wheel and managed to get up to the main road. Somehow we got to town. Coming back with the chains on we came through all right, but we left deep ruts.

After supper Father went out to see if the boats were pulled up far enough. All of a sudden we heard a horrified yell, and then Father's steps on the porch. He burst into the room, looking shaken. All three of us were on our feet.

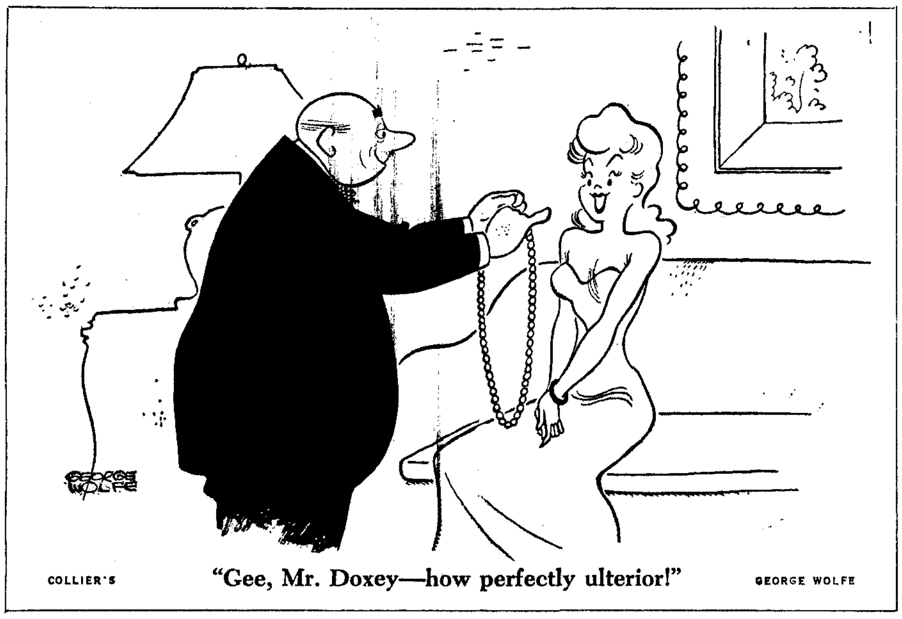
He said, "Now, Levia, be calm. Take your example from me. I am sure there is some perfectly natural explanation for this. But while I was walking across the back yard a huge apparition appeared beside me. It was so real that I could hear the noises it was making. Levia, hand me my lantern and my revolver."

We must have made a peculiar picture as we went toward the door. Father led the way, carrying the lantern high, his revolver in his right hand. Mother was only a step behind him looking determined and prim. Anne and I crept along behind them in spite of Father's warning to stay in the house.

We crossed the porch and started across the yard. Father shouted, "Now then, put up your hands, all of you!"

Nothing happened. We went forward a little farther and I think we all recognized the apparition at the same time.

Clay hardpan is almost impervious to



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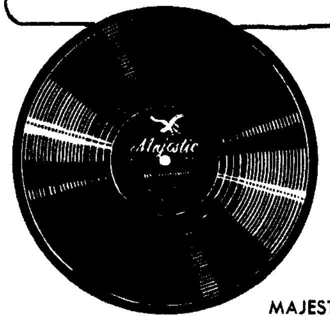

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water. The septic tank hole by the big house had filled with water and the septic tank, being empty, had floated right up out of the ground. It was looming there in the middle of the yard. The tile line was broken. My father stood and looked at the mess. The fight seemed to be gone out of him. His shoulders slumped and he said, "Levia, the elements are against me. Man cannot fight the elements."

It rained more in the night, and when we got up the next morning the septic tank had floated even higher, tipped over, and partly filled. It was back down in the hole on its side. The road was a morass. The wheel tracks made the evening before had filled with water and gradually softened the clay all around.

But the sun was shining and it was a lovely morning. I went with Father when he looked at the road and at the septic tank. Father kept muttering the word "disgrace." It was one of the few times I ever saw him when his confidence was entirely gone.

After a while he got out the car, which still had the chains on, and we churned our way to the main road; from there we went over to the Zebulon Warner farm and found Henry.

Henry didn't say anything. He just began to hitch up the team. Father said, "It's too late now to do anything, Henry. I'm afraid we're defeated."

COLLIER'S "Oh, dear. I didn't get *you* anything!" ERIC PETERS

"No," said Henry. He worked a minute or two in silence, and then he said, "I'll go over there and try to put things in shape if you'll trade works with me."

"Trade works? You mean work here for you?"

Henry nodded.

Father said, "I could probably work in haying. In a short time I could probably improve the methods materially. But I am too old for strenuous work."

"This is bookkeeping," Henry answered. "We're way behind on our accounts and on our breeding records. I was going to catch up on those today when it was too wet to hay-it. I can't let it go any longer but I'll work at your place if you'll do the bookwork for me."

Father said, "Harumph," and then he agreed and Henry introduced him to Mr. Zebulon Warner. The two men walked away together.

I stayed with Henry. He phoned a lot of people and pretty soon Romeo LaBombard and Suds Smith appeared. By that time Henry had two teams hitched to two double wagons for them. Henry drove his car over to the gravel pit. There were a couple of shovelers already there and a lot of other teams were beginning to come in. From there we drove down to our road.

The sunshine and the wind were already drying it out a little and the men were filling up that center with gravel and dumping gravel, load after load, into the three worst mires. Keeping on the pasture grass we drove the car down to the lake.

When Suds arrived, he and Henry went over and looked at the septic tank. Henry stared at it a long time; then he said, "Looks damp, doesn't it?"

Suds said, "I aint a-goin' to wallow down in there and shovel no mud." Henry didn't seem to hear him.

After a little he said, "Suds, what would you do to get that tank out?"

Suds said, "Well, maybe I'd rig a tripod with a teekle block."

Henry looked at him with just the right amount of admiration. "Good idea. It just happens I brought along a block and tackle with me. We'll get some timbers and rig the tripod. I've got a pump, too. We'll pump the water out to make it lighter."

They got the pump and timbers and the block and tackle. And after a couple of hours they got the septic tank suspended over the hole.

Henry said, "Now do you think we're ready to swing it right side up and dump it back down in there?"

Suds said, "Seems as if I ought to dig some of that mud out of the bottom so she'll set right." Henry agreed that it was a good idea. Suds climbed down and dug out the mud. Then they dumped the septic tank back in place. Along about eleven o'clock Gifford and Davis arrived. They hooked the septic tank up again and Henry rigged a hose to fill it with water so it wouldn't pop out again if more rain came.

At noon when Henry came into the house he said to Mother, "Mrs. Forman, I'll thank you for that invitation now."

And mother, acting just as if she hadn't heard him, said, "Henry, I wonder if you would care to have supper with us tonight?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Henry. "This is a surprise but I guess I can make it."

I didn't get the idea. If he thought Father had changed his mind he was wrong. Anne's crying and Mother's coolness during the last few days had only made him more stubborn. Father wanted to give in because he hated to be on the outs with his womenfolk, but he just wasn't going to see Anne make a mistake. I didn't believe Anne and Henry would ever get anywhere unless they defied Father. There would be a crisis that night if Henry came to supper.

Late in the afternoon Henry hitched onto the town's road machine and began to scrape the rapidly drying road. When he was through he drove his car over it several times and then scraped it up again. With the many loads of gravel that had been put in, it was in pretty good shape. At five o'clock everything was done and Henry went home.

Father came home half an hour later. He drove in without any chains on. He went over to the place where the septic tank had been and it was a flower bed now. Romeo LaBombard had transplanted flowers so it looked very nice.

When he went into the kitchen, Father looked dazed. I could see, though, that Mother's lips were a straight line and her eyes bright. She said, "Farnsworth, Henry is coming to supper and to spend the evening with Anne."

"Fine," said Father.

Mother just stood there and looked at him in amazement. Then she drew herself up again, taking her courage in both hands. Very distinctly she repeated, "I said, Henry Warner is coming to supper and to spend the evening with Anne."

"I heard you. That's fine."

He said it absent-mindedly. Then he added, "You know, Levia, that farm of the Warners grosses three thousand dollars or better a month. A *month* mind you. They're milking over one hundred cows. Just think of that. Thirty-six thousand dollars gross is a big business. And all their stock is pedigreed. I worked on the books and the breeding records today. They have a lot from the Montvic and Rag Apple strains, whatever those are. Their pedigreed bulls bring thousands of dollars. Why, Levia, their net is tremendous. They just have Henry and his father and two hired men. Levia, I'm surprised you didn't tell me that a good farmer could make money."

MOTHER'S face was a study but Father didn't seem to notice. "They have a fine modern house. The thing that fools you is that the outside needs painting. And that they go around in those work clothes. They have a hired girl and every winter during the slack time Henry's father and mother go to Florida. While they're gone Henry runs the place and—" He was interrupted by Henry's arrival in the yard. I ran out to see him. Anne just happened to be out that way already.

I heard her say, and her lips were set and her chin held high, "I want you to understand, Mr. Warner, that having you here to supper wasn't *my* idea. I don't have to *chase* anybody. I don't have to beg—Henry, you get away. Henry, don't you dare kiss me. Father will—"

But Father was standing right there in the doorway and he didn't. Henry must have been pretty sure of himself.

Mother was beaming out from under Father's arm. Father said, "It just this moment occurred to me that you kids might like to live down at the lake in the guesthouse summers when Henry's people are at home in their big house."

Henry said, "Well, now, wasn't it dumb of me not to think of that?" . . .

That was August 2d. Henry and Anne were married that fall and visited in the White House during their wedding trip. Henry and Mr. Coolidge hit it off beautifully. Mr. Coolidge's invitation was meant to make up for not coming to see us, I guess. Instead of coming to see us that next day, Mr. Coolidge was sworn in as President of the United States. Father felt cheated after all his work and worry. He roared considerably. He bellowed that it was damned suspicious that Harding's death had come just in time to keep Mr. Coolidge from visiting a Democrat. He implied that these Republicans would go to any lengths.

THE END

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What your *handwriting* tells you about your "E. Q."*

Write "dextrose is food-energy sugar" here . . . then read the graphologist's analysis of the sample most nearly like yours.

dextrose is food-
energy sugar.

This handwriting reveals initiative and originality. This man may be a successful author. His physical and mental activity is derived chiefly from dextrose.

dextrose is food-
energy sugar.

Here we find original ideas and imagination combined with accurate achievement. He should find success in sales work. He probably uses more-than-average amounts of dextrose to sustain his vitality.

dextrose is food-
energy sugar.

This manual worker perseveres in his job, but his quick temper is a handicap to his progress. His lack of emotional control has nothing to do with his daily use of dextrose.

dextrose is food-
energy sugar.

This young man's script shows ability to concentrate, doing work calmly and accurately. His physical stamina and mental activity are sustained by dextrose sugar.

dextroor is foss
Energy-sugar.

This executive's writing indicates great driving power. He is optimistic, and very impressionable. His vigorous pace is chiefly powered by dextrose.

Your personality, your character, your ability to make money and to achieve success . . . even your hopes for happy marriage may all be indicated by your handwriting.

See for yourself how your handwriting suggests whether you're dynamic, placid, energetic or listless.

Analyze your own handwriting

Write "dextrose is food-energy sugar" in the space above.

Compare your writing with the basic type that most closely resembles yours, (masculine types to the left—feminine types to the right). See how a famous graphologist's interpretation may suggest how rapidly your body consumes dextrose . . . the food-energy sugar that chiefly maintains your mental and physical *Energy Quota.

What maintains your "E. Q."?

Pure white, sparkling dextrose sugar is the basic carbohydrate which provides power for all mental and muscular activity. It is the "fuel" sugar of the body, always present in the blood stream and in all tissue cells.

No matter what your occupation or activity, the energy necessary for all muscular and mental effort is largely supplied by dextrose sugar.

This page is presented for your interest by Corn Products Refining Company, one of the producers of dextrose sugar.

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energy sugar

This woman's writing reveals mental and physical activity, good education and versatility, with executive ability and business sense. Always on the go, dextrose helps provide her with energy.

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energy sugar.

This intelligent young woman is independent in thought and action. She works quickly and carefully. She is a pleasant associate. Her vitality is high, her activities are powered chiefly by dextrose.

dextrose is food-
energy sugar.

Here we find a very emotional, affectionate nature. She is the protective, motherly type. She has strength of character. She is the type who uses average daily amounts of dextrose sugar.

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While cheerful, warm hearted and sympathetic, this girl will not be imposed upon. She accomplishes her practical duties calmly and efficiently. Her clear mind is powered by dextrose.

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This rhythmical script reveals the keen mind of an artistic woman. Eternally young, she is interested in everything new. Healthy in mind and body, dextrose helps maintain her energy.

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energy sugar.

This young man's ambition and accomplishments are hindered by his physical condition. He is under nervous pressure, and is easily exhausted. His energy may be restored with dextrose.

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energy sugar.

This young woman's writing indicates a logical mind. She possesses good executive ability. She will be an efficient homemaker. Her calm, well-poised activity is supported by dextrose sugar.

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GOLF'S BAD BOY

Continued from page 23

Smiley confined his activities to golf. This was no more effective, Stranahan whipping him again and much more decisively. But things never get dull around Frank. During this match a newspaper photographer snapped Stranahan blasting out of a trap, the shutter clicking well after Frank had hit the ball. Stranahan harshly rebuked the guy, who had been taking pictures when Frank was in a high chair. He looked up the photographer after the match and apologized, admitting there had been no cause for his protest. At that time a confidant of his said, "He does things like that because he gets sore at himself for making a bad shot."

Dominated by Will-to-Win

Such incidents indicate he is not as mature emotionally as he might be; but more important, they illustrate his competitive desire. He wants galleries to like him because it simplifies the matter of winning; he adopted Quick's tactics for that grudge match as a means of combating fire with fire; he fired his English caddy because he thought his chances of winning were being jeopardized. His one motivation was, and is, victory.

This impelling desire to win, called the killer instinct in boxers, has been his trade-mark ever since he was old enough to play games. He started playing golf at eleven only because playmates dared him to try. At that tender age he considered the game sissy, preferring football. He held to his love of football before golf took charge of him entirely.

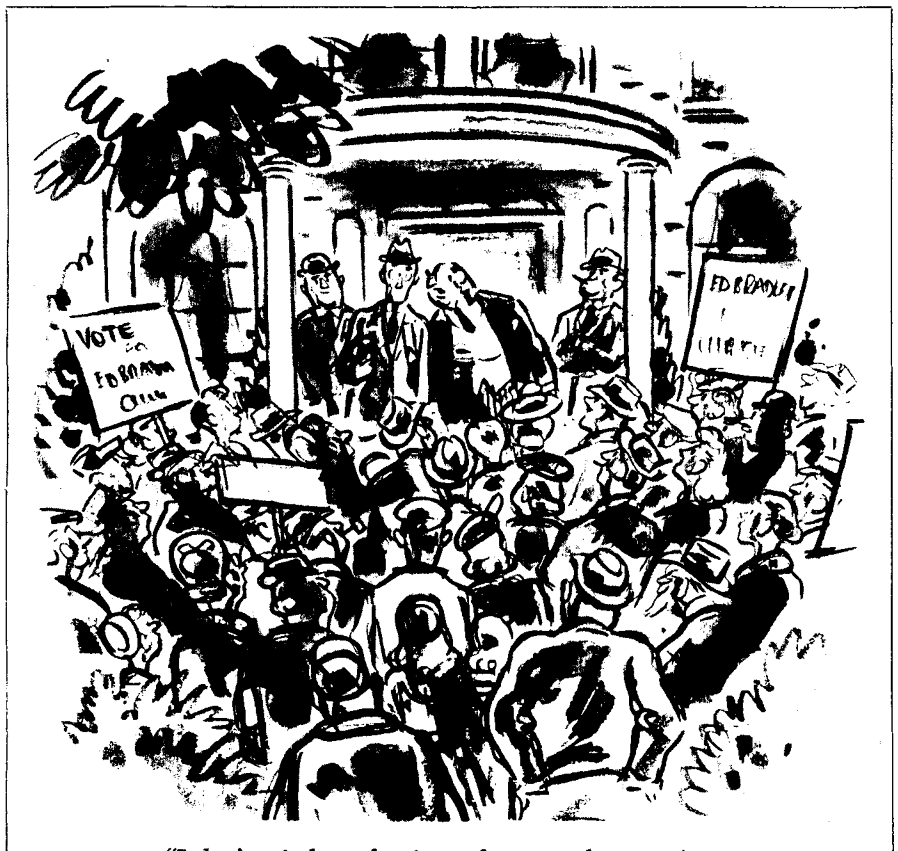
His interest in weight lifting popped up at an early age, too, when he clipped out one of those "you-too-can-be-strong" ads and sent it in. That led to bar bells, dumbbells, ropes and pulleys and all the rest. He's been slightly hipped on the subject ever since. His living quarters are littered with physical culture magazines and sports books.

By the time he was sixteen Frank was whipping many fine country-club golfers who had been playing since Garfield was shot. School never held too much interest for him. Books finished a poor second to golf whether he was at Inverness, his home club, in Florida or at Pinehurst, where his family maintains a house. But he was known only locally until Nelson went to Inverness as the club pro in 1939. Thereafter, Frank was the Texan's shadow; a sponge soaking up every drop of information from the taciturn champion.

"I've had a lot of credit for teaching Stranahan," Nelson recalls. "He was gripping his club all right when I first started to teach him. He first said to me, 'I want some of that bottom-drawer stuff.' We went out and I was amazed to find out that the boy didn't know how to slice or hook a shot. He beat me a couple times, almost as often as I beat him (Frank was sixteen then), and yet he didn't know how to hook or slice. I showed him how to make these shots, and he said, 'Man, this is the most fun I've ever had in my life.' Yet it was a long time before he knew how to place a low shot."

But it wasn't long before he was winning championships. By 1941, when he was eighteen, Frank was begging his father to let him join the pro safari with the Nelsons, Hogans and Sneads. Instead, his father sent him to a private school in Arizona. He distinguished himself there by winning the Arizona State Amateur, adding the Ohio Amateur to his mushrooming collection after he returned to Toledo. That summer he became the youngest golfer ever to win the Trans-Mississippi title. The kid played the finals in true killer style, shooting a 64 to go seven up in the first half of the 36-hole match. Meanwhile, Nelson and practice wore down the rough edges of his driving, irons and putting.

"Byron and I used to practice coming out of traps at two bits a shot," says Frankie. "He was a great teacher. I wish I'd listened to him more." The Stranahans and Nelson gave Inverness some sort of record in 1942. Byron won the state P.G.A. title, the elder Stranahan won the state senior title and Frank repeated as the men's amateur champion. Just to complete the clean sweep, Frank, who had never deigned to enter it before, captured the state junior championship.



COLLIER'S "I don't mind conducting a front-porch campaign, but get some of those damn voters off my petunias" LEONARD DOVE

This was the year, too, when Bing Crosby and Jimmy Demaret came to Inverness for an exhibition. Nelson sprung young Stranahan on his rivals and murdered them.

That fall his plea to join the golfing nomads along the tourney trail was rejected again. Enrolling in Miami University, he hardly had his clothes unpacked before the Army snatched him. Three years in service added up to 800 hours as chauffeur of a four-engine bomber. Even then he used furloughs and leave time to dash about the country and play with the pros.

On one occasion, while still in service, he had a few days off to compete in the North and South tournament at Pinehurst. Fearing wartime competition would be no good, he invited Ed Furgol, a fine amateur who since has turned pro, with him as his guest. "All he did was lick me and everybody else," Stranahan remembers with chagrin.

Discharged in October, 1945, Stranahan checked in at Toledo just long enough to get his civvies. A month later he whipped the cutthroat pro gang the first time in the Durham, North Carolina, Open. Just by way of piling the heat on him the final day, they paired him with Hogan, red-hot favorite. Stranahan beat Hogan to the wire by one stroke. Thereafter, he finished in the first five in four pro tournaments late in 1945.

Never Too Tired to Practice

These performances and his consistently brilliant shot-making in 1946 made believers out of the most skeptical pros. They used to kid this earnest, ambitious youth; now they accept him and respect him as a rugged competitor. In the final analysis practice has done the trick. We've seen Stranahan practice for an hour in the morning, play a tough 36-hole match, and follow up by whacking golf balls until dark. And then play catch with those bar bells.

"That's where I've got it on a lot of guys," Frank explains. "I'm as tough as ever after 36 holes. They laugh at that bar-bell stuff but that's what does it." Nelson and Hagen tried to tell him a year ago that he practiced too much.

"You'll go stale," warned Nelson, who achieved his championship the hard way.

Stranahan took heed, practiced less, eased up for a while. "It damn' near ruined me," he says now. "My game went to pot and I got back quick to that practicing. I don't know how anybody else does it but that's the way I have to do it."

His great disappointment last summer was at Baltusrol, New Jersey, site of the National Amateur. After the 36-hole qualifying test, the low 64 scorers' names were pulled out of a hat. No one was seeded. Thus it happened that Stranahan and Ward collided in the second round. Stranahan lost the first three holes, and Ward, Frank's victim in the 1946 Western Amateur, never gave him a chance to recover. Stranahan bowed out of the picture with a petulant display of temper.

"We play golf all summer to get ready for the National," he rasped. "What happens? Medal scores don't mean anything. The best players meet right off. Anything can happen in these early 18-hole matches. I don't get it." The autocratic U.S.G.A. maintained a beautiful silence, but Frank's father didn't.

"You win championships by beating everybody in the field," he said, and nothing further was heard from his peevish offspring.

Since then Frank has been a little less talkative—but doubly determined to win. He could start in the National Amateur—by beating everybody in the field.

THE END

PING GOES THE SPRING

Scientists of leading American watch company solve old problem. Eliminate commonest cause of mainspring breakage

When watches keep erratic time or suddenly stop and can't be wound, the cause often is *mainspring failure.* Steel mainsprings frequently lose power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

Yes, mainsprings in closed watch cases can and do rust. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature causes condensation of moisture. A tiny pin point of rust begins. And *there* is where the spring breaks.

But now the Elgin Watch Company has developed "Elgiloy" metal and from it a miracle mainspring: DuraPower*. The DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* It retains its resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for greater accuracy through the years. It *will not rust!* Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

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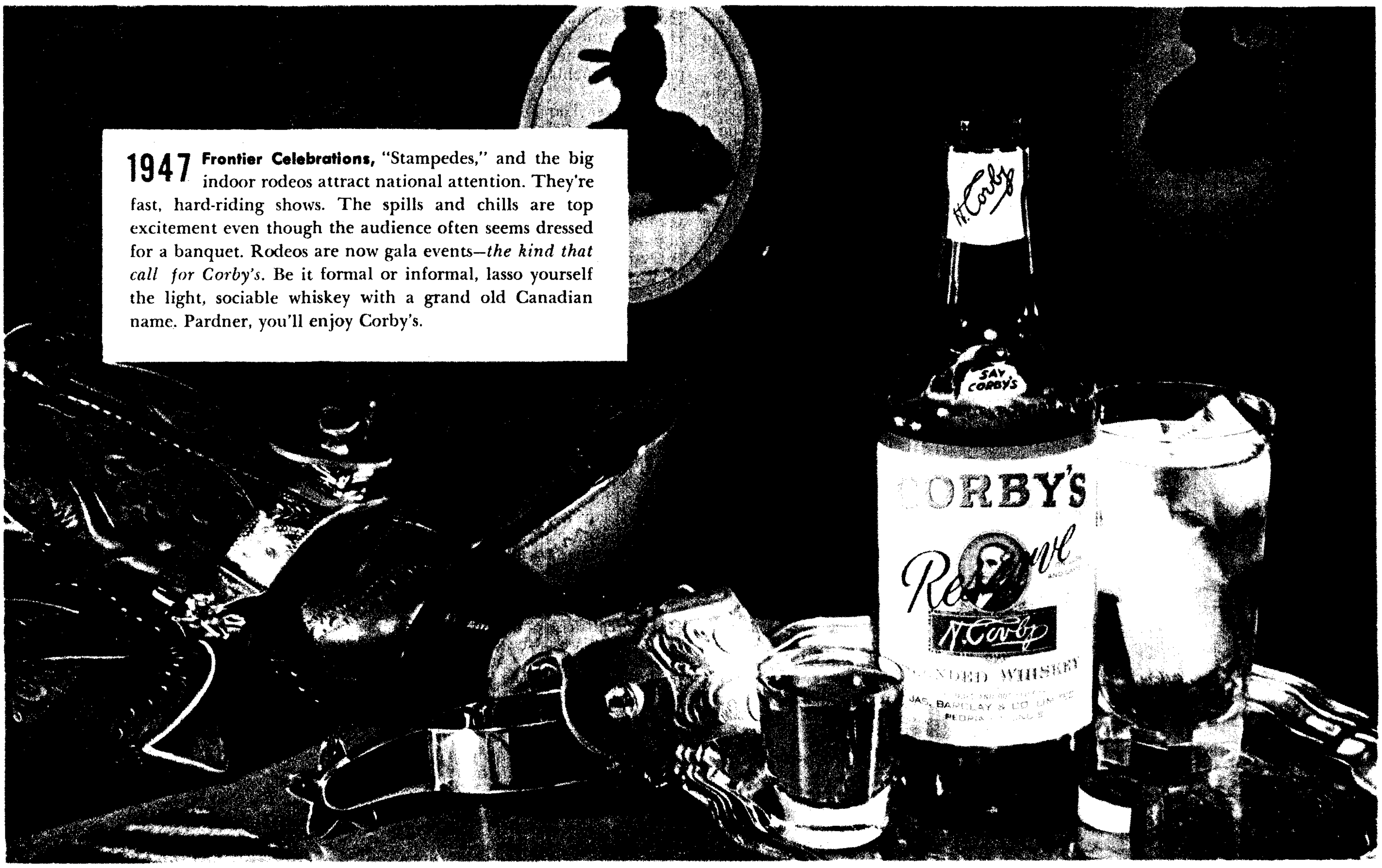
How bronc-busting went top-hat

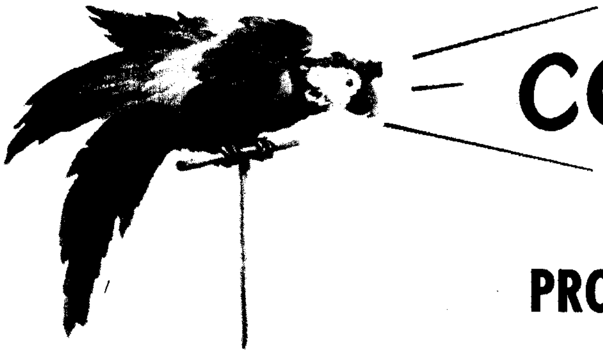
1858 **Today's spectacular** rodeos had casual early beginnings. Cattle and horses roamed an open range. Herds mixed, so ranchers held annual round-ups or rodeos. In the year the name Corby's came to Canada, cowpunchers competed informally in riding and roping.

1889 **Grinding saddle leather**—wild horses—this color was too good to go unnoticed. Champ riders staged shows and charged admission. When the name Corby's passed its 31st birthday in Canada, many men were gaining skills later used as Rough Riders in the war with Spain.

1940 **Every section** of the country produced "wild west riders." Many never saw the range, but they gave breath-taking thrills for crowds from New York to Calgary, Canada. When the name Corby's was 82 years old in Canada, 200-odd public rodeos drew contestants.



1947 **Frontier Celebrations,** "Stampedes," and the big indoor rodeos attract national attention. They're fast, hard-riding shows. The spills and chills are top excitement even though the audience often seems dressed for a banquet. Rodeos are now gala events—*the kind that call for Corby's*. Be it formal or informal, lasso yourself the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Pardner, you'll enjoy Corby's.



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86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

THE VOICE OF ALBANY'S SILENT MAN

Continued from page 19

and an alleged Dewey stooge. In Bainbridge, when the other kids were reading penny dreadfuls and dime novels between the pages of their Latin books, Ives was sneaking looks at tracts by William Allen White, Robert M. La Follette, Sr., Eugene V. Debs and other radicals of that day. In college, Ives was known as the Bolshevik. In his senior year, he nearly was thrown out of school for leading a revolt against compulsory Sunday-afternoon chapel.

Ives swung even further to the left after graduation, when he worked as a bank clerk in New York City for four years, and attempted to support his wife and his son, George, in Brooklyn on $25 a week. "I thought," says Ives, "that I was going to become a Communist then."

Better Pay Reforms a Rebel

In 1924, however, the Manufacturers Trust Company transferred him back upstate, at the more respectable salary of $2,000 a year, and in the untainted Republican atmosphere of Bainbridge and Chenango County, Ives' left-wing impulses atrophied. Only a bit of the spirit of rebellion remained. In 1925, the young Republican war veterans of Chenango County revolted unsuccessfully against the local Republican machines, and Ives led the Bainbridge branch of the insurrection.

Five years later Ives came over and made a fine speech nominating a rebel veteran named Melvin C. Eaton to be county leader. The speech helped Eaton finally to lick the machine. Later that year Eaton repaid the favor by getting Ives the Republican nomination in a special election to fill a death-caused vacancy in the State Assembly. Since, in Republican Chenango County as in Democratic Mississippi, nomination is tantamount to election, young Ives was launched in politics.

Ives' first few years in the legislature were uneventful. The Assembly was controlled by the Joseph A. McGinnies machine of wealthy older men, among whom Ives definitely was not included. The only thing which disturbed the calm of this period was a series of boisterous exhibitions by the intermittently over-effusive Ives. These included Olsen and Johnson entrances into staid political meetings, and one classic case when Ives in a playful mood stormed through a hotel in which a Republican convention was being held, leaving behind him a wake of overturned beds, complete with prominent occupants. Not everybody appreciated the joke.

In 1935, however, he was involved in another revolt of young Republicans, this one led by a brilliant prodigy from Schenectady named Oswald D. Heck, and when the 1936 session began, Ives found himself sitting in the Speaker's chair. He found himself out of the Speaker's chair just as fast the following year when he continued his fun-loving ways and it was discovered that he and his campaign manager, Melvin C. Eaton, had promised just about twice the number of patronage jobs that actually existed.

In a quick political switch to save the situation, Heck became Speaker of the Assembly, and Ives took *his* job as majority leader. In that year, too, Ives became a teetotaler. From this fresh start, he then began to build a ten-year reputation as one of the finest lawmakers to come out of the legislature that produced Franklin D. Roosevelt, Al Smith, James W. Wadsworth and Robert Wagner.

As Republican majority leader, Ives engineered a State Labor Relations Act which so closely paralleled the national law that it was called the Little Wagner Act. Then, as chairman of the bipartisan Ives Labor Committee, he pushed through legislation which set up a state mediation service for labor disputes, a system of unemployment insurance and workmen's compensation laws, and a much needed state Department of Commerce.

Out of this Ives committee came the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, the first of its kind in the country; and a textbook, The American Story of Industrial and Labor Relations, which is used now in some of New York's high schools to choke off labor-management hatred at its source. Another commission headed by Ives reported out the Ives-Quinn Bill, which set up the State Commission Against Racial and Religious Discrimination in Employment.

All this comparatively progressive legislation got Ives into trouble with the right wing of his party, but no die-hard denunciations were as strong as those which were leveled against the Ives-Quinn Bill. William M. Stuart, an assemblyman from Steuben County in the northern part of the state, ranted that the bill would "bring on the greatest wave of race riots and blood baths in Northern history, and a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan." None of these things ever happened, of course.

In addition to all this, Ives and Heck set Republican policy for the state while Democrat Herbert Lehman was governor, and they pulled the party together by means of regular conferences of the top legislative leaders every Sunday evening in Heck's hotel room—a pair of functions which Dewey took over as soon as he moved into the governor's mansion in 1942.

That was the year Ives began to decline slightly. His relations with Dewey were cold and correct, but he always was a party regular so he still fought hard for every piece of legislation handed to him by the party. The Assembly got to know, however, that whenever Ives got up on the floor and said, "This is a political measure," it was something that Dewey and not Ives wanted.

A Walk Out of Politics

Finally, early in 1946, Ives asked bluntly what his chances were to be nominated for the U.S. Senate. "Frankly, none," he was told by J. Russel Sprague, Dewey's top political adviser. In New York, the tradition for many years was to have a "balanced ticket"—that is, a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew in the top positions—and both Ives and Dewey were Protestants. So Ives quietly packed his bags, and announced that he was accepting the deanship of the new School of Industrial and Labor Relations which he had helped found at Cornell. That's when the wake was held for him at the Ten Eyck Hotel.

The resurrection came pretty fast. No sooner had Ives put his feet on his desk in his new office at Cornell than Major General William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan announced his candidacy for the senatorial job. Dewey adroitly slapped the mild Wild Bill down, on the grounds that he had been too disastrously defeated when he ran for governor in 1932. Then Dewey announced, through Sprague, that ex-Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum was the man. The county Republican leaders turned Drum down because he was an armchair general, and much too far to the right. So less than two weeks before the Republican convention at Saratoga, Dewey did not have a candidate.

Then word got out that the Democrats were going to nominate ex-Governor Herbert Lehman for the Senate. Panic spread in the Republican ranks. An in-

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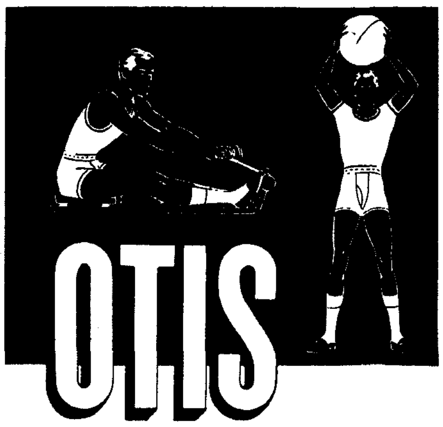

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formal conference decided that the only man capable of beating Lehman would have to be a country boy well known upstate, and with a good enough record to cut into Lehman's labor and racial-minority votes. This was the equivalent of finding a Hindu-Moslem baseball team in Calcutta. There was, however, one Republican in New York State who fitted this difficult bill—Irving Ives.

Two days before the convention, Ives was called out of retirement, and a few hours later, he stood on the same platform with the man who had sent him into political oblivion. The Republican strategists were right. The state A.F. of L., for the first time in its recent history, refused to support a Democratic candidate, and thousands of labor votes poured into the Ives column. So did thousands of Negro, Jewish and Catholic voters who remembered Ives' antidiscrimination bill. When the smoke of the election had blown away, Ives had beaten the seemingly invincible Lehman by the comparatively narrow margin of 2,559,365 votes to 2,308,112.

Today, after his first few months in the Senate, Ives is rated as a good mixer, a sharp wit, an indefatigable committee worker, and a man with fine principles who sacrifices them, if necessary, on the altar of party regularity. He is extremely snappy with the repartee on the floor of the Senate and in committee hearings.

Fought Antilabor Provisions

Nearly all of Ives' reputation so far is based on his work on the Taft-Hartley Labor Bill. His other votes have been straight down the line with the party. When the labor bill was still in committee, Taft wanted to eliminate industry-wide bargaining entirely, and reduce all unions to a loose federation of weak locals; Ives fought him on this point and got the provision eliminated.

Taft, Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana and Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana wanted to require a two-thirds vote of the workers of a plant before their leaders could negotiate for a union shop; Ives got the requirement scaled down to a simple majority. Taft and Senator Joseph H. Ball wanted to knock out the Norris-La Guardia Act to permit employers to get court injunctions to stop strikes; Ives watered this down so that only the NLRB can get an injunction, and only in a jurisdictional strike or secondary boycott. Ives further fought Taft on a measure that would have allowed legal strike breaking, and on another which, if carried to an extreme, even could have prevented union men from talking to one another.

On the floor of the Senate, Ives battled unsuccessfully against the provision which eliminates union-administered welfare funds, and the ruling which penalizes unions with Communist officers. At this point, Ives was teamed up with such liberals as Wayne Morse of Oregon, George Aiken of Vermont, James Murray of Montana and Claude Pepper of Florida, and the hard-pressed labor unions were loving him. Then he performed his sensational flip-flop and ended up on Taft's side. At *this* point, the conservatives began to sing, "Ives is our boy—camouflaged a bit, perhaps—but *our* boy."

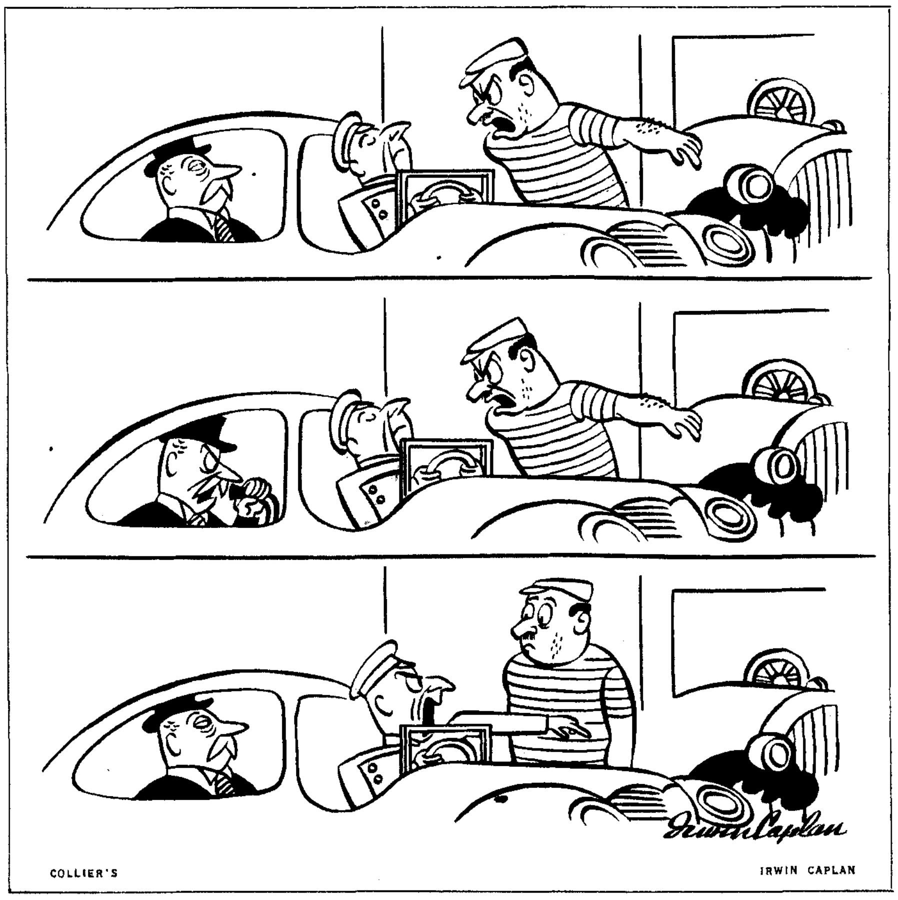
On June 23d, an A.F. of L. delegation from Rochester came down to Washington to see Ives. The delegation was led by Tony Capone, chairman of the Rochester Central Trades Council. Capone said, "An awful lot of the guys who supported you in the last election are here, Senator. What are you doing to them?"

Ives answered, "I haven't changed one iota in my attitude toward labor. There are a lot of bad things in this bill, but I have to go along with my party or become a maverick, and a maverick makes a lot of noise but doesn't accomplish anything. If I'm going to do anything for labor later on, I'll have to stick with the party now." The A.F. of L. men went away, some of them apparently satisfied. (Nevertheless, a few weeks later A.F. of L. President William Green held Ives largely responsible for the "reactionary" labor bill and urged all A.F. of L. members to vote against him.)

This is the sort of effective locution, or circumlocution, that causes Ives to be called the Voice of the Silent Man. The conservatives in Congress say, "That boy is all right. He's going to be a real Republican wheel horse in the Senate." Only one liberal senator suspects Ives enough to say, "He's the kind of liberal who is with us until just before the final roll call." Most of the Senate progressives declare that they haven't given up on Ives yet.

All of which, baldly stated, adds up to a lot of assorted votes for Dewey in 1948.

THE END



THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN

Continued from page 15

gun. Mohammed Shaalan was a young man of handsome appearance, but he was burning with an inner anger and burst out, "Why have I been brought here? My father—"

The Inspector said soothingly, "I have a great respect for the sheik, your father. Please seat yourself. A cigarette?"

"I do not smoke."

"That is wise. I myself smoke too much." He stubbed out the butt smoldering between yellow fingers, spilling husks from the tray on the desk and sweeping them tidily into a wastepaper basket. "You will excuse me asking questions," he said, "but I am obliged to check on everybody who knew Major Rasim—"

"I did not know him! I never wished to know him!" Shaalan clenched his slender hands, and the stone of his signet ring was a red eye gleaming balefully in the electric light.

"Mr. Shaalan, do you know Khurrem the Dancer?"

The young man answered, "The question is indecently personal. I have tried to know her, but she turns her face from me and even sends back my gifts. A cabaret woman should divide her favors," he added vindictively.

"Where were you when Rasim was killed?"

"At my table." Mohammed Shaalan saw the dun-colored eyes of Inspector Chafik become suddenly brilliant, and moistening his lips said, "I cannot be sure. I do not know when he was killed. I left the booth when the girl danced and went to her dressing room."

"Why?"

"Because no woman has ever refused me! Because—" He sprang to his feet with the silk of his undergown rustling and shouted, "I refuse to be questioned by you! My father is powerful, and we of the Muntafiq are true Arabs who do not bow our heads to Baghdadis!"

CHAFIK did not stop him as he went out the door, but said as it slammed, "We are all Iraqs." The little man shrugged and voicing a thought, murmured, "A very difficult young man. He must be watched." Hearing his own voice he smiled, saying, "I have an unfortunate habit of speaking my thoughts, and you will forget what you heard, Mr. Hassoon. But you wish to speak?"

The proprietor of the Great Caliph was nervously walking the room hugging his clasped hands. "It is so awkward," he said. "So very awkward. But I realize I cannot withhold information."

"You are an excellent citizen, Mr. Hassoon. What is this information?"

"Mohammed Shaalan was not in Khurrem's room. I myself was there, Inspector. I was waiting to warn her that unless she withdrew her favors from Major Rasim, and conducted herself virtuously, I would break the contract and send her back to Damascus. As you so kindly said, I try to be a good citizen. I do not run a house of ill fame," he said between tight lips. "Vice shocks me."...

When Inspector Chafik was leaving the cabaret after checking the identities of the patrons, he stopped at the door of Khurrem's dressing room. The girl had been escorted to her hotel, and Chafik entered the room with Abdullah and made a methodical search. The heavy perfume of jasmine made him press his handkerchief to his nose. "Perfume is dangerous," he said to the watchful sergeant. "The fact is well known to manufacturers in America, judging by the advertisements in their magazines."

"So long as there are women there will be perfume, sir."

"As a flower attracts the bees," said Chafik. He picked up the ash tray from the dressing table. "What do you see here, Abdullah?"

"Sir, I see a glass tray three inches square containing the stubs of five cigarettes. They are stained with lipstick and were therefore smoked by the girl." He gave a smile of triumph as he added, "I did not expect to see anything else. Mohammed Shaalan does not smoke."

The Inspector said, "That is true. I offered him a cigarette. Besides, we were told he was not here. What else do you see, Abdullah?"

"I see nothing, sir—"

"I also see nothing. You will note that carefully." And he left the room, followed by Sergeant Abdullah, who was fumbling for his notebook with a puzzled expression on his dark face.

IN THE morning Inspector Chafik sat on the edge of a chair in the office of the chief inspector. His superior, a burly Englishman who was a former chief inspector of Scotland Yard, held his present appointment from the Iraqi government. He was a man whose liver gave him an unpredictable temper. He was also justly proud of his department, so when he roared, "A man murdered under your nose and nobody arrested!" Chafik nervously twisted his black *sidarah* and meekly bowed his head.

"There were three hundred guests," he said. "The killer was aided by the confusion. You yourself, Mr. Ellsworth, will be the first to understand my difficulties." He smiled ingratiatingly and went on, "If you will direct me on the basis of my report—"

Ellsworth said, "It's a very thorough report and a black one for Shaalan. My God, Chafik, there'll be the devil to pay if we pick him up for murder! A thing like that might well rouse the Muntafiq."

"I have handled him cautiously for that reason, sir. If only Mr. Hassoon had not been so observant—"

"He did his duty. Now we've got to do ours. And what's this damfool paragraph in your report about Hassoon?" The chief inspector picked up the file and read, "Observes the full ritual of daily prayer, including *coubh, zhor, acr* and *magreb*. Unmarried—" He flung the file down. "His religious habits are his own affair. Tell me about the girl."

"Chief Inspector, she is undoubtedly the agent of a foreign power and used her charms on Major Rasim for obvious reasons. With your permission, I intend to retain her passport until the investigation is completed. And I will use her," Chafik added in a hard voice.

"Could she have killed Rasim?"

"She could—and she is an excellent actress."

"He may have threatened to denounce her." Ellsworth drummed the desk and then asked abruptly, "The knife's untraceable?"

"It could have been purchased anywhere. These knives are mass-produced in your country, sir."

"But they don't make 'em to kill people!" The chief inspector picked up Chafik's report again and reread the paragraph referring to the weapon. "A thin blade," he said. "External bleeding insufficient to stain the killer's hand. No fingerprints." He shrugged. "It's a tough case, Chafik, and I don't propose to muddle you with suggestions. You have your own methods and perhaps the less I know about 'em the better. I leave it to you."

The Inspector stood and bowed. He said, "Sir, I am honored by your trust and will do my best. But all is with God." He salaamed with the curved fingers of his right hand to his forehead, but when he was in the corridor and had closed Ellsworth's door he murmured, "I leave

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it to you. I leave it to you. How very nice to be the chief inspector!"

In his own office Chafik found the woman Khurrem waiting with Sergeant Abdullah in attendance. She was quietly dressed in the Western style, but a black shawl, like a Spanish mantilla, was draped over her head and from under the folds her great eyes looked out with suspicion and alarm. The sergeant, who was hovering behind her chair, made a gesture as if pleading for clemency but the voice of the Inspector was cold as he said, "You have your passport?"

He took the passport, embossed with the arms of the Syrian Republic, and wrote out a receipt. Khurrem said, "This is outrageous!"

"It is a precaution," answered Chafik. "It does not suit my purpose that you should leave Iraq. You are accustomed to taking orders, Madame, and now I give them."

"You talk riddles. I am only a woman who sings and dances—"

"You do both delightfully!" He turned to a ponderous steel cabinet and took out a file. "The pattern of your life," said Inspector Chafik casually, "has the intricate weave of a Kirman carpet and the more one studies it the more one sees. Your father, who was a Syrian, gave you a Turkish name. You were born in Istanbul and taken to Damascus at the age of ten. You were orphaned four years later and there is a gap in your life until you reappear in Tabriz, Iran, as a cabaret entertainer in the last year of the war."

"Is that a crime?" She put a cigarette into a jeweled holder and Sergeant Abdullah hastened with a match.

CHAFIK said, "It is not a crime. And as I am a broad-minded man I think no evil of you because you lived with Mr. Ali Muzaffer, a very prominent member of the Left, or Tudeh party." There was a musical rattle of bracelets as Khurrem's hand shook. The little man tapped the open file and continued in the same casual voice, "Here is where the pattern becomes very interesting. You crossed and recrossed the Middle East from Teheran to Cairo, and the men you charmed were military men and government officials, never any others. Those were your orders, Madame?"

"I refuse to answer such a question."

"And rightly so. Of course the connection of the Tudeh party with our very powerful northern neighbor—" Inspector Chafik paused. "Sergeant Abdullah, where are your manners? The lady's cigarette has gone out." He waited a moment and then said gently, "Madame, I am not interested in political matters this time. Only murder. I require a well-trained agent—one so charming as yourself, for instance."

"I? Work for you?" The woman was pale, trembling.

"I am a gentleman," Chafik said, "and it would distress me to retain your passport permanently. Mr. Hassoon might dismiss you from the Great Caliph and then perhaps you would find it difficult to find other work in Baghdad," he added sadly.

Khurrem picked up her long gloves and drew them carefully over her slender hands, the palms of which were touched with henna. "What are your orders?"

"You will continue to entertain at the cabaret, but you will be very kind to Mohammed Shaalan who has long admired you. Other orders will be given later. And you will, of course, be discreetly silent about our interview."

"I think you are the Devil!"

Inspector Chafik rose to his feet and bowed. "That is with God," he said. . . .

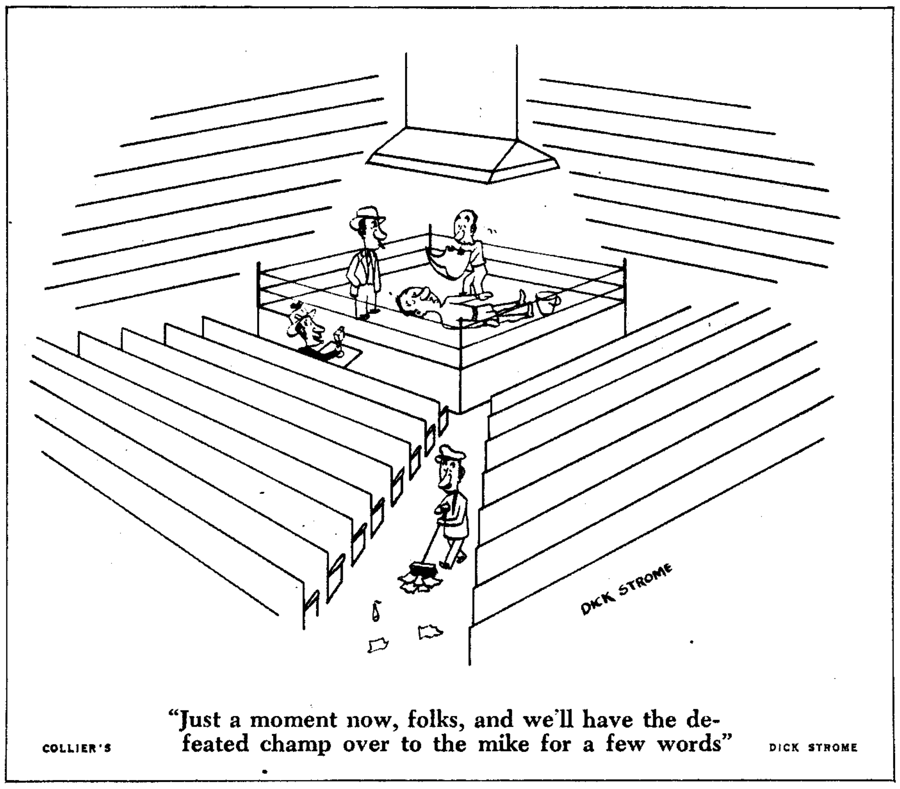
Five days after the interview between Inspector Chafik and Khurrem the Dancer, a sandstorm spread a dirty canopy over the Baghdad sky. It was a day of oppressive heat and the air was filled with dust and stinging insects, while the noises of the city became strident as tempers shortened.

In the Nassah Quarter two men stabbed each other over a debt amounting to thirty *fils.* A husband at Kadhimain, wearied of his wife, strangled her and dropped the body in the Tigris, and was caught by the police. In his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street, Inspector Chafik read the reports and said, "One regrets these things, but conditions are excellent for my little plan and tonight, Abdullah, we put it into action."

Shortly before ten o'clock, Khurrem, performing to a half-empty cabaret, received a note slipped into her hand as she left the stage for the booth occupied by Mohammed Shaalan. The Arabic characters which marched from right to left across the paper had a certain tidiness, and left her in no doubt of the writer, although the note was unsigned.

She read:

"In the name of God the Compassionate. You will invite Mr. Shaalan to your hotel and proceed there by arabana. You will leave the carriage and enter the hotel ahead of him. Be assured that your virtue will be protected."



"Just a moment now, folks, and we'll have the defeated champ over to the mike for a few words"

COLLIER'S DICK STROME

Khurrem tore the letter into shreds. Her fingernails were red daggers and her look was dangerous as she tossed her stormy hair and went slowly to the booth where Shaalan was awaiting. She passed Hassoon who said, "There are such few guests I am closing early. Please inform your new lover." Khurrem brushed him with her shoulder, a gesture of contempt.

When she passed through the gap in the flowering shrubs she found a smile for Shaalan, but it faded when the Arab said, "I saw a man speak to you! I saw you lean against him!" and fumbled with the gun under his robe.

The woman said in a husky voice, "Thou fool!" and her small teeth clenched on the stem of the jeweled cigarette holder. Then she opened her bag and took out her gloves. "We close early. I am weary. Will you see me to my hotel?" Partly closing her great eyes she looked at Shaalan through lashes thickened by kohl.

When they left the cabaret an arabana swung out of the waiting line and drew to the curb, and a man in a café across the street went quickly to the telephone. He dialed a number and shortly afterward Inspector Chafik, who was relaxing at his favorite cinema, rose as he felt Abdullah's touch on his shoulder.

The little man said, "Now I shall never know who put the body of the collector of Chinese jade in the parrot cage at the Central Park zoo." He looked over his shoulder at the screen and shook his head regretfully as he left the cinema.

The street was almost empty. Dust, weighted with moisture sucked from the river by the day's heat, fell softly and a blue haze obscured the lights. Sergeant Abdullah said, "One eats dust," and Chafik answered, "It is our lot." They walked under the pillared arcade to the top of Al-Rashid Street and turning at a sign which read, MA'MUN HOTEL, entered a dark passage. A door leading to a neglected garden opened and three officers of the Metropolitan Police, their tunics smudges of white in the darkness, saluted smartly.

THE Inspector stationed himself behind the partly closed door and polished his nails with a handkerchief. Presently he raised his head as the clop-clop of horses' hoofs sounded up the street, but he did not speak until there was the double crack of a driver's whip. Then he put away the handkerchief, saying, "It is the signal," and opened the door another inch.

As the carriage drew up, Mohammed Shaalan, muffled in his robes against the storm, jumped down and extended his hand to Khurrem. The woman said softly, "Follow me in a few minutes," and went up the passage to the hotel fumbling in her bag. When Shaalan had given money to the driver he waited until the carriage had disappeared into the haze of dust and then glided after Khurrem with the smooth step of the desert dweller.

At that moment a car came up the road and pulled to the curb, and a man crossed the sidewalk with a single leap. The blade of an uplifted dagger darted like a serpent's tongue toward Shaalan's back.

Inspector Chafik threw back the garden door with a twist of his left shoulder and thrust out his arm in the same movement. He felt the burn of steel on his wrist as he wrapped his arm about the throat of the man and flung him violently against the wall of the passage. At the same time Sergeant Abdullah, crouching on the parapet above, descended with his full weight and a cry of, "Thou dog of dogs!"

The three constables rushed from the garden, and the carriage driver, wheeling his horses, joined the confused huddle of struggling bodies.

In a quiet voice Chafik was heard to say, "The ferocity of a pack of wolves is not equal to that of a pack of men. Please do not tear him to bits."

The steel jaws of handcuffs closed. Sergeant Abdullah rose from the huddle and said with wonder, "Sir, it is Hassoon!"

"He fitted the pattern," answered the Inspector, and went to look at the thin hollow-eyed man who was now helpless in the grip of the police.

Hassoon was crying, "In the name of God let me kill him as I killed the other lustful dog! The evil in the hearts of men! The honey of women!" And he began to quote from the Koran in a high voice, "By their tokens shall the sinners be known, and they shall be seized by their forelocks and their feet . . . Amid pestilential winds and in scalding water . . . In the shadow of the black smoke. . . ."

The voice changed to gibberish, and Sergeant Abdullah said, "God has touched him. He will not hang, for the madness has always been there. I cover my shamed face because I did not see the truth, that this man who never married and hated lust was himself filled with lust for the woman Khurrem, and so killed those she favored. Yet, sir, a fact and not a theory must have guided you to the truth."

"I told you to note the fact. An ash tray in which we saw nothing but the stubs of cigarettes. You disappoint me, Abdullah!" Inspector Chafik dipped into the prisoner's pockets and showed a handful of salted melon seeds. "As I smoke, so this one nibbles," he said. "So strong the habit that he nibbled in the presence of Major Rasim's corpse and placed the husks of the seeds in the tray on the table. And in his own office was a tray piled with husks. Yet in Khurrem's dressing room, where he said he waited for her, were no husks. Therefore he was not in the room and therefore he lied when he said Shaalan was not there."

"Such deduction has the clarity of a flawless crystal," said Abdullah.

"It was clear because God made it so. And the rest of the story is a pattern of woven threads. Who else but Hassoon could have stolen behind Rasim and made the fatal thrust? He tried to claim another victim by putting suspicion on Shaalan, but that failed and he was again driven to murder. Fortunately prevented," Inspector Chafik added, turning to Mohammed Shaalan.

"By God's mercy—" the young Arab said.

"And by my arm and the men who guarded you from the moment you left the Great Caliph! You will find the Muntafiq a safer place than the cabarets of Baghdad. Please give my compliments to the sheik, your father." Chafik's nod was a dismissal and Shaalan, wiping the perspiration from his face with the folds of his headcloth, murmured, "I bless your House," and left meekly.

THEY took away the man Hassoon, who was now chanting from the Koran, "The beauteous ones with large dark eyeballs . . . whom man hath never touched, nor any jinn . . ." Inspector Chafik turned to Khurrem who stood in the shadows with her shawl modestly veiling her face. The perfume of jasmine made the little man sigh as he took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to the woman.

"Your passport, Madame." He paused and then said with a note of regret in his voice, "I took the liberty of enclosing a ticket for Damascus by the Nairn Trans-Desert Autobus, leaving tomorrow afternoon."

Khurrem said softly, a little laugh catching her throat, "Yes, you are surely the Devil!"

And with his most courteous bow, curved fingers hovering near his *sidarah* in a salaam, Inspector Chafik answered, "But you will agree the Devil is a gentleman—"

THE END

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BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 17

Door closed I worked successively at the 18 Club, the Hickory House, and the Red McKenzie Club.

One night Paul Smith dropped in and suggested that I spend the holidays cruising on the Empress of Britain.

"All you've got to do is organize an eight-piece band for a nine-day cruise," he said. "The sailing date is December 28th; the ship stops at Cuba and Jamaica. You'll be back in time for the cold weather."

I barely escaped from Fats Waller in time to make the sailing; I was on the wagon except for wine but there was plenty of that around. That afternoon we played an introductory cocktail party. A tall steward named Flack stood near by and stared at us all the time.

Wanted a Piano in the Bar

The next day Paul and I were in the Knickerbocker Bar with our guitars. Bob Neely, whom we'd known at Perona's Bath Club, came in. Neely ordered drinks and asked me to send for the boys.

"We'll get a piano in here," he said, "and have some music."

Flack shook his head when we asked that one of the small uprights be brought in. "Absolutely not," he said quietly.

Neely went to the captain. Flack disappeared and returned with two deck hands and a piano. Later I was called to the office of the cruise supervisor, a woman.

"Mr. Condon," she said, "as leader of the orchestra you are entitled to freedom of the ship. I must remind you, however, that this is not true for the musicians under your direction. They must not gather socially in places reserved for passengers."

"Such as the Knickerbocker Bar?"

"Precisely."

I took a firm grip on my temper and then let go of it.

"My dear lady," I said, "the musicians in my band did not come on this cruise to make money or to provide themselves with employment. They are on vacation from jobs which pay them five times the coolie wages you are giving them. They are here to enjoy themselves and to relax, not to be locked in a coal chute during the time they are not performing.

"If you send them to sleep with the cargo and drink off the rudder, and if you can force them to do it, don't exclude me. Wherever they go I'll go with them, and I'll go first."

I didn't wait for her to answer; I walked out and called the boys together.

"From now on I want all of you in the Knickerbocker Bar as often and for as long as possible," I said. "That's all."

I went into the bar and sat down with Paul and my brother Jim. I was so angry I forgot about medicinal drinks and ordered whisky. In somewhat less than a hundred thousand loosely chosen words I described my encounter with the supervisor. Paul sipped his drink thoughtfully.

"Now that you've started talking for the boys, why don't you keep on doing it?" he asked.

"Just let anybody start pushing them around," I said. "Just let that steward Flack—"

"I don't mean that," Paul said. "I'm thinking of jazz musicians in general. Ever since I've known them they have been playing in night clubs and saloons and dance halls, being hired with no one to bargain for them, being fired with no one to argue for them. Like most artists they are inarticulate outside of their own medium of expression. A lot of articulate people are enthusiastic about our music, but is there a jazz man who can talk for his music, bargain for it, publicize it?"

I had to admit there wasn't.

"Why don't you be it?" Paul said to me. "You know the musicians, you know people like me, who want to do something for jazz, and you have hemophilia of the larynx. You couldn't stop talking if you wanted to. Why don't you put your monologues to a good purpose?"

We drank a toast. "To the emancipation of jazz," Paul said.

That fall McKenzie turned up with a job in Greenwich Village, at a place called Nick's.

Nick Rongetti had a long chin and a lot of ideas. He liked jazz and wanted a lot of it, created by the best men available. His club was a place on lower Seventh Avenue; it was drawing the jazz audience downtown.

"I hope you'll be happy here," he said. "Now get up on the stand and play."

For the next eight years I was in and out of Nick's oftener than the mailman. He fired me regularly—it may have had something to do with sunspots—and rehired me on schedule. He was always justified in bouncing me, and he was always logical in hiring me again. Actually we had the same point of view—we believed in jazz and wanted others to believe in it—but Nick had one theory of propaganda and I had another.

"Play the music," Nick said.

"Play the music and talk about it," I said. "Talk about it to the right people. Get pictures and articles in newspapers and magazines. Get it on the radio."

"Get up on the stand and play the guitar," Nick said.

Between sets I talked with the customers, particularly those whose written or spoken word might help the cause. Sometimes I considered that my presence at one of the tables was doing more for jazz than my appearance on the stand. Nick disagreed with me. "I want you on the stand," he said. "I am not paying you to talk." I tried to explain to him that because of talk the club might be mentioned in newspaper columns. "Will that make the music better?" he said.

Acquiring Ideas of Promotion

One night I met a quiet young fellow with round spectacles who said he worked for a magazine publishing company. His name was Ernest Anderson.

"How can this music be promoted?" I asked him.

He told me. I missed one whole set and part of another. "You're fired!" Nick said. Anderson and I became partners.

In the summer of 1941, Pee Wee Russell and I went to Chicago to play at the Brass Rail. Pee Wee stayed with Josh Billings and Slim Kurtzmann, who were sharing an apartment. Kurtzmann drove to the Brass Rail to meet Pee Wee and take him home each morning. They always stopped along the way and bought milk from the driver of a milk wagon. One morning they found the wagon in front of a large apartment house. The driver was in the building; they waited for him to appear, getting sleepier and thirstier. Finally they decided to take a few quarts and pay the man the next day. Someone saw them as they drove away, took the license number of the car and telephoned the police.

Half an hour later the two thieves were in jail. They got word to me and I telephoned Uncle Dennis.

"Why did they want to drink milk?" he asked. "If it was liquor it would be easier to straighten it out, a man can understand the need for a drink of whisky at half past four in the morning, but not milk. Well, I'll do what I can."

By the time the case was called at nine o'clock that night everything was arranged. Pee Wee was a pathetic sight as he stood before the magistrate. He was still wearing his band uniform—tuxedo trousers and a tan jacket. He had neither shaved nor slept in twenty-four hours; he was hungry and he needed a drink. The magistrate stared at him. Pee Wee, always shy, dropped his eyes.

"What do you do?" the magistrate asked.

"I p-p-p-play the c-c-c-clarinet," Pee Wee said.

"See that you stick to it," the magistrate said. "Don't let me ever again hear of you drinking milk. Case dismissed."

The only good result of our stay at the Brass Rail was a story about us in Time magazine; propaganda for jazz, I felt, was worth anything. Nick didn't send for me all that fall.

Ernie Anderson wanted us to invade Carnegie Hall. Whiteman had been there, and Benny Goodman, but neither had given the customers real jazz. We decided to begin with a Fats Waller concert, using a small band to back him up.

"Fine! Perfect! Wonderful!" Fats said when I asked him. I saw the gin routine coming again, so I ducked. Fats now had a manager, so we completed the arrangements through him.

The Waller concert was a limited success. John Hammond wrote a program note in which he said, "In one sense this concert is an event. America is paying tribute for the first time to one of its great popular artists, Thomas Waller . . . America does strange things to its great artists. In any other place in the world Thomas Waller might have developed into a famous concert performer, for when he was eleven he was a gifted organist, pianist and composer. But Waller was not white and the American concert field makes a racial exception only for a few singers . . ."

A jazz band is necessarily small; on the Carnegie stage we were lost. Ernie agreed with me that the place was too large for our purpose; we visited the management of Town Hall, the cultural headquarters on West Forty-third Street. We asked if we might rent the concert hall some Saturday for the twilight hours between five thirty and seven thirty. We explained that the music to be presented was jazz. "Are you sure you have the right place?" the man with whom we were negotiating asked. We said yes, and he gave us a price of $150. The date we chose was February 21, 1942.

When I stepped on the stage to make the first announcement I took a long look at the audience. Finally I spoke.

"Lady," I said, "and gentleman."

The musicians had a good time and the people who finally arrived made up enough applause between them to give the impression of a full house. The box-office statement showed that 346 people sat in the balcony, 147 occupied the orchestra, and no one sat in a loge. The gross receipts were $480. "Shall we try again?" I said to Ernie.

"By all means," he said. "Let's give a series. We'll either get a following or discover once and for all that no audience for jazz exists."

The Town Hall management was helpful; when we asked for a series of dates for the Saturday twilight hours the price was cut to a hundred dollars. We tried again on March 7th; a few more people sat in the balcony, a few less occupied the orchestra. The gross receipts were $426. But again the applause was persistent and enthusiastic. We went back on March 21st for a final try before the warm weather. Afterward Ernie was excited. The gross was $516.75.

"It's the handwriting on the wall!" he said. "Next year we'll give a concert every month. We're on our way!"

I was happy too. "Someday we may have as many followers as the harpsichord," I said.

That fall we resumed our concerts at Town Hall. When the first one was over the customers stamped, whistled, and beat the seats; Ernie reported a box-office high of almost $800.

Praise From a Leading Critic

The next morning after finishing work at Nick's I went home, propped myself up in bed, and browsed through the Sunday papers. In the Herald Tribune I came across a piece by Virgil Thomson, the paper's first-string music critic.

"The jazz concert that Eddie Condon directed yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall," it began, "was to this reviewer one of the most satisfactory musical experiences of the season."

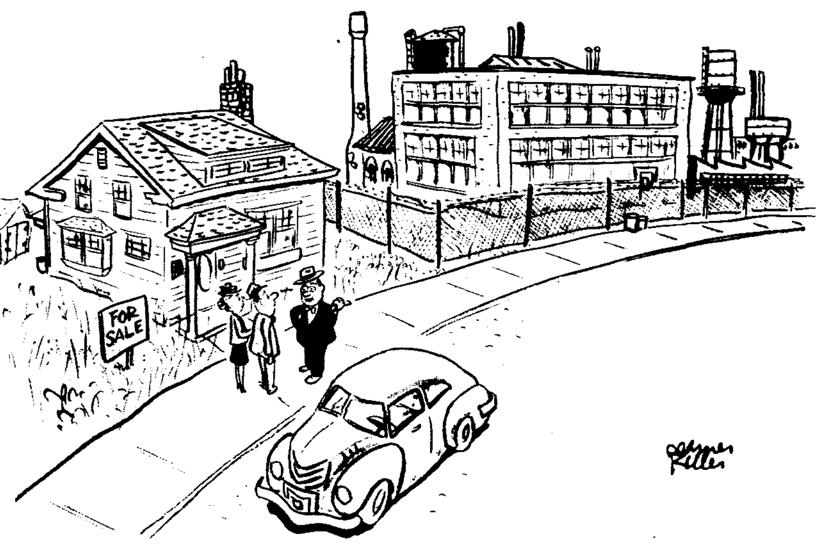
So far so good, I thought. I read on; Mr. Thomson was a little irritated by the "affettuoso manner" of the soloists. I'll speak to the boys about that, I thought. Then came the final paragraph:

"The whole was magnificently sustained and varied, everybody playing something worth listening to, and everybody uttering phrases that had to do with those the others were uttering. The nine-part tuttis were of a grandeur, a sumptuousness of sound and a spontaneous integration of individual freedoms that make one proud of the country that gave birth to such a high manifestation of sensibility and intelligence, and happy to be present at such a full and noble expression of the musical faculties."

I read it seven times. Then I pushed the papers off the bed, turned out the light and went to sleep.

THE END

This article and the two which preceded it are selections from the forthcoming book, We Called It Music, by Eddie Condon and Thomas Sugrue, published by Henry Holt & Company.



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YOU TOO CAN BE A GENIUS

Continued from page 21

"Oh, Herb," she said. "A book! I can hardly believe it!"

She had nothing on me. . . .

From Harry's Bar we drove out to the Wyatt estate on Long Island. It was no improvement. The first thing I saw was a white curving drive. The second thing was a big white house with a terrace and a lot of grass around it.

The third thing was James Wyatt.

He was on the terrace waiting for us with a cold one in his hand and the sun shining on his bald spot. That was where ambition got you. A bald spot before thirty. He came toward us with that superior look on his puss.

"Ah," he said. He was the kind of guy who said ah. "A lovely day, isn't it? I'm so glad you could come."

He wasn't talking to me.

MYRA gave him her hand and a glad little smile to go with it. I looked at her and thought about the book I was supposed to have written and I could see the orange blossoms in her hair already. But there was no point in throwing the fight before I'd even started. I got the first punch in fast.

"We wouldn't have missed it," I said. "It isn't often we literary men get to come to a place like this."

It got him with his guard down. He was grinning and nodding and being the gracious host, and for a minute he didn't catch. Then he did a fast double-take.

"I—beg your pardon?" He was blinking like a traffic light. "I didn't catch that, I'm afraid."

He couldn't catch his own name till he'd heard it the second time.

"Literary men," I explained. "Writers. You know." I made like a typewriter. "Books," I said. "People write them."

He said, "Ah," again. He blinked. He frowned a little. He took off his glasses and polished them and put them on.

"Books," he said.

His mind worked like lightning, all right. A quick flash and then darkness. Try to read the paper like that some night.

Myra kept looking at both of us, kind of proud and happy.

"James," she said, "Herb has written a book!"

James looked at her for a minute. Then he turned and looked at me. "You? A book? With words, and everything?"

I put my shoulders back and stuck a finger into my vest pocket. I nodded.

James giggled.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

He kept on giggling. He was having a wonderful afternoon. "Oh, this is delicious! You've written a book!" He had to stop for another giggle. He said, "I didn't even know you could read!"

And that guy ran a publishing house. No wonder literature was in a bad way.

"Okay," I said. "Wait, that's all. You'll see." I remembered that I hadn't really written a book, after all. "You'll see," I said.

I wondered when.

In a minute I found out. Myra was standing there with her eyes looking like those of a little girl with a secret.

She said, "Of course, you'll see. Herb's going to give you the first chance at it, aren't you, Herb? Soon as it's finished."

I could promise that safely enough. "Sure."

"Ah," James said. "I see. It isn't finished yet." I didn't like the way he said it.

Neither did Myra. She said, "Maybe you don't believe it. We'll just show you, won't we, Herb?"

"Sure." I was agreeing with everything that day. Well, what could I lose? Now that I'd gone this far I might as well play out the hand.

Myra looked smug. She was a little girl with a piece of cake in her hand and now she was going to take the first bite.

"We'll show you," she said. "Tomorrow—"

Something had happened to my stomach. "Tomorrow!"

"Why not?" she said. "You said you could finish it in a few hours."

I'd said it, all right—but why? I looked at Myra and I looked at James, and if it had been between me and him, right there is where I'd have backed down. You can run a bluff just so far, but if you see somebody's going to call you, you might as well drop out of the pot and save your money.

But there was Myra. She'd stuck her neck out right beside mine, and what was I going to do about it? She was all proud and happy; I couldn't kick her in the face. I had to let her down easy.

"Well—" I rubbed my jaw a little and looked thoughtful. "I don't like to work on week ends. A man has to relax some time."

Myra looked at me. "Oh, Herb," she said. I'd jerked the cake out of her hand. "Come on," she said. "You can relax after the book's finished."

I shook my head. "Don't forget we're guests. I can't creep off like that and leave poor old James languishing."

She had the answer for that. "Oh, I'll keep him company."

I thought fast. "No." I made it firm. "I didn't bring my typewriter."

Myra's face fell. I patted myself on the back. Nobody could write a book without his typewriter. It had been pretty close, but I'd stopped it. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead.

And then James got one of his lightning flashes.

"Typewriter? You need a typewriter?" He smiled and nodded and rubbed his hands together. The perfect host. He said, "I'll have one brought up to your room right away. . . ."

He started toward the house.

I watched him go, and then I looked at Myra. She was bouncing. Her eyes had lights and her topknot trembled with what we literary men call delight.

"Oh, Herb!" She clapped her hands. "Just think: Tomorrow I'll be reading your book!"

I'd have been glad to pay money to anybody who could prove she was right.

"Sure," I said. "Oh, sure."

She grabbed my arm and hugged it, and we started toward the house together.

MY ROOM had a couple of windows overlooking the terrace. I stood at one of them, looking out.

Myra said, "Herb," behind me.

I grunted.

"Herb, why do you have to be so grumpy?"

It was a new rule in the writers' union. We had to be grumpy from nine to five.

"Why wouldn't I be grumpy?" I shoved my hands into my pockets. "With Jamesey-boy spending the whole week end strolling on the greensward with my girl? I should laugh and sing."

She made a soft little sound and came up behind me and touched my hand.

"Why, Herb. I believe you're jealous!"

I wasn't just fretting about the condition of the greensward.

I said, "Okay, so I'm jealous. I've watched that guy work out on other girls —only I wasn't in love with them."

She had a soft, happy laugh to use in places like that. She used it. She hugged my arm. Her head was on my shoulder and the topknot tickled my chin.

"Silly!" she said. "What are you worrying about? Have you forgotten—I promised to marry you as soon as the book's finished?"

That was what I was worrying about. "Listen," I said. "I've got an idea. Let's just forget about the book and get married right away."

"Oh, no." She rubbed her cheek on my shoulder. "I'd never forgive myself. You mustn't ever, *ever* let me interfere with your work."

Her voice was hushed, her eyes looked up into mine. It was a solemn moment, all right. But I looked at her and I couldn't kid about it. I felt cold inside. The trouble was, she believed in it.

I put my hands on her shoulders and looked at her.

I said, "Look. Maybe I'm not so much as a writer. Maybe I'm not much of anything. But just remember—whatever happens, I love you."

"I know," she whispered. Her eyes were shining and her whole face had a kind of glow in it. I took a deep breath. Between now and tomorrow I was going to write a book or break an arm trying.

I wondered how I was going to drive back to town with my arm in a sling.

"Just remember it," I said. I took another breath. Then I kissed her.

That was when the typewriter came in.

FOR the first hour I looked out the window. For the second I looked at a magazine. For the third I looked at the typewriter.

It was slick, new, shiny. It had a piece of white paper in it.

There wasn't anything on the paper.

The trouble with writing a book seemed to be that you had to have something to write about. And my mind looked exactly like the paper. Blank. I sat there smoking cigarettes until the sun went down. Long shadows crept across the greensward, and the little birds twittered happily, going to rest.

The little birds wouldn't have known a typewriter if they'd met one in their favorite tree. In their place, I'd've twittered, too.

I pulled out a sigh and wafted it over the typewriter, and there was the sound of heel taps outside my door. Myra. I thought about chasing her away. I thought about pretending to be sick. Then I thought what the hell—it had to come sometime.

The door opened softly and Myra put her head in. Her eyes were big and a little scared.

"Herb," she whispered, "can I—come in?"

I looked at her and for a minute I didn't say anything. She was awed and happy and there were candles burning in her eyes. I was the guy who'd lighted them. I was the guy who was going to blow them out.

I said, "Sure. Come on in."

She came into the room on tiptoe.

"How—how are you getting along, Herb? Is it nearly done?"

I didn't look at her eyes. I watched the topknot. It wiggled just a little with excitement. I shoved my chair back.

"Sit down," I said.

She sat down on the edge of a chair and leaned forward, looking at me, kind of breathless.

I said, "Listen." I was having trouble with my voice. "I've got to tell you something."

"Well?"

I cleared my throat. I didn't look at her. "There isn't any book," I said.

I waited. There was one of those silences. The heavy kind. Then she said, "I don't understand. You told me—"

I lifted my shoulders and let them drop again. "I know. I was a little crazy, I guess. But I wanted you to think I amounted to something."

"You mean you—lied?"

I couldn't think of any other word for it.

"I wanted you to marry me," I said.

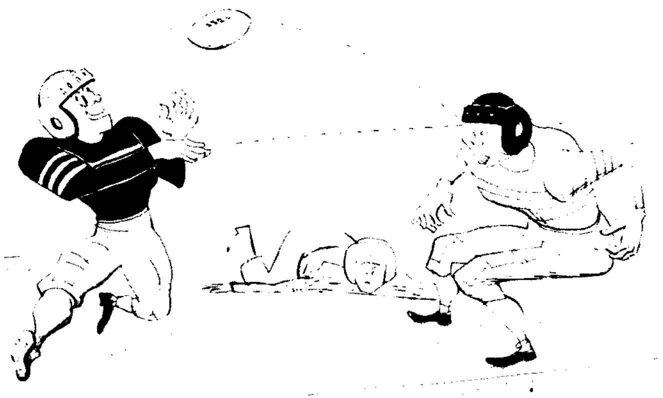
The sun had gone down. The room was full of shadows. Everything was very still. I looked at the floor and waited for Myra to say something.

I wasn't feeling so good.

I said, "I did it because I love you."

She said something then. "Oh. I see," she said. "You love me." She made it sound like I'd insulted her. There was frost three inches thick on it. "You love me. So you lie to me. You humiliate me before James."

I raised my head and looked at her;



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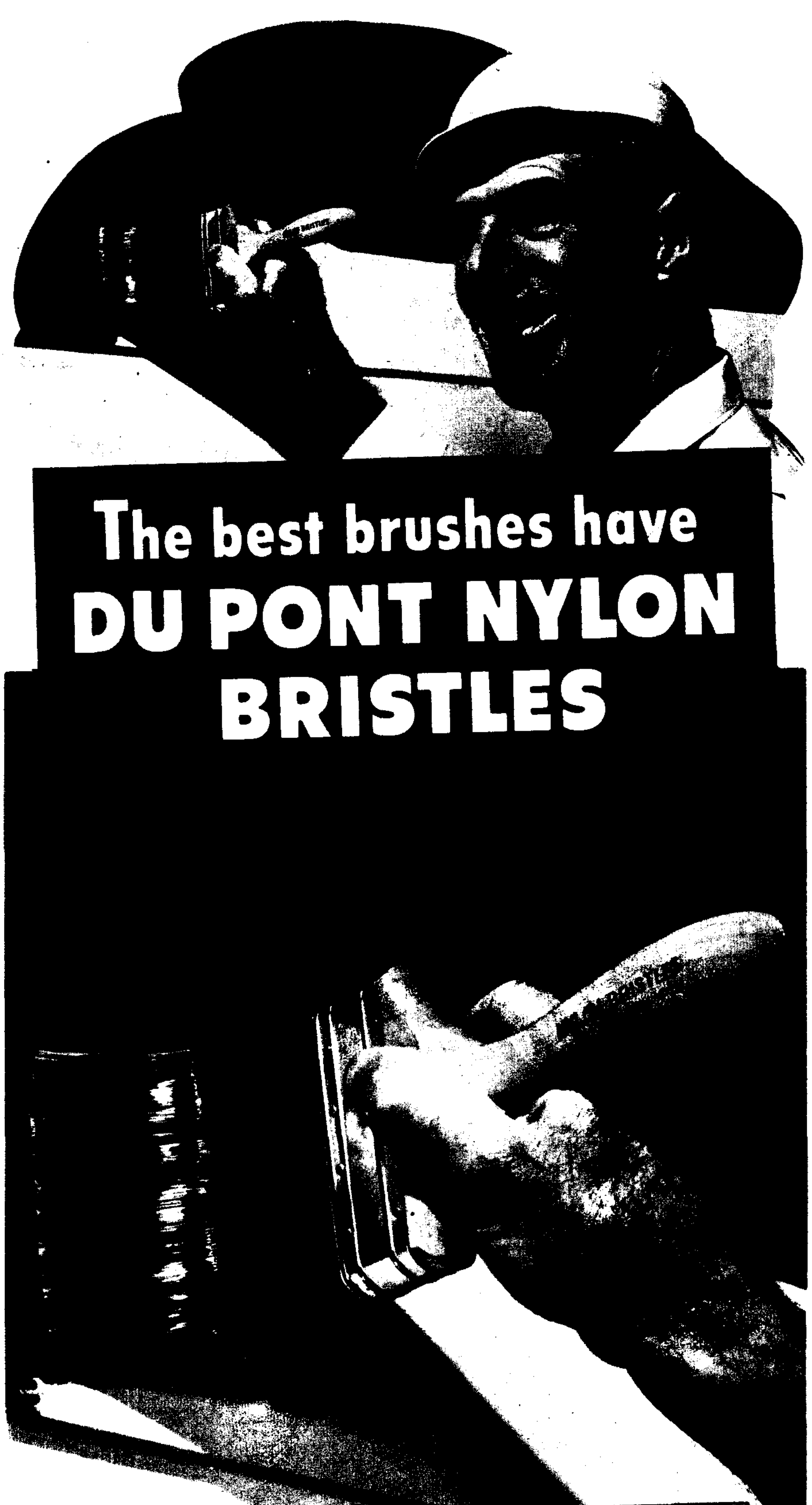

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her mouth was tight. There was pink in her cheeks and her eyes stared at me.

What I mean, she was mad.

She said, "How do you think I'm going to explain this to James?"

I kept looking at her and I could feel something starting inside me. I tried to hold it down but it kept boiling and boiling. My ears began to feel hot and my hands trembled a little.

Myra said, "I'll never be able to face him after this."

I took deep breaths. I counted ten. I counted ten more, just to be sure. "That's all you're worried about, isn't it—what James will think. Why don't you marry him, then?"

Her cheeks and her eyes were blazing. She was burning up, by the numbers.

"All right," she said. "If that's the way you feel about it, I will. At least he's a gentleman. He wouldn't lie to a girl."

I said, "Ha. Has he ever told you about his war experiences?"

She made a kind of choked sound and jumped up from her chair. Her hands were clenched into fists and she was staring at me, very mad.

I stared back, just as mad. "So go on and marry him. I wish you luck."

James was the one who'd need the luck.

Myra stood there looking at me for a minute longer. She started to say something, and didn't. She bit her lip. Then she turned and went out.

As soon as she was gone I got up and started circling the room. For the first five laps I didn't think anything. I just walked and was mad.

The next five I thought about Myra. She'd got me into the whole thing. All I wanted was to get married and live like anybody else, but she had to have some kind of genius around the house. I had to do something big.

Well, I'd done something big. I couldn't have made a bigger bust if I'd taken special exercises.

On the eleventh lap I looked out the window. Myra was down on the terrace, with James. She was standing close to him, looking up into his face. I didn't have to ask what they were talking about.

Eight laps later I was almost ready to feel sorry for Jamesey-boy. He was stuck with it now. He'd never have a peaceful five minutes again. I could see just how it was going to be—right up to the time he went into a sanitarium with his nerves shot, his publishing business shot, and his wife looking for another sucker.

Somewhere around the thirty-seventh lap I got my idea. It would take a lot of work, but who cared about that?

I was mad enough even to work.

A COUPLE of months later I was sitting in Harry's Bar when Myra came in. She stood by the door, looking around. I had an idea whom she was looking for—me.

I concentrated on my beer, hard. The bubbles kept breaking away from the side of the glass and rising to the top. The juke box played something soft and dreamy and I moved my glass around, making wet circles on the table.

And Myra's voice said, "Herb."

I looked up. She was standing by my table and when I looked at her something happened to my breathing, the way it always did. I hadn't seen her since that day at James', two months ago. We were finished, through, *kaput*. I didn't have a girl any more. Only, my breath hadn't found out about that yet.

"Oh," I said. "Hello, Myra." I tried to think of something else to say but all I could think of was, "Sit down."

She sat. We looked at each other across the table. She had combed out her hair; the topknot was gone. The juke box played it soft and low, with tears.

"Herb," Myra said. "I—" She hesitated; then it came out in a rush: "James showed it to me. Yesterday. Your book, I mean. He thinks it's—wonderful."

Maybe I jumped a little. I hadn't thought about him showing it to Myra. But I could see how he'd think it was a good idea. I borrowed one of his lines, to fit the spot.

"Ah," I said.

I drank some beer. I looked at Myra and then down at the table. "What did you think of it?" I said.

"I thought it was wonderful, too." Her voice was kind of strained. "I know it will be a big success." I waited. She said, "I had no idea you could write like that, Herb."

It was a surprise to me, too, but I didn't tell her that. I waited.

"I want to congratulate you. I—" She stopped. Her eyes looked at me. I kept on waiting. She said, "I," again. Then she started to cry.

"Hey!" I said. That wasn't what I'd been waiting for. "Come on, now," I said. "Cut it out, will you?"

She cried into her handkerchief. It was one of those little ones, and it was soaked. I gave her one of mine.

"Quit it, now," I said. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

MYRA blew her nose. It was red; so were her eyes. She looked cute. "Herb," she said. She stopped to sniff. "Am I really like that?"

I played it safe. "Like what?"

"That awful woman. In your book." She sniffed. Her eyes looked at me, red and weepy. "The one who drove her husband into a sanitarium."

I thought about libel suits and things.

"Of course not," I said. "Where did you get that idea?"

She looked at me and started to cry again. When she could talk she said, "Don't try to be kind, Herb. I deserve everything you said about her." Her hand came across the table and touched mine and went away again. "Herb—can you ever forgive me?"

I raised an eyebrow at her. "Forgive you? Why? What difference does it make to you?"

The tears had made streaks on her face. Her mouth was trembling. Her voice was small, like a mouse.

She said, "Bub-because I love you. I wuh-want to marry you."

I set my glass down and stared at her. "*You?* Want to marry *me?*"

She nodded. I put on more steam, to catch up. "But what about James?"

"James!" she said. "I've never cared anything about James. It was always you, Herb. Ever since college."

I blinked. I shook my head. "You were always yapping about him."

"Because of you," she explained. "Because I wanted to be proud of you. Because I love you."

I looked at her hard. "Yeah. I saw you with him on the terrace that day. You weren't just talking about the problems of the postwar world."

"No," she said. "We were talking about you."

"Uh-huh."

"He said you were a no-good and a loafer. He said you were just a newspaper bum. He said you were a—a four-flusher and a liar." She paused, looking at me. "So I slapped him."

I stared at her for a minute. Then I began to grin.

"For that alone," I said, "I'd love you." She leaned over toward me. "Kiss me," I said.

She did. Several times.

"Herb!" Myra said. "Oh, *darling!*" . . .

The first thing a literary man wants to learn is to keep the libel suits in the family. "Listen," I said. "I've got an idea. I'm going to write a story about a girl who likes to take care of babies."

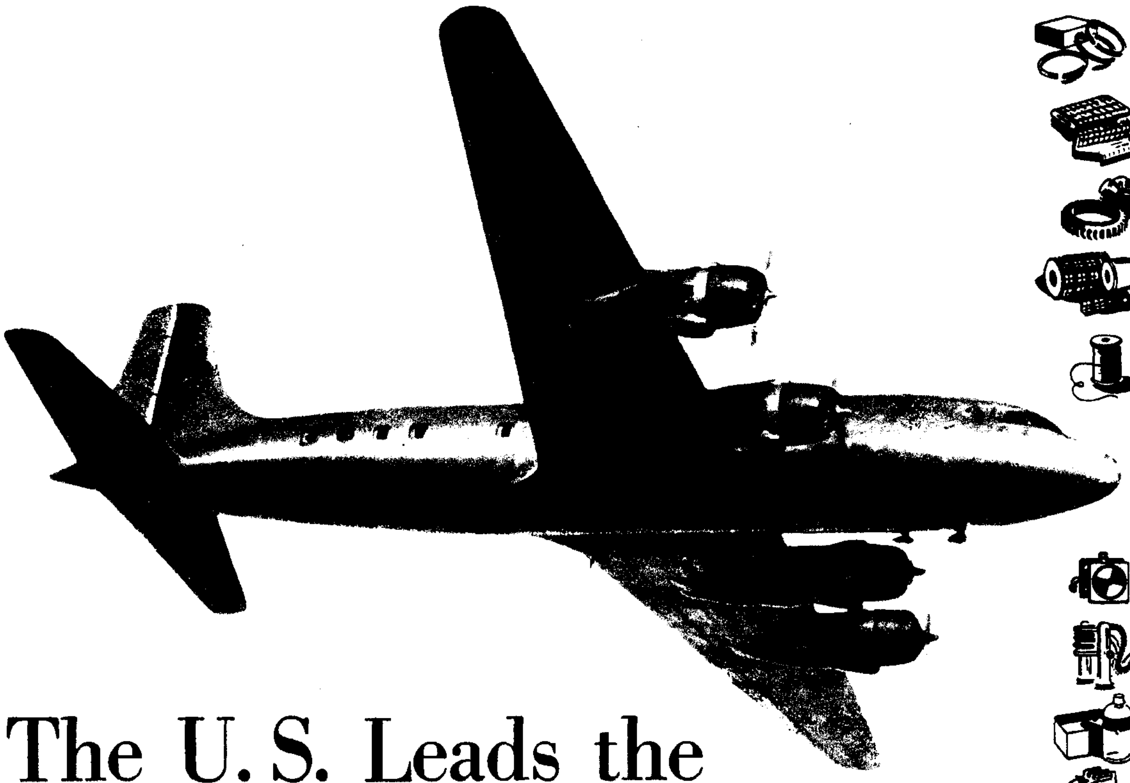
I watched her eyes while I said it. They had a kind of dreamy look.

She said, "Oh."

She said, "I can't wait to read it. I love babies. . . ."

I made a note of it.

THE END



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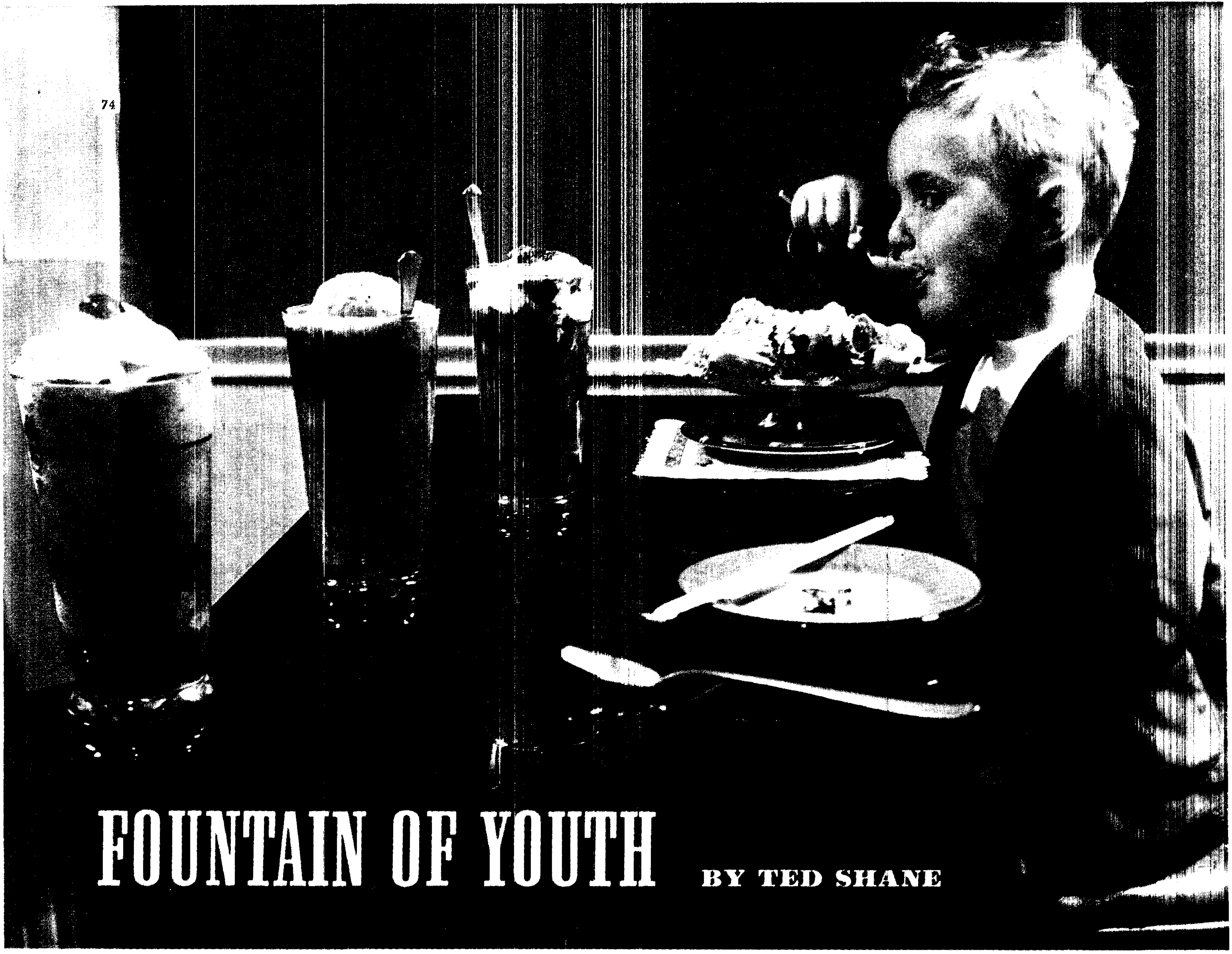

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY TED SHANE

A boy's dream come true: A banana split garnished with three different kinds of ice cream, and in reserve a Sambee flanked by two flavors of ice-cream soda

Could you drink a Sambee or a Skyrocket? Or perhaps you'd prefer a Moron's Delight. They're all super for hot days

SHOULD you find yourself on New York's Fifth Avenue next Thirst-day and should you have the price, you can try a Sambee. That is, if you want to. It's pronounced Zombie, and while it isn't alcoholic it *is* intoxicating.

Right before your eyes, the soda jerk—pardon, dispenser (remember we're on Fifth Avenue!) will scoop a mess of deliciously crisp-looking bits of fresh pineapple, peaches, berries, oranges, apples—whatever's in season—into a tall, cool glass. Over this he will squirt a dash of sweetening, then two scoops of French ice cream or sherbet. Next he will fill the glass to the brim with freshly squeezed orange juice, hook a hunk of orange to the side—and serve. You can see and eat this minor miracle of hot-weather concoctions at the original H. Hicks and Son's Aerated Water and Soda Bar, Fifth Avenue.

While there are those who will contend that the absence of carbonated water in this delectable ambrosia disqualifies it for such a title, VIPs (Very Important People) like Al Jolson, Robert Cummings, or the Gish Sisters, who drop in for their daily Sambee, will tell you it's the supersoda—the drink of the future.

There is nothing cheap about the Sambee. It sets you back fifty cents. Sundaes run a dime less and the good old-fashioned ice-cream soda these days costs thirty and thirty-five cents—the latter for fresh fruiters. Let us remember we are taking America's most democratic drink on Fifth Avenue, smack among the Tiffanies and the Astorschnozzes. Ambrosia in crystal goblets on turbine yachts never did come cheap. And let us remember also that you can usually find a soda jerker of great sensitivity and magnificent imagination at your favorite corner soda fountain bar—where ambrosia retails at comfortable prices.

In Hicks', the daytime is devoted largely to feeding sodas and food to anyone with money, but if you drop in of an evening you'll find yourself rubbing shoulders and begging straws of a high-hat, a general, a plain ordinary dignitary or Mrs. Roosevelt. Or you can hear Fred Allen sucking the lees of his chocolate soda noisily, while he argues violently with Oscar Levant, who takes the same. Jim Farley also takes chocolate soda; and as soon as Joan Crawford hits New York she makes a beeline for Hicks' and orders two chocolate mint sodas with coffee ice cream—to catch up on what she's missed in Hollywood.

But they, Bing Crosby, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Walter Winchell, alone do not consume the four thousand sodas Hicks' puts out a day—more on sweltering, or parade days. Drop in anytime after eleven of a morning and you'll see them lined up three deep behind the fountain—lady shoppers at noon, debs after school, and people like you and me all the time. Night-club owners in the neighborhood come for a really unadulterated drink and presumably to taste good ice cream, and while Hicks' lacks the nostalgic comfort of a small-town drugstore soda fountain, it is a sort of unalcoholic Stork Club.

While it has been logically assumed that Mr. Hicks invented the ice-cream soda, the drink has a little longer history. Historians apocryphally attribute ice cream to Nero, who dispatched foot-running slaves to the high Alps on hot summer days to bring back snow, over which he poured honey and fruit juices. Marco Polo is said to have brought the recipe for "milk" ices from the Orient along with spaghetti, and from Italy it went to France where it became "butter" ice, by the inclusion of cream. Charles I imported it to England via a French cook named Di Marcis, tried to keep it a secret, but the cook blew his big mouth and it became a national delicacy.

On May 9, 1777, one Philip Lenzi, confectioner, told his patrons via the New York Gazette that ice cream might be had at his shop "most any day." A few years later Dolly Madison got into history by serving strawberry ice cream at the White House.

In 1838 or '39 a Frenchman named Roussel, who ran a perfume shop in Philadelphia alongside a soda fountain, dropped some lemon squirt into seltzer water and the new drink became so popular

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

that its fame spread as far as New York. The drink became iced and multiflavored, and was dispensed from fountains as elaborate as a Mohammedan temple. "Youth, as it sips its first glass," advertised a fountain of the times, "experiences sensations which, like those of love, cannot be forgotten."

Oddly, it took nearly sixty years before the ice cream met the soda water. One Robert Green, while selling the soda of the day—sweet cream, artificially flavored sirup and marble-dust water—in 1874 at a Philadelphia fair, ran out of cream. He fetched in some ice cream from a near-by confectionery store and since his customers wouldn't wait for the stuff to melt, threw it recklessly into the drink. First day's receipts were only eight dollars, but at fair's end, he was raking in all of four hundred. And the ice-cream soda had been invented!

How the Sundae Was Invented

Almost as many claim the invention of the sundae as do the soda, including the elegant Hicks. Most authorities agree that the sundae came into being when a sodaman found himself out of carbonated water on the Lord's Day. Ingeniously he thereupon merely covered the ice cream with sirup and served it "dry." It was only a step thereafter into the world of the banana split, with its heaping masses of ice cream, crushed fruits, nuts, whipped cream and cherries.

And of the Flaming Fudge Sundae. Yes, if you find the right dispenser, he will whip this matter together for you. All he does is saturate lumps of sugar in brandy, embed them in marshmallows which are placed atop a hot-fudge sundae. The sugar is then ignited, and the heat melts the marshmallows which lava down the sides of the fudge, making a very beautiful Vesuvian sight indeed, and a warming thing on a cool day, or vice versa.

A Hicksian soda, made properly with crushed fruits or sirups, ice cream and whipped cream, becomes not only a delight for the eye and taste but a pretty nutritive dish. Dietitians have found a dish of vanilla ice cream contains not only the best available proteins you get from milk, but plenty of vitamins from A to Whee, the latter being the morale vitamin. Some think ice cream may have won the war. "I don't mind the beans," cried a Navy man, "as long as they top 'em off with ice cream!"

There are nonfattening sodas, as well as fattening ones—one contains sherbet, the other ice cream—and it is possible to go on an ice-cream diet and lose weight, while keeping up a personal sparkle. A few years ago a dreamer put a spinach ice-cream soda on the market. Youth, alas, said it was spinach, and the pox with it—but in time the human race may become lotus eaters and such a meal-in-itself may return.

Tastes among Hicks' customers run about the same as they do on Main Street, or at the giant milk bar outside most American cities. Charlie Lesher, Hicks' veteran sodaman, says the chocolate soda is the favorite, with coffee and strawberry following hard behind. Men favor chocolate; women coffee; and the kids go for the fruit flavors, or affairs called Hubba Hubba, sundaes in which ice cream is piled high with fruits, nuts, chocolate shot, whipped cream and the kitchen sink.

Above all, Lesher and his fellows know how to make a soda properly. This consists of putting one and one-half ounces of crushed fruit or sirup into a sixteen-ounce glass, stirring in a sodaspoonful of ice cream, whipped cream or coffee cream. The glass is then filled three fourths full with the fine stream of the carbonated water—and two scoops of ice cream are floated aboard before the glass is filled to the top with the coarse stream (great care being taken to hit the side of the glass, as the cold water hitting directly on the ice cream would form ice crystals on it). Lastly the angelic brew is garnished with whipped cream.

Nourishing floats, milk shakes and malteds are made in the same way, except cold milk and chilled sirups and more ice cream are used in place of carbonated water, and the drink is mixed until the container frosts up. And, of course, freezes are made with soda water, sherbets and fruit juices entirely.

Nothing, of course, is quite as hard on a busy sodaman as a creative customer, who dashes in at rush hour and cries: "I want a root-beer soda, with crushed pineapple, cherry and vanilla ice cream and some walnuts on top of the whipped cream!"

Such a zombieish concoction is altogether possible, and in all probability would be most delicious. I see no reason, therefore, why I shouldn't urge you to ask your dispenser for any of the various combinations of chocolate soda—chocolate mint with coffee cream, very cooling; bittersweet soda, made with bitter chocolate; a Boston Roof, bittersweet with salted peanuts on top; chocolate banana; milk chocolate soda; or ginger chocolate. Not long ago a woman asked for such a drink at Hicks', said it was a favorite in her day. Obligingly the boys got it up for her. I tried it and found I was a happier, less thirsty, zingier man for it!

The Hoboken Soda—and Others

Among other flavors, Hicks' gets up a Hoboken soda, which is a strawberry soda with coffee ice cream; and an Orange Glow, which is orange juice, orange ice cream, and cream whipped up in the mixer and is a lovely sunset-colored and thirst-wrecking thing. Or you can dream up and name them yourself: pineapple and maple-walnut ice cream; fruit salad soda; pineapple coconut; lemon banana; or blueberry soda with chocolate cream. Yes, you can even ask for a hot soda and not get a dirty look. For some time fountain geniuses have tried to make "hot" sodas for winter fare; and now milk, vanilla ice cream, coffee sirup and malted milk heated in the automatic heater make a very smooth thing indeed.

In the float line, you might go for a Miss Simplicity At Sea—a cunning mixture of egg, vanilla ice cream, vanilla sirup, whipped cream and ball of floating ice cream; or for a Crème de Menthe freeze—juice of half a lime, shaved ice, a couple of dippers of lime or fruit sherbet, soda water, a severe shaking up, after which more sherbet is floated alongside a sprig of mint. And a cherry, with a stem on it—for easier fishing.

Nor must we neglect the malteds, such as the old stand-by: the chocolate with egg; the butterscotch, the honey malted, made with fresh honey; and the fruited egg malted, which not only has an egg, raspberry sirup, ice cream, milk and two standard spoons of malted, but a few drops of angostura bitters—presumably to remove that ice-cream hang-over you may have picked up the night before.

"You'd be surprised to know how many old laws are still on the statute books!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

Which brings us to the eatin' dish of the soda world: the sundae. Basically the sundae consists of two scoops of ice cream, surmounted by sirup, and/or nuts, marshmallow and or whipped cream and cherry, employing any or every flavor of ingredient the taste buds yearn to bloom for.

Glamor dish of the sundae world is the banana split. Hicks' charges seventy-five cents for their split, and you can name your own ingredients, or which side you want showing on the whole banana which is used. Aboard this are perched three balls of multiflavored ice cream, then three different crushed fruits, fresh or in sirup, go on this. Whipped cream festoons these yummy mountains (wow!), nuts snow on the cream, and cherries top it all. Eight hours are required to consume a Hicks' banana split properly, which accounts for the excessive charges (they include labor and fountain space rental, remember!).

Like the sea, the banana split is never the same—you can call for any of the twenty-seven flavors of ice cream and you can have them festooned with coconut, blueberries or peanut brittle, in case you have good bridgework. If you like your bananas vertical and not lying down, you will want a Merry-go-round Banana Royal in which the banana is quartered and laid flat alongside the mounded scoop of ice cream. Or you can demand that your banana be "wheel" sliced, or you can have it pulped and strained for all I care. The important thing, be it a Green-Eyed Monster Split—naked pistachio gleaming wickedly between innocent vanilla and heaps of whipped cream and stuff—or an Orange Malted Banana Royal—orange sections and orange sirup and orange pineapple cream—it all tastes the same—wonderful!

The parfait, of course, is the sundae with a French accent. Served in a sort of glass flower vase, instead of a banana split or sundae tulip dish, the parfait stems from France, and in it several layers of variflavored ice cream are alternated with crushed fruits, then topped off with the inevitable whipped cream and cherry. This vertical sundae is the world's most beautiful sight, and rivals even such Technicolored eye-and-taste dazzlers as Turner's Sunset and the Cherry Strawberry Pineapple Delight, which includes besides normal fresh fruits diced green-dyed pineapple. And any drink you desire may be frappéed. The frappé is a float in which the amounts of milk and ice cream are reversed, and in which crumbled cookies, wafers or macaroons are mixed.

Try These on Your Appetite

As with the soda, the variations on the sundae theme are also endless. Roasted cashew nuts on fudge and ice cream make up well; as does the coconut tangerine job which you might get in a Miami version of Hicks'. The St. Patrick's sundae is good on March 17th—green mint ice cream with hot fudge; and the Old Glory, or Red, White and Blue sundae—vanilla and strawberry ice cream, surmounted by cherries, and blueberries à la Betsy Ross—it's patriotically delicatesse on the Fourth of July!

Or adventuresomely try a Newport sundae—chocolate sundae with bits of milk chocolate, a coffee roon—coffee ice cream and sirup with macaroons; or a coffee salted-almond sundae. However, we suggest you be specific should you want to try out something called a Thrill of a Romance, a Skyrocket or a Spellbound sundae. These dishes are usually locally named as are the Scotch sundae—butterscotch and peanuts atop plain vanilla, with marshmallow and *no* cherry; or the Atomic sundae, which has cropped up most scientifically.

The Atomic contains four scoops of ice cream, crushed cherries and pineapple, butterscotch, disintegrated cream, all sprinkled with chocolate "shot," presumably the atoms.

It is so named because it probably not only blows one apart but also inspires the Atomic ache. And there's the Holy Cow. This awesome skyscraper evidently needs two stomachs to hold it, for it contains several balls of ice cream each poised on the other, drenched with so many ingredients and whipped cream that the purchaser exclaims, "Holy Cow!" should the dispenser have done his work well.

These days the bobby-soxer is demanding more and more on her dish. So don't be discouraged when on ordering a dish that contains marble-nut ice cream, pineapple pistachio ice cream, tutti-frutti ice cream, crushed cherries, uncrushed blueberries, Nabiscos, black walnuts and a rasher of bacon on top of whipped cream, the sodaman tartly asks, "Can you come in next Wednesday for a fitting?"

Remember, you may be an Escoffier of the Fountain of Youth and have a drink named after you!

THE END

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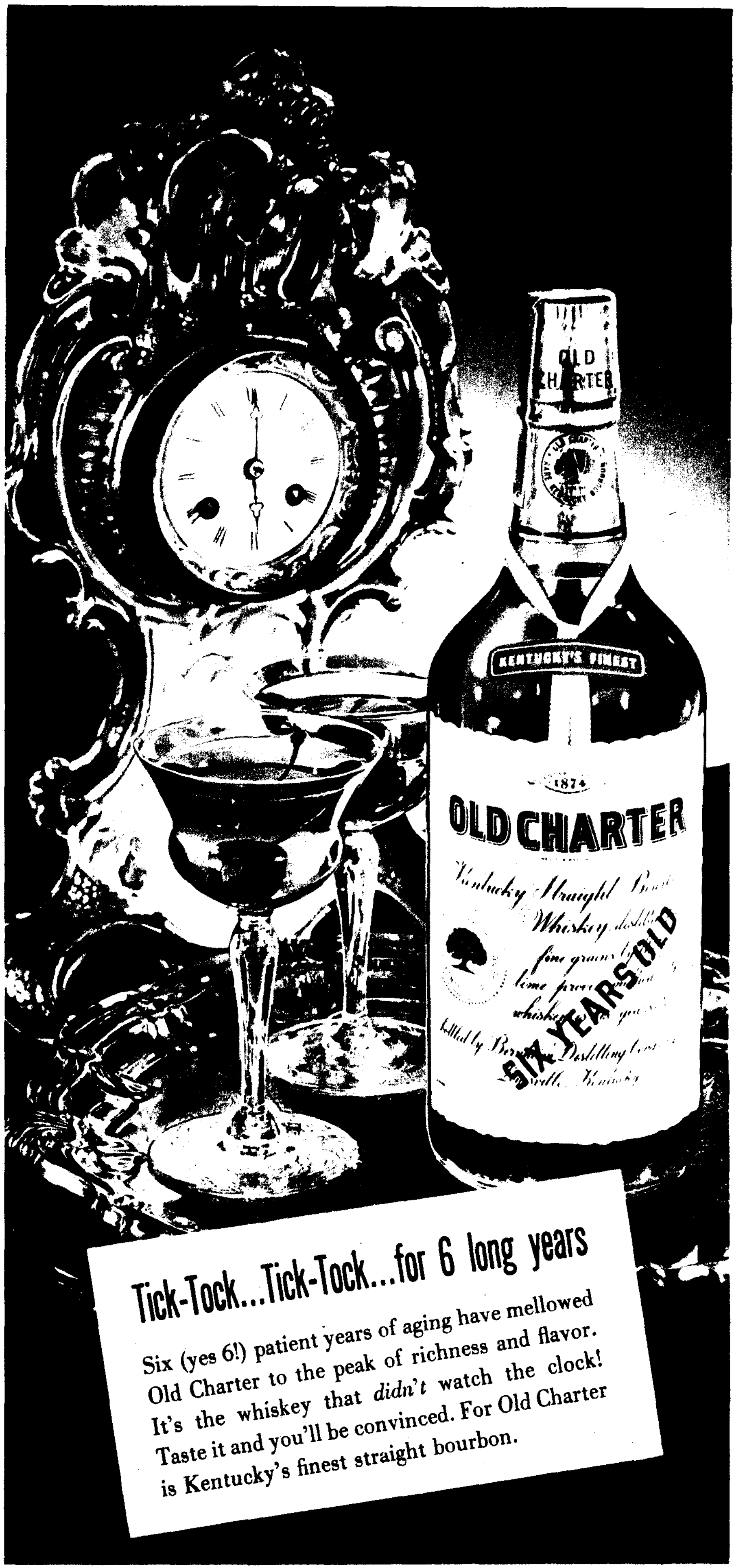

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TOO MUCH BRASS

Continued from page 13

of legislation. They have no right to operate as an organized pressure group."

Representative Hoffman was even more critical. "The job of the military," he said, "is to fight wars and to train and make plans when there isn't any fighting. But the military aren't satisfied with that; they are trying to take over the country. In my committee, we have had a great deal of trouble with generals and admirals. They are constantly sneaking around trying to find out who is going to testify on matters that we are investigating. Then they go to these witnesses and attempt to put pressure on them to change their testimony.

"Only the other day, a couple of officers tried to tell me I couldn't have a certain file on an officer who is being promoted in spite of a shabby record. We have evidence that this officer perpetrated a dishonorable deed; veterans who served under him gave us the facts. But the War Department said we couldn't have it.

"When we insisted, the Department then claimed the file couldn't be found. We asked who had gotten up the file, and the answer was, 'We don't know.' I finally got fed up and told them, 'You deliver that file by Monday morning or we will subpoena the Secretary of War, the General Staff and every other brass hat down the line until we get what we're after.' We got the file without further monkey business."

Questions Annoy the Military

Representative Reed gave voice to a complaint that is very general among members of Congress. "I particularly resent the attitude of the old-tie military toward Congress," he declared. "They merely tolerate us because we provide their appropriations. But when we want to know for what these huge sums are to be spent, they get very annoyed. Their whole attitude is that they are doing us a favor and that it's none of our business what they do with the money we provide.

"Another thing I emphatically do not like about the military is their propaganda in our home districts. We are flooded with letters from constituents writing that some general or admiral has told them this and that about some issue being considered by Congress. My answer to such letters is that it is Congress, and not generals and admirals, that makes the decisions on such matters."

Other Congressional leaders, while equally angry, were less outspoken. But from the record of the session it is clear that a deep-seated antipathy toward the military exists on Capitol Hill, and that if the world situation were not so menacing, the military would have come off a lot worse than they did.

As it was, they took a severe drubbing. Their appropriations were drastically reduced and, with the exception of the watered-down unification bill and a long overdue promotion-reform measure, their legislative program got nowhere. Universal military training, keystone of the program, was deliberately pigeonholed.

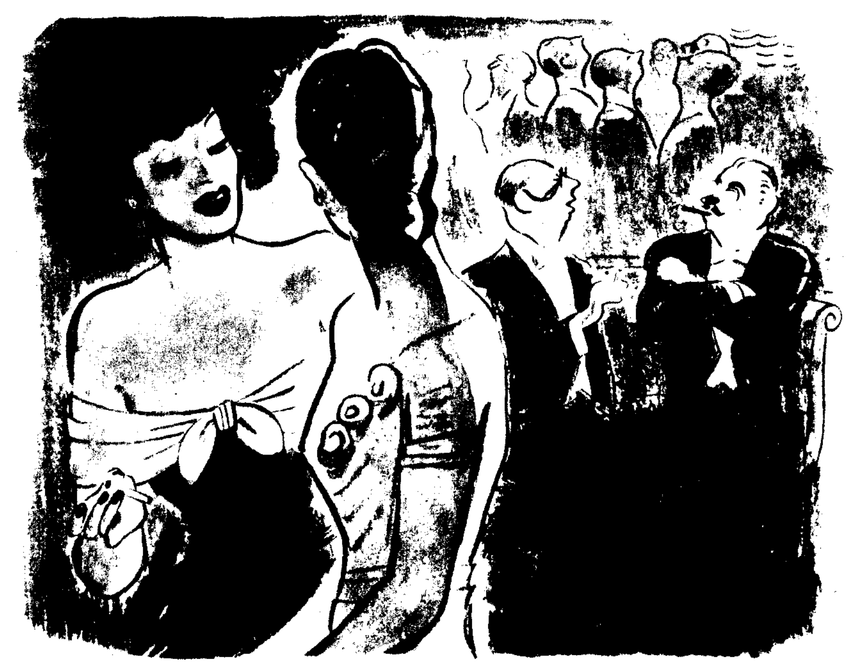
To sincere friends of the armed services this situation on Capitol Hill is extremely disquieting. It is very foreboding of what may happen in the future, particularly if and when the threat of war abates. If the attitude of the present Congress is a straw in the wind, then the Army and Navy face very rough going as peacetime organizations. By their methods and their operations in regard to policy matters, the military have forfeited much of the good will won by them during the war.

Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the universal military training muddle. Numerous national and local polls have repeatedly shown majority support for this measure. Yet, today, it is no nearer adoption than when it was introduced in Congress nearly three years ago.

The failure of this vital defense bill to be enacted is due in a large measure to the military themselves because they have supplied some of the most powerful opposition ammunition.

A graphic instance was the dissipation of the effectiveness of the powerful report in favor of universal military training by the President's Civilian Committee. The committee, made up of distinguished educators, clergymen and other leaders, was unqualified in its endorsement of the need and value of UMT. The report was the single most influential declaration for UMT. It made a tremendous impression both on the country at large and on Capitol Hill.

The obvious cue for the War Department, after the publication of this civilian report, was to follow it up aggressively with other civilian backing, of which there is abundance in the country. Instead, the first thing the War Department



COLLIER'S "They won't be such good friends after they find out neither ever heard of the other" GARRETT PRICE

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did was to unleash a swarm of generals to harangue the populace with ghosted speeches. Generals no one had ever heard of outside of Army circles took to the forum and the air with ponderous generalities that convinced no one of anything.

Apparently, it never occurred to the military that generals are supposed to be in favor of military training. Or that they have a direct personal interest in the matter. The more men under arms, the more wartime generals will keep their jobs.

But the alert opposition didn't miss these points, or the opportunity to make the most of them. The speeches were a godsend to UMT foes. It enabled them to shift public attention from the civilian report to the military and give substance to the charge that the military is "attempting to obtain control of our youth." The result was a counterbarrage of statements and declarations that cracked around the heads of the military like drumfire.

The Case of Central Intelligence

Another striking example is the history of the protracted effort to establish a permanent Central Intelligence service. The crucial need for a unified Intelligence organizations in these ominous times is readily conceded on all sides. Such an agency has been urgently advocated by all the civilian and military chiefs of the War, Navy and State Departments since 1945. Yet the proposal languished apathetically in committees in Congress. The underlying reason for this dangerous procrastination was opposition to military control of the proposed agency.

This attitude was voiced by Representative William Jennings Bryan Dorn, South Carolina, in an executive meeting of the Expenditures in the Executive Departments Committee. A general was testifying on the budget of the Central Intelligence Group, a War Department agency. The general stressed the need for adequate funds to ensure effective Intelligence functioning.

Dorn, an AAF enlisted veteran who fought in the Battle of the Bulge, heartily agreed with that. But he hotly challenged the competence of the military to direct a unified Intelligence system.

"We got plenty of information about the enemy down in the lines," Dorn told the general. "But you generals up above never did anything with it. We knew the Germans were going to attack, but you did nothing about it. That's why there was a Battle of the Bulge."

So the essential defense measure continued to gather dust in chary committees. Representative Hoffman's committee finally settled the matter by literally booting the military out of the way—and out of control. The committee wrote a provision into the bill expressly requiring that the director of the unified Intelligence service must be a civilian appointed by the President. And to further guard against military officiousness, the committee also added a provision prohibiting the agency from exercising police or internal security powers.

Thus, stripped largely of its militaristic features, the plan finally was approved by Congress in the last days of the recent session.

A number of government agencies have had acrimonious undercover collisions with the military. Chief among these is the State Department. Since the incumbency of Secretary Marshall, working relations between State and the military have appreciably improved. The brass respectfully keep their distance with the former Chief of Staff. But under former Secretary James Byrnes, relations between the State Department and the military repeatedly verged on open warfare.

One instance was the announcement by the Army Air Forces of plans for a world-girdling flight by a squadron of B-29s. The provocative project was proclaimed at a time when Byrnes was engaged in delicate negotiations at a Foreign Ministers conference in Paris. Without even troubling to inform the State Department, the AAF blandly announced the scheme at a big Pentagon press conference.

Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson was furious. He blistered the military privately, and publicly made it clear that the AAF had another think coming. They hastily dropped their grandiose adventure and nothing has been heard of it since.

The oldest naval officer on active duty, Admiral William D. Leahy today is not only one of the most potent military figures in Washington, but he also wields influence in the personal counsels of President Truman on a wide range of subjects, particularly foreign affairs. Under Roosevelt, Leahy was no more than a liaison officer between the White House and the military. That is his true function as Chief of Staff to the President, a wartime-created job.

But under Truman, Leahy has become one of the President's most trusted personal advisers. The onetime ambassador to Vichy accompanies the President on practically all his official trips, and is an invariable guest at intimate gatherings, particularly on the Presidential yacht.

Leahy is also credited with being largely responsible for the President's insistence that the U.S. sell arms to Latin America. Byrnes and Acheson opposed this on the ground it would lead to an armaments race. But Leahy persuaded Truman to press the matter on Congress. It failed to act, however, despite a special message and several speeches by Truman on the matter.

Leahy affects a forbidding aloofness toward newspapermen in general. But privately, he maintains close ties with several correspondents who specialize in foreign affairs. During the period last year when relations between Byrnes and Truman were strained, friends of the former charged Leahy with instigating some of the news accounts.

Immediately after Byrnes' return from the Foreign Ministers conference in Moscow, Truman summoned him to the White House yacht. On the ship, Byrnes encountered Leahy, who demanded, "Jimmy, what are you trying to do, appease those Russians? You're being too easy with them. The thing to do is to take no foolishness from them."

Byrnes bluntly retorted that he was Secretary of State, and he would let the aged sea dog know when his advice was wanted.

One thing that kept relations between the State Department and the military on edge was the persistent airing by some military figures of opinions and judgments on delicate foreign situations. Such conduct is not only contrary to U.S. tradition and deep-rooted sentiment, but also to military statutes. Army regulations specifically prohibit military meddling in public affairs.

"The bathroom was too small for the tub, so we made it into a shower"

COLLIER'S CARL HARRIS

Army Regulations 600-700 states: "Members of the Army of the United States usually appear before the public in an official or semiofficial capacity and so contribute to the impression formed by the public. Consequently, care will be taken to differentiate between personal ideas and opinions, and official plans and purposes. Furthermore, their military status limits the extent to which members of the Army may, with propriety, make public pronouncements on political, diplomatic, legislative, administrative measures, and on matters the treatment of which tends to prejudice discipline, to involve superior officers in controversy, to interpret official publications, or to define military procedure."

Despite this express prohibition, brass hats have sounded off on policies and problems of critical national moment. A recent case was a speech made by General Mark W. Clark, at Fort Lewis, Washington, following his assumption of command of the Sixth Army. Addressing the massed troops over a loudspeaker system, Clark declared, "We are not able to see eye to eye with Soviet forces," and demanded a tough policy in dealing with them.

Douglass Welch, staff correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, reporting the speech in a two-column front-page story, stated, "Clark's frankness startled even newspapermen."

Unquestionably, Clark has abundant grounds for feeling as he does. Also, there can be no argument on the accuracy of his charges against the Soviets. But that isn't the point.

Clark is an Army officer; a senior commander of four-star rank. As such, it is not his province to make speeches against a nation with which the United States is nominally at peace. That would have been unheard and unthought of a few years ago. It is contrary to all American tradition and practices, as well as being expressly prohibited by regulations. Were an Army or Navy officer of lesser rank to disregard his obligations in such a manner, he would be subject to court-martial action.

Further, as an officer, it is Clark's duty to enforce regulations and orders. It is questionable whether the disregard of mandates by a senior officer is conducive to discipline in lower echelons. Every military manual stresses the necessity of officers setting an example by meticulous obedience to orders.

Apparently some of the military have resorted to stratagems to safeguard themselves against challenge. These have been transparent devices, but at least they have indicated an awareness of the proprieties and regulations. The most common of these dodges is the trite introductory remark, "I am voicing only my own personal opinions and not the official views of the War Department."

Lieutenant General J. Lawton Collins, as head of the Public Relations Division of the War Department, used this dissimulation in a talk in which he lectured a civilian audience on the role that the military must have in the conduct of the nation's foreign affairs.

It was in this speech that Collins startled his listeners by observing, "Now let us look briefly at the world situation as the War Department sees it today." The gallant former commander of the V Corps was baffled by the grins of his audience. It never occurred to him that he had mocked his own words in first announcing he was not talking as a War Department spokesman and then declaring that he would present the War Department's views.

Marine Corps Spokesman Starts Something

During the hearings last winter on the armed forces unification bill, General A. A. Vandegrift, Marine Corps commandant, prepared a 24-page statement that he proposed to make before the Senate Armed Forces Committee. The measure was a compromise worked out by the War and Navy Departments after they had clawed each other to a standstill in an unseemly cat-and-dog fight on the original far-reaching merger bill. As part of the compromise, both departments agreed to give it full support. It was under this act that Vandegrift, an obdurate foe of unification, submitted his lengthy, and highly critical, opus to Navy Secretary James Forrestal.

Forrestal whittled the statement down to six pages. Among his deletions was an angry charge that the Army had a secret plan, in effect, to scuttle the Marine Corps if the unification bill went through.

Vandegrift delivered his statement as edited by Forrestal. But the Marine "underground" had carefully primed members of the Senate committee on what had been deleted from Vandegrift's statement. And when he finished making his innocuous declaration, the senators asked questions which enabled Vandegrift to make the provocative accusations against the Army that his superiors had censored.

The result was front-page headlines in every newspaper in the country, followed by numerous editorials criticizing the President, Forrestal and others for not enforcing unity among the brass hats on this long-stymied vital defense reform. On Capitol Hill, the legislation was again thrown into jeopardy that was overcome only by the utmost effort.

The nation is justly proud of every component of its military forces. From George Washington on down, many have been elevated to the highest public offices. But always it has been as civilians and not as generals or admirals.

Throughout the nation's history, it has always hotly resented and resisted any manifestation of military meddling in public affairs. The Constitution expressly provides for civilian rule, and by tradition and breeding that is the American way of life. In all the turbulent eras of U.S. history, there has never been a man on horseback.

These are perilous and uncertain times. Our armed forces must be strong and alert. Above all, we must have competent military leaders in whom the nation has the utmost confidence.

There are admirals and generals who, by their perverse disregard of the national way of life and regulations, are undermining that essential confidence and directly impairing the strength of our military establishment. These brass hats are doing the nation a great disservice in many ways.

THE END

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HOUSE PAINT

The "Dutch Boy" is Stepping Out with his New Blended Paint

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And a colorful step it is . . . bringing you the famous "Dutch Boy" quality in lovely, sparkling *Tints* and gay, glossy *Trim Colors* as well as a dazzling *Bright White.*

Each is specially *blended* by the Boy in the Blue Overalls to *stay* beauty-bright . . . to *keep* your home looking right.

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The "Dutch Boy" has never dipped his brush into higher quality paint. It is the result of over 30 years of continuous, outdoor paint tests . . . the longest research project of its kind.

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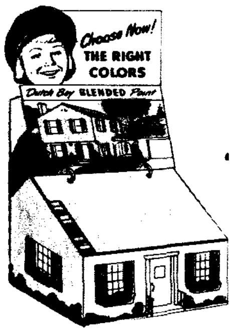

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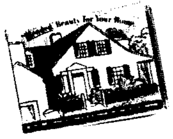
Here's a handy way to preview your home's new color scheme. At your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's try different colors on this miniature-house display. Choose from combinations of brilliant White, fresh Tints, and distinctive Sash and Trim Colors.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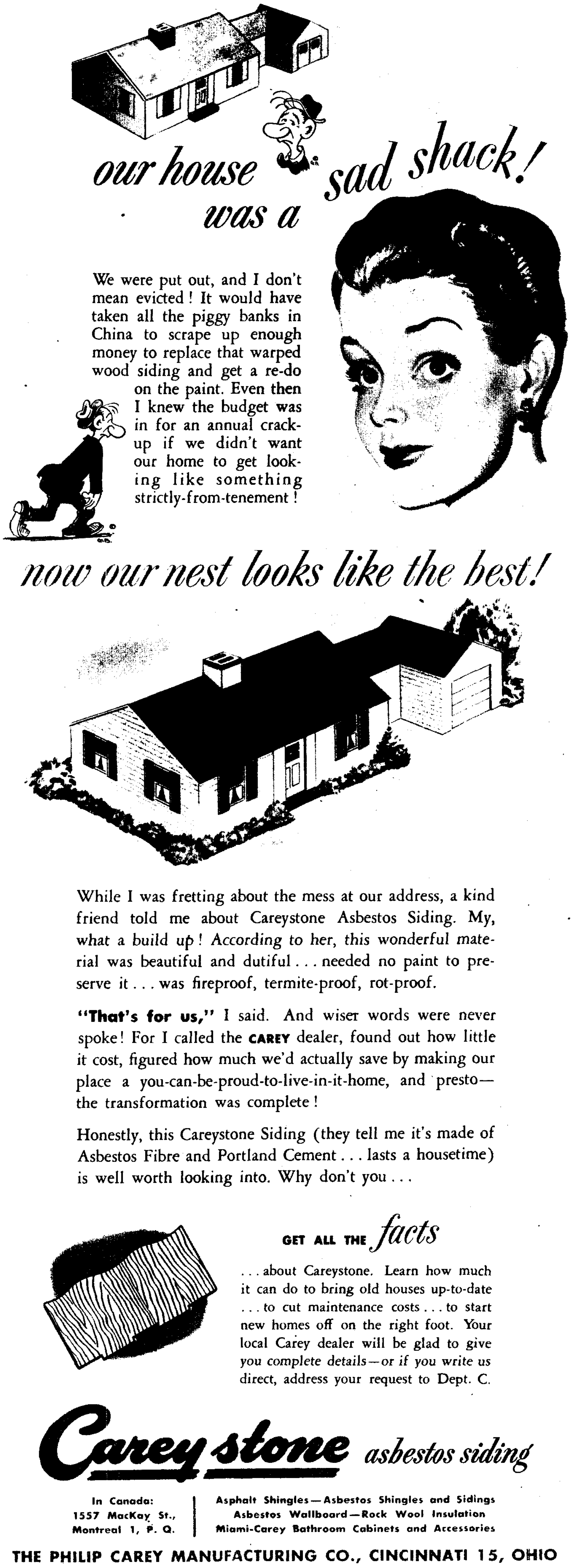
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MAN HUNT IN MOPANG

Continued from page 26

entire game-warden personnel, including young Tom Corn of Mopang County, had been called into the hunt. It was this last item which had claimed the interest of the one-eyed poacher, moving him deeply. A forest from which game wardens had been amputated was a blueprint of paradise. Such luck seemed like compensation for a life of poverty and hardship. Scarcely able to believe his ears, he checked with the storekeeper.

"So they ain't overtook this Creeper Conway yet?"

"That's what the fellow just said," Sim said. "Maybe them two bloodhounds'll help."

"Too much water in this country to work a bloodhound good—except on deer an' moose."

"There's a law against that."

Ignoring the storekeeper's reproof, the one-eyed poacher proceeded to his final point. "Did the radio say thet the game wardens—includin' Tom Corn—was huntin', too?"

"You heard the man," Sim said. "I saw Tom Corn go by at daylight, this mornin'. Jumbo Tethergood said Tom was goin' to the Junction for the bloodhounds."

It was true! For once in his persecuted life, thought Jeff, he and Zack Bourne, comrades of the jack light, the demijohn and the jailhouse, would have a free field, and already the small bucks were fat on the spring meadow grass along the headwaters.

THE one-eyed poacher's future lay clear. He would proceed at once to Zack's cabin up the lake, lure Zack away from his devout and law-abiding wife, Sarah, and together they would set forth into the forest to feast upon wild meat, as the Lord had intended they should.

Jeff could not depart without a word of sympathy for the fugitive, who, unwittingly, had done him such a splendid turn. "That poor Creeper Conway," he said to the storekeeper. "All them state policers, an' mounties from over the border, an' bloodhounds, and now game wardens, too, after him. I feel sorry for him."

"How do you feel," Sim asked, "about the man he killed in the car on the highway, two weeks ago?"

"Don't feel nothin' about him. I never knew him. Now, Sim, if you'll jest sell me a few supplies, I'll be on my way."

"Your credit's a mighty skimpy thing, old-timer."

Glowering, the one-eyed poacher drew himself tall. "You can charge 'em against my check," he said, "when it comes."

The storekeeper sighed, and gave in. The Coongate financial dealings were as erratic and uncertain as a beetle on a hot stove. Jeff concluded his list of supplies. "An', yes, I might's well take them two bottles of Dark Hazard rum. I'm goin' up to visit Zack Bourne, an' Zack likes to take a swallow before meals, or after."

"What'll Sarah have to say about it?"

"I ain't come to that, yet."

Jeff stowed his provisions in his frayed knapsack, picked up his rifle, and departed. At seventy, he was tall, erect, and long-striding—a magnificent figure of a man, nimble of wit and foot. . . .

Now, under the dripping cedar, he recollected that at several points along the trail toward Zack's cabin he had sampled the Dark Hazard. He had enjoyed solitary high tea at Leadmine Cove, and an exclusive party at Caribou Rock. Opposite Genius Island, the cold spring rain had overtaken him. He had warded off the chill to the extent of four bobs of his Adam's apple, and had advanced through the storm, singing in fine voice, and kicking the puddles dry, till drowsiness fell upon him, and he had crawled under the cedar to rest.

Having brought himself up to date, Jeff cautiously turned his mind to the kissing sensation. The businesslike approach of the kisser, whether real or imaginary, caused the back of Jeff's neck to tingle. Warily, Jeff turned around. He was not alone.

On similar awakenings in the past, the one-eyed poacher had seen a variety of horrid hallucinations, such as large reproachful trout, and falcons perching on his wrists, but never had he seen anything beautiful, lonely and lovable, like the hound which was now laving his cheek with a tongue as limp and slippery as a wet moccasin.

"It ain't possible," Jeff muttered. "It'll disappear."

But the hound, far from disappearing, turned his massive head, and sniffed. Jeff gasped in astonished sympathy and affection. It couldn't be true! It was just a trick, like those other times. The hound, like Thomas Jefferson Coongate, had but one eye!

Jeff clasped the hound. "Sweetheart," he said, "we're made for each other. I'm goin' to name you Zibe, after my first deer dog that a warden shot forty year ago in cold blood for runnin' a moose to water."

The hound snuffled moistly against Jeff's shirt collar, and sighed like a seal blowing. The one-eyed poacher had never seen such wonderful ears. They were over a foot long, and velvet to the touch. Jeff shook his own head violently. This rendezvous in the forest could not be real, he thought. But while it lasted, he intended to make the most of it.

"You pertected me in my sleep," he said to Zibe. "We will hunt together, long's we live. You want to smell a buck track, Zibe? You come along with me."

On the last, rainy mile to Zack Bourne's cabin, Jeff conducted small experiments to determine Zibe's reality. At the Chancery Portage trail, he held a doughnut in his hand, and called Zibe. The doughnut vanished, but Zibe remained, his tail batting the brush. Several times, Jeff stopped short in the trail, and whirled suddenly. Always Zibe stood there, his one eye watery with trust and adoration. But the acid test came at Zack Bourne's cabin door.

JEFF entered without knocking, took off his dripping hat, and shut the door squarely in Zibe's face. Sarah Bourne had just lighted the lamp, and, at sight of Jeff, her face clouded. No good would come of this marauder's visit. To Sarah, Jeff Coongate was an ill omen, bringing only catastrophe. Even now, he and Zack were greeting each other with loud roars, and an exchange of welcoming blows.

"Jeff! It's you. My, I been lonesome to see your ole face," said Zack.

"Why, dang your empty soul, Zack! It's been months since we had a feed of venison! You know what's happened? All the wardens—"

"I knowed it!" said Zack. "Knowed you'd come, if you heard what me an' Sarah heard over our radio about Tom Corn, an' all of 'em, up here huntin' the murderer. I says so to Sarah, didn't I, Sarah?"

Blinking unhappily, Sarah said, "You told me Jeff Coongate would be here."

Sarah was interrupted by a sound, which, through the bottom crack of the cabin door, sounded like a giant clearing his throat. This was followed by the raking of toenails on wood.

Zack jumped for the deer horns where his rifle hung. Sarah blanched.

"The murderer!" she said.

Jeff Coongate's one eye rolled in grateful relief. Zibe, beyond all doubt, was real.

"That ain't no murderer, Sarah," he

said, soothingly. "That's my hound, Zibe. I ain't had him long." He flung open the door, and Zibe solemnly trotted in.

"Ain't he a lovely animal?" Jeff said proudly. "He come to me, whilst I lay sick with indigestion under a tree. He tended me, an' guarded me. We took to each other right away."

It seemed to Jeff that he was not getting a proper response from Zack and Sarah. They exchanged anxious looks.

"Jeff Coongate!" Sarah said. "There is a brutal murderer at large, and you have deliberately stolen the state's bloodhound!"

Jeff's one eye narrowed. The state's bloodhound! This was the trick, which, all along, he had suspected would be sprung on him. You build up a pure love, he thought, and they take it away from you, and you are lonesomer than ever.

"You can't steal a dog that ain't got no collar," he said defiantly. "That dog's a maverick, like. Belongs to the first man as claims him."

"But he's a bloodhound!" Sarah said. "And the radio said not half an hour ago, that one of the hounds slipped his collar and got loose in this section."

"Zibe come to me his own self, cold an' miserable in the rain," said Jeff. "I don't allow that he's the missin' hound, an' I got plans for him, my own self. The state's got another hound, an' beyond that, you can't work a hound good in all this rain—except maybe on a good fresh deer track. Hey, Zack?"

Zack remained glumly silent. Sarah didn't. "Jeff Coongate," she said, "people are out searching for that dog."

"It's a fact," said Zack. "It come over the radio."

"Searchin' for Zibe, are they? Searchin' for my hound? In that case," said Jeff, "I'll jest tuck him away in the spare bedroom. I'll need a dry blanket to cover him, Sarah. Zibe's had a hard day."

With Zibe concealed in the spare room, a pall of anxious waiting hung over the cabin. To ease things, Jeff brought out his remaining bottle of Dark Hazard rum, and Sarah resigned herself to prospects of a dangerous evening.

Presently, her husband and her uninvited guest began relating past experiences in law-defiance, some true, some fanciful. They spoke of illegal moose hunts, of venison gravy in May, of salmon speared in posted waters by torchlight. As the Dark Hazard loosed its havoc, their heads drew close in friendship, conspiracy, and the vast confidence of rum. They devised imaginary tortures for imaginary game wardens, such as staking them without clothes on anthills.

Sarah had listened before to these fantastic plots, none of which had ever seen fruition. But against the possible day, she offered silent prayer: "Dear Lord, forgive Zack for coming under the evil spell of Mr. Coongate. And please, Lord, remove Mr. Coongate from my midst, and his stolen hound, too, and bring the murderer in these parts to justice, so that we may sleep again."

Now, through the roar of the rain on the cabin roof, Jeff Coongate heard footsteps in the mud outside, and a hail from the darkness.

"The law has arrived," he said casually to Zack.

ZACK opened the door to admit two game wardens and a gentleman from the Northwest Mounted. As always, in the presence of game wardens, the one-eyed poacher was at his histrionic best. It was simply by way of maintaining the dignity of his caste.

The leader of the wardens was young Tom Corn. Even though soaked to the nether parts of his clothes, Tom seemed crisp, quick, and canny. He was blond, and nicely knit to a compact one hundred and ninety pounds. But the old woodsman stood a head taller, as, in distantly mutual respect, they gazed at each other.

"We're looking primarily for the murderer," said Tom, moving toward the comforting warmth of the stove, "but we've also lost a bloodhound."

"Your busy day," said Jeff, with seamy solicitude. "Have a swallow of Dark Hazard, an' forget your troubles."

Warden Corn disdained so much as a glance at the bottle. "This hound," he said, "comes to the name of Jep. He might have wandered up here."

Jeff managed to look meekly co-operative. "Don't remember a hound by that name," he said, "but I never forget a face."

"Jep's got only one eye," Tom said.

"Poor feller. How'd he lose it?"

Sarah Bourne appeared on the verge of collapse and revelation. Zack stared hard at the empty wood box.

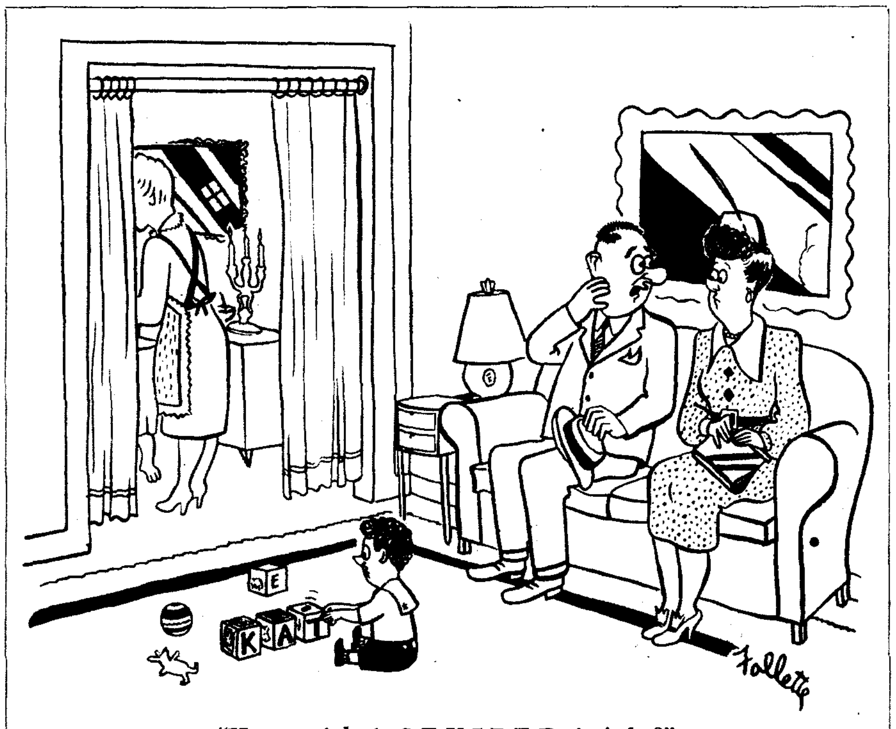
"I didn't hear how he lost the eye," said the warden, holding his hands to the stove.

"I should think," said Jeff, "that the other bloodhound would be enough."

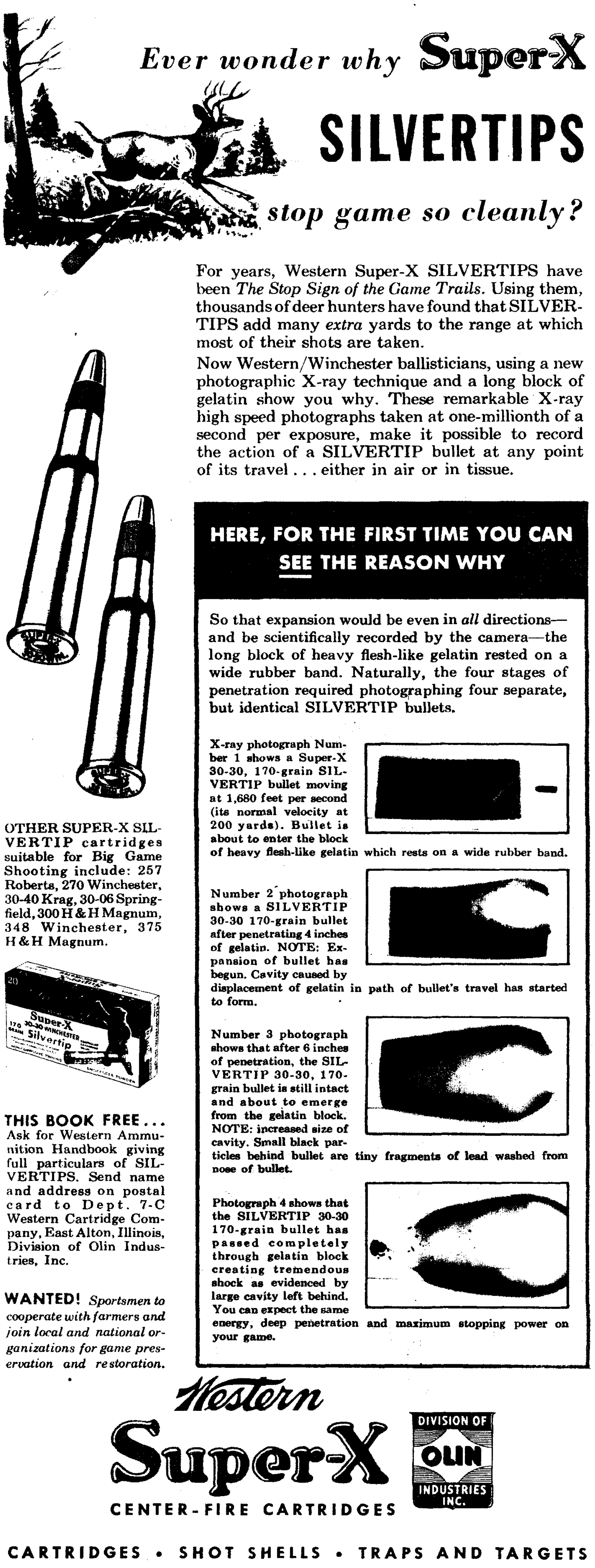
"He got caught in a bear trap."

"Then why can't you fellers track this Creeper Conway by your own selves? If you could track a moose in wet sand, you'd've had him a week ago."

Tom turned. "Jeff," he said cannily, "there aren't many left that can track



COLLIER'S "He certainly is S-T-U-I-P-E-D, isn't he?" LEW FOLLETTE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Number 2 photograph shows a SILVERTIP 30-30 170-grain bullet after penetrating 4 inches of gelatin. NOTE: Expansion of bullet has begun. Cavity caused by displacement of gelatin in path of bullet's travel has started to form.

Number 3 photograph shows that after 6 inches of penetration, the SILVERTIP 30-30, 170-grain bullet is still intact and about to emerge from the gelatin block. NOTE: increased size of cavity. Small black particles behind bullet are tiny fragments of lead washed from nose of bullet.

Photograph 4 shows that the SILVERTIP 30-30 170-grain bullet has passed completely through gelatin block creating tremendous shock as evidenced by large cavity left behind. You can expect the same energy, deep penetration and maximum stopping power on your game.

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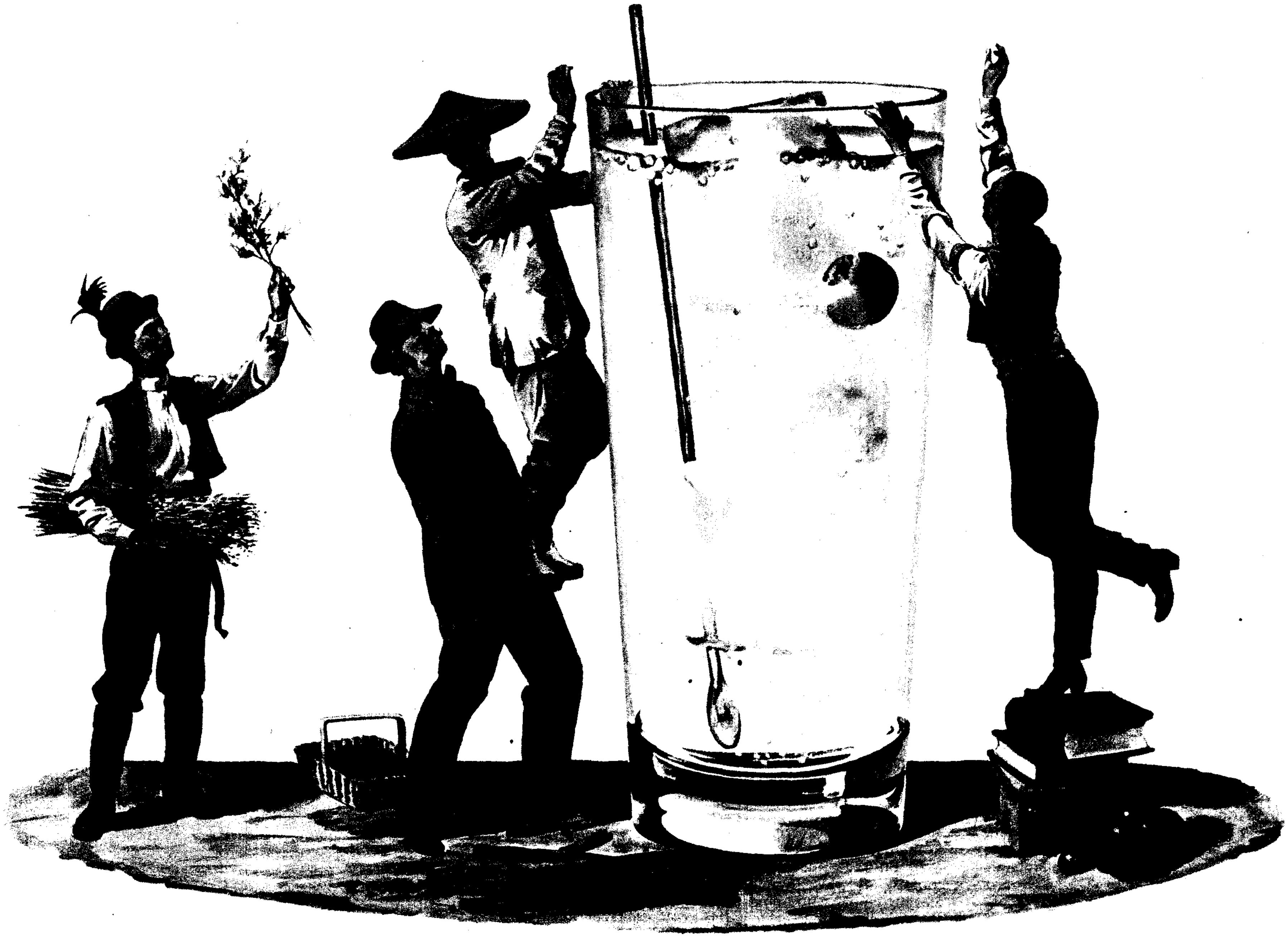
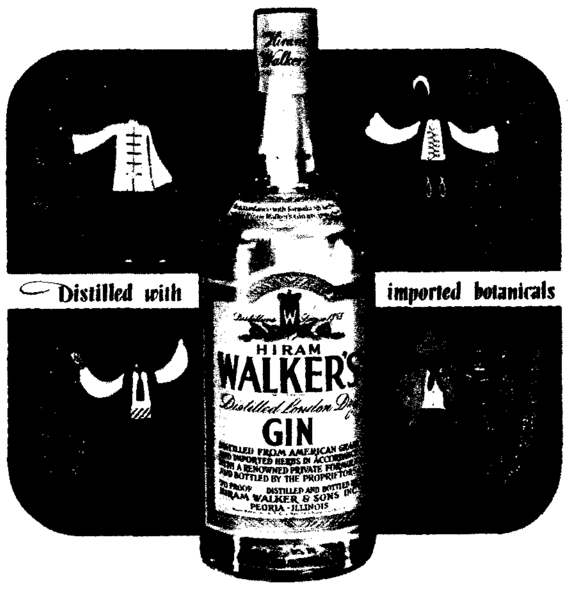


The Imported Botanicals they grow start a Tom Collins off right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GIN

like you. If we had you, it might be a lot easier."

Gazing haughtily at the three visitors, Jeff said, "I am otherwise occupied."

"Sure, Jeff," said Tom. "I know. We're intent on catching a killer. That leaves you and Zack a free field. I'll be seeing you around. And if you happen across that bloodhound, just get in touch."

"Glad to be of any small service," said Jeff, his voice like pure sirup.

Suddenly seeing a way out, Sarah said to the visitors: "Won't you stay the night with us? We have vittles—an' a spare room."

Irresistibly reveling in the suspense, and relishing the dread in Zack's eyes, Jeff joined with Sarah for a hair-raising moment. "Nice, comfortable room Sarah's got here," he said. "Two could sleep in the bed, an' one on the rug. Warm, an' dry."

"Thanks," said Tom, "but we're on our way."

When they had departed, Sarah took up her knitting, too frightened for speech.

THE latest newscast merely corroborated what they already knew. One of the bloodhounds had slipped his collar and got lost; the other had been caught in a trap; the rain had impeded the search; and the murderer was still at large in the district northwest of Mopang Lake.

"I know every brook an' branch in that country," said Jeff.

"You ought to," said Zack. "You spent your whole, dismal life there."

"Shame to you both!" said Sarah.

"I think," said Jeff, "that I'll jest give Zibe a bite to eat. Any of that canned venison left, Zack? I want him to have the best."

During the next two days of rain, Jeff's conscience grew as slowly, but as resplendently, as a pearl in an oyster. He had trouble sleeping, and sought comfort in nocturnal confidences with Zibe, who lay upon the bed beside him.

"Sweetheart," Jeff said one night, "I got to leave you for a day or two. I got to go an' search out that murderer."

At this threat of parting, Zibe moaned and thrust his slippery nose against the old woodsman's cheek.

"The radio said last night," Jeff patiently explained to Zibe, "that two wardens and a mounty hadn't been heard from in two days. I ought to let 'em suffer, but I got to go, Zibe. You stay true, an' don't wag at ole Zack. I don't trust him."

The next morning Jeff stalked restlessly about the house. Zack thought he recognized the signs.

"Goin' to let Zibe loose on a deer track?" he asked.

Jeff turned, glaring. "Turn my dog out in this rain? You think I'm cruel to animals? I'm goin' out there, my own self."

"What?"

"I'm goin' to find them wardens, an' maybe Creeper Conway, too."

"If you let Zibe loose, he might jest happen to pick up a scent an' lead you right to 'em."

"No," said Jeff. "If I find 'em myself, it lets Zibe out of the whole deal. I love Zibe, an' aim to keep him. If I, personal, find the wardens an' this murderer, too, what use they got for Zibe any more? It follows that Zibe will then be mine."

The old outlaw of Mopang Forest said goodby to Zibe, took his rifle, and his knapsack, and struck out into the rain. From the radio reports, he knew that in a general way, his destination was the Golroy River district, rugged, densely forested, remote. The storm had obliterated most of the signs, but he picked up a few: drenched, blackened coals of a fire, broken twigs showing fresh, white ends, and finally, when he was sixteen miles from Zack's cabin, the paper covering of a roll of bandage.

"One of 'em must've got hurt," he muttered, and, as a matter of policy, hoped that it was one of the wardens.

It turned out to be the mounty, however, when Jeff stepped around a boulder an hour later and saw the posse's fire. The mounty lay half asleep against a log, his right leg in a crude splint and bandaged to the knee. Tom Corn sat in the shadows beyond the fire, the light gleaming restlessly on his rifle barrel.

"Howdy, Tom," said Jeff. "Campin' out?"

The warden was on his feet like a shot, his rifle leveled. When he recognized his visitor, he lowered the gun, and said, "Howdy, Jeff."

"Where's the other warden? Git homesick?"

"I sent him away this noon, to try to get out, and get some grub to us. We ran out day before yesterday."

"Oh," said the one-eyed poacher, elaborately taking a cold pork sandwich from his knapsack. "Hungry?"

The mounty and Tom Corn stared longingly at the sandwich. Jeff sat on a cold stone and munched delicately, and with relish.

"What happened to you?" he asked the mounty.

"Fell. Broke my ankle, I think."

Jeff flipped crumbs from his mustache. "Too bad. Seen anything of Creeper Conway? I come to help you boys out."

"Yes," said Tom. "Right here is his last sign. Our fire is on top of the last one he built—maybe yesterday. By the way, you heard or seen anything of that lost bloodhound?"

"Nope, Tom. Not a thing. You won't need him, not with me along to do your tracking."

"That . . . just . . . might . . . be," said Tom, swallowing as he eyed the last crust of sandwich disappear into Jeff's mouth. "We found one of Conway's moccasins here, worn out. One foot will be bare."

"Well, Tom, if you'll jest be quiet now, so I can get a wink of sleep, I'll catch your man in the morning."

The young warden smiled. The old-timer's boast, superior as it sounded, might just come true. Tom watched Jeff settle his huge, catlike form around a root. The old poacher was instantly asleep. He was at home, thought Tom, anywhere in the woods. Root for a pillow. Rain meant nothing, cold less. And that tantalizing trick of his with the pork sandwich was just like him; he was an actor beyond everything.

The thought of the sandwich made the warden's throat contract. He glanced in the dying firelight at Jeff's knapsack. It bulged attractively. And even as he watched, old Jeff's hand fell lovingly, and protectively, across the sack.

A SOFT footfall broke the stillness. Tom dropped a hand on his rifle. Jeff was instantly alert. Both men turned their faces toward the black forest at the moment a sad-faced but seemingly happy bloodhound trotted toward the fire.

The bloodhound was Zibe!

The mounty, too, had awakened. "There's our hound," he said.

"Here, Jep! Here!" said Tom Corn. Tom couldn't believe such luck. With Conway's castoff moccasin, and the rain stopping, Jep would surely run Creeper Conway to earth. "Here, Jep! Here, boy!"

It was just as well that in the dim light neither the warden nor the mounty could see the look of righteous malevolence in Jeff's eye. Zack and Sarah had double-crossed him! Zack, softened and corroded by marriage, had been prevailed upon to let Zibe loose. Together, you might say, they had robbed him of his one friend.

"Well, Jeff," said Tom, "it looks as though Jep had made your acquaintance."

The one-eyed poacher cringed and

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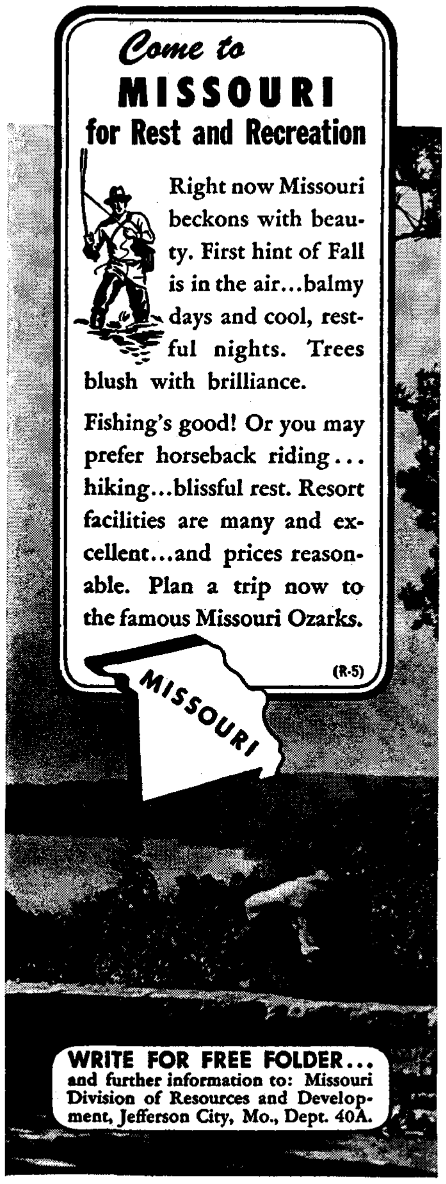
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glowered, as Zibe cavorted about him. "Go away, dog! I'm sleepin'."

Zibe stopped, perplexed. "Warden Corn," said Jeff. "Call off this monster. He's lappin' my face."

"He does seem extra friendly," said Tom, exchanging a wink with the mounty. The answer to the missing bloodhound was now clear to both men.

"Pat him, Jeff. Just be kind to him," Tom said. "He might not stray any more."

"He trusts you, Jeff," said the mounty.

Zibe playfully caressed the embarrassed poacher with a muddy paw.

"He wants to play," said Tom.

"Then let him play with you fellers. I don't aim to sleep with no strange dog."

But it was obvious that the dog and the old man were not strangers. Jeff gave up all pretense.

IN THE first light of day, Tom Corn's stomach was a vacuum, and he awoke to find Jeff and Zibe sound asleep in each other's arms. It was a sight which, under ordinary circumstances would have been touching.

"I could eat a photograph of a load of hay," groaned the mounty.

Tom said, "I could do with an old skull stuffed with bugs. Let's wake up Jeff an' see if he'll give us a sandwich."

They woke the one-eyed poacher and pleaded that they had been three days without food, and that it was unnatural of him not to share with them. In fact, it was criminally unmerciful.

Jeff Coongate yawned and stretched. He smiled in a manner commensurate with high sacrifice and self-esteem.

"I have shared," he said. "I have given all. I have fed your danged old bloodhound till he's all podded out."

Zibe leaned worshipfully against Jeff Coongate's leg. There was a moment of silence, and then the one-eyed poacher played the sweetest revenge card of his career. "Boys," he said, "how would you like a loin steak of venison, salted an' peppered, an' broiled right over this fire? I might be able to find a little water cress to go with it, though it's early for cress. I got a junk of pork—Zibe couldn't quite finish it—to make a little gravy out of . . ."

"Shut up!" the mounty croaked.

"'Course," said Jeff, "I realize it's only late May, an' the law's on deer, but still an' all . . . There ain't a trout brook within ten mile of here, even if we had a fishline, or a bit of dynamite an' fuse."

The mounty looked pleadingly at the warden. The warden scratched his head. Jeff Coongate had him backed to the wall; Tom swallowed painfully. His stomach now seemed full of old tennis balls. But then he thought of Creeper Conway's moccasin.

"Go ahead, Jeff," Tom said. "Get a deer."

"I have your permission, Warden? An' can I take Jep, an' dog this deer? It would be quicker."

Tom played beaten. He hung his head. "Take the dog," he said meekly. "Get the deer back here soon. We can't hold out much longer."

"Very well," said Jeff. "I shall obey your orders, Warden Corn. An' I hate to think of what people will say."

Jeff went down to a spring to drink, and while he was gone, Tom Corn rubbed the bloodhound's nose with the escaped murderer's moccasin. He rubbed it deeply, and thoroughly. "There, you mutt!" he said. "You've been in bad company, and you're going to be in worse, if you can remember the smell of that moccasin."

Jeff returned cheerfully from the spring. He caught up his rifle, and examined the breech. "Come, Jep," he said. "Come along with ole Jeff Coongate, an' see life in the woods."

Jep went slowly. He whimpered in a strange way. "Did I feed you too much?" asked Jeff, as they went along in the forest. "Here, here, Jep. Here's a buck track made after the rain. It's hot, Jep. A little buck. Jest right for us to feed off of. Drive him to water, an' I'll do the rest."

But Jep, it seemed, had other ideas. He bore away from the deer track, snuffling and rapt in the mysterious obsession of a strong scent. He began to run, and Jeff had difficulty in keeping pace.

It was nearly noon, when both Jep and his master were sweat-drenched and tired, that Jep began to sound the call of a chase near end. "A-roop, a-roop" he went.

A short time later, the one-eyed poacher saw the track of a bare foot. That moccasin! Tom Corn had tricked him! Ahead of him the fugitive came into view, climbing a tree. Below the tree, Jep danced and loudly and triumphantly a-rooped. Jeff saw the man draw an automatic from his pocket, and level it at Jep.

But the old woodsman's rifle was too fast. His shot ripped loose the echoes, and Creeper Conway dropped from the tree, holding his right wrist.

"You don't want to shoot at dogs, young feller," the old woodsman said. "They's plenty deer an' moose around here. Shoot at them. But not dogs."

By way of emphasis, Jeff closed his hand on Creeper Conway's arm, and Creeper thought he had been clutched in a steel trap. "Leggo, you big lug!" said Creeper.

"I'll jest have to take that little gun of yours, Creeper, an' we'll go along back."

"You know the way?"

"Know the way? Why, son, this is my home. You take the lead; me an' Jep'll be right behind you."

"Does the pooch bite?"

"Nope—he jest swallows whole."

Thus escorted, the Creeper made no further attempts at escape. The lonely forest had whittled him down, and he thought he might prefer hanging to being lost in the wilderness.

The party was welcomed by the mounty, young Tom Corn, and several others, who, during Jeff's absence, had arrived to rescue the missing searchers.

AMONG the newcomers were several newspaper reporters and photographers. They took pictures of Jeff Coongate and the Creeper, Jeff Coongate and the mounty, Jeff Coongate and Jep. They also asked to take a picture of Jeff Coongate and Warden Tom Corn, of Mopang County. Jeff declined.

"He tricked me. He sent me out to dog a deer, but he filled Jep's nose full of old moccasin, an' all we got was this Creeper Conway. Spoiled a whole mornin's hunt. I ain't goin' to appear in no photograph with him."

On the trip out to the settlement of Privilege, the one-eyed poacher craftily reminded Warden Corn of his order for venison—in May. "That order ought to hold, Tom," he said. "I give all my food to the state's hound."

"It doesn't hold, old-timer. There is no longer an emergency."

"How do you know anything about the emergency in my stomach—an' Zack Bourne's, too—for the taste of venison?"

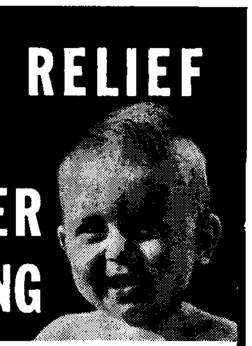
"You'll have to wait till fall. It's the law."

Jeff's one eye lowered demurely. He bowed his head. "I understand, Tom. An' there's no hard feelin's. I reco'nize the position of the state."

"What?" Tom Corn blinked suspiciously. He would have been willing to bet that the old poacher's humility was about as genuine as a plastic nickel, and that even now he was planning a meal of fresh liver. "So you've reformed, hey, Jeff?" he asked.

Jeff sighed. "Yes," he said, "when I seen you men out there, pertectin' us from crim'nals, an' the privations an' hardships you went through, to uphold the peace, it jest come over me, at last."

"Uh-huh," said Tom.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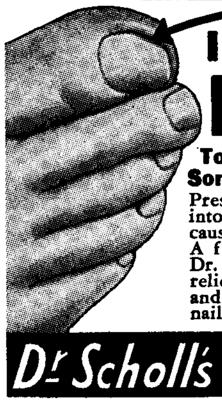
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"But, Tom—they's jest one favor I want to beg of you."

"Yes?" said Tom, warily.

"I want a few moments alone with Jep, before we part."

"All right, old-timer."

Jeff drew Jep apart from the others. It was a tender farewell. It seemed to Tom that in the two faces there was a singular and moving likeness—each with one eye, each with vast folds of wrinkles, each with a great and uncompromising heart.

"So long, sweetheart," murmured the one-eyed poacher.

Jep ran out his tongue a foot or more and caressed Jeff's forehead eloquently, and a lagging photographer got a nice, heart-rending shot of the scene. A moment later, Jeff turned and stalked off into the forest, where he doubled back, half circled, and came out on the trail to Zack Bourne's, making excellent time.

SOME days later—Jeff and Zack decided to let things quiet down a little—the pair strolled innocently into Sim Pease's store. They were planning a well-rounded expedition into the little Mopang country. They dreamed of speared salmon, dynamited trout, and a hind quarter of poached moose.

"Your check's come," said Sim, as the two woodsmen entered. "You got about twelve dollars of it left over, from what you owe me."

"Twelve dollars is ample, Sim," said Jeff. "Give us that slab of bacon, some tea, four sticks of dynamite—we got to blast some stumps out of Zack's back clearin'—an' fuse an' caps. An' four bottles of Dark Hazard rum, an' . . ."

"You've run over already," said Sim.

"Lay it against my next pension check, then."

"All right," said Sim, "but what'll I do about the dog?"

"Dog?"

"I been holdin' a dog for you for two days—some kind of a hound. He's out back."

"Holdin' a dog for me?" Jeff was perplexed.

"Sure," Sim said. "Seems all the newspapers run a lot of pictures an' stories about you, an' Creeper Conway, an' this old hound-dog. Jep, his name is."

The one-eyed poacher mopped his forehead. "You mean to say Jep's here? Where is he? Lead me right to him! How did—?"

"It seems," said Sim, determined to conclude his explanation, "that some ladies downstate read all them newspaper stories, an' got to fussin' an' grievin', an' finally took up a collection. They bought the dog, an' sent him to you. He come by express Tuesday, an' he's got a bad cold."

"You let my dog catch a cold?" said Jeff, edging toward the storekeeper.

"No. I never done it. He had the cold when he come off the express car. 'Twas drafty."

Jeff paused no longer. He charged across the store and into the back room. He ripped the crate apart, and Jep leaped forth, alive and beautiful, but ill.

"Honey," moaned Jeff. He spread his arms wide. "You've come back to me!"

"A-roop," went Jep, twitching his fevered nose.

Jeff gathered the hound in his arms, and, with great dignity, re-entered the store.

"Leave that hound with Sim," said Zack, "an' let's get on our way. I got the rum an' stuff all packed."

"Take it all out again," said Jeff. Gazing imperiously first at Zack, then at Sim Pease, he said, "Cancel the whole order, an' charge it to five pounds fresh ground hamburg, one dog collar, best grade with brass studdin' an' name plate, an'—"

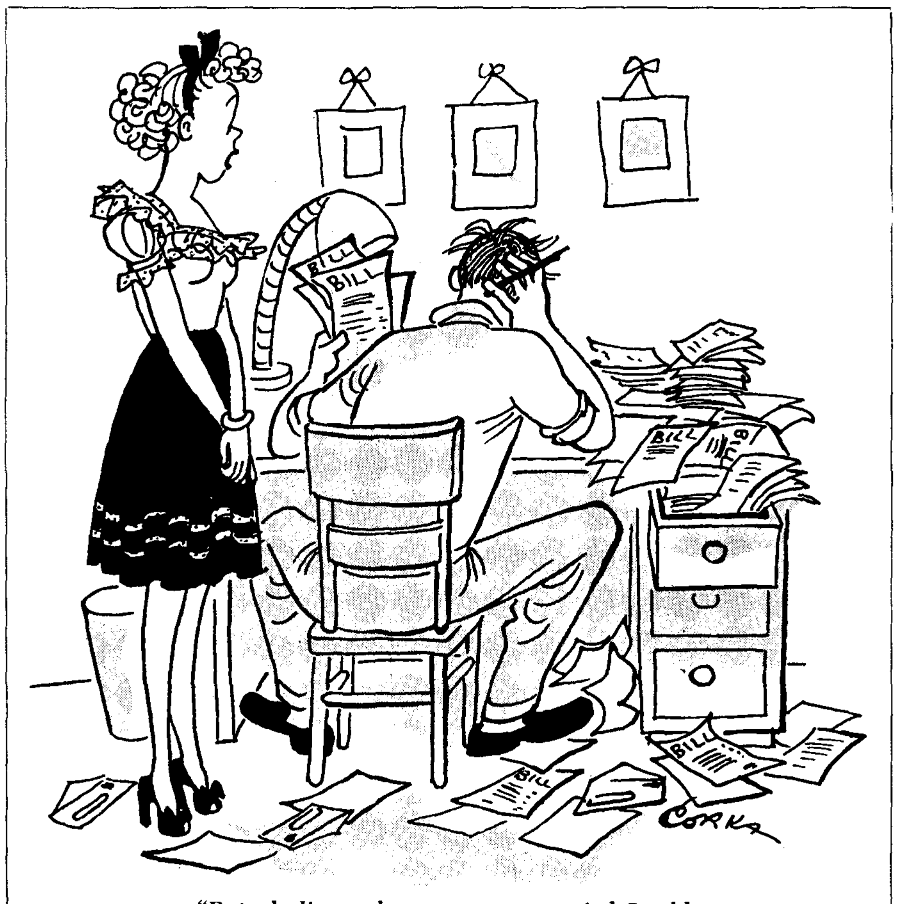
"Cancel the rum, too?" said Zack hoarsely.

"Cancel the rum, too. An' instead put in three bottles Dr. Waldo's Cough an' Cold Elixir, that little woolly blanket on the top shelf, an' one of them little cynical thermometers for takin' the temperature of the sick."

Zack wilted, bewildered by his unpredictable comrade. "What about our trip that we been plannin' an' dreamin' of, all these last days?"

"Ain't goin' to be no trip. I'm a fam'ly man, now. I'm savin' my money, these days. I got two to care for, an' pervide for. You can have my jack light, Zack, an' my salmon spear an' gill nets, an' snares. Come, Jep. Come along with me, honey. See you sometime, Zack—maybe."

THE END



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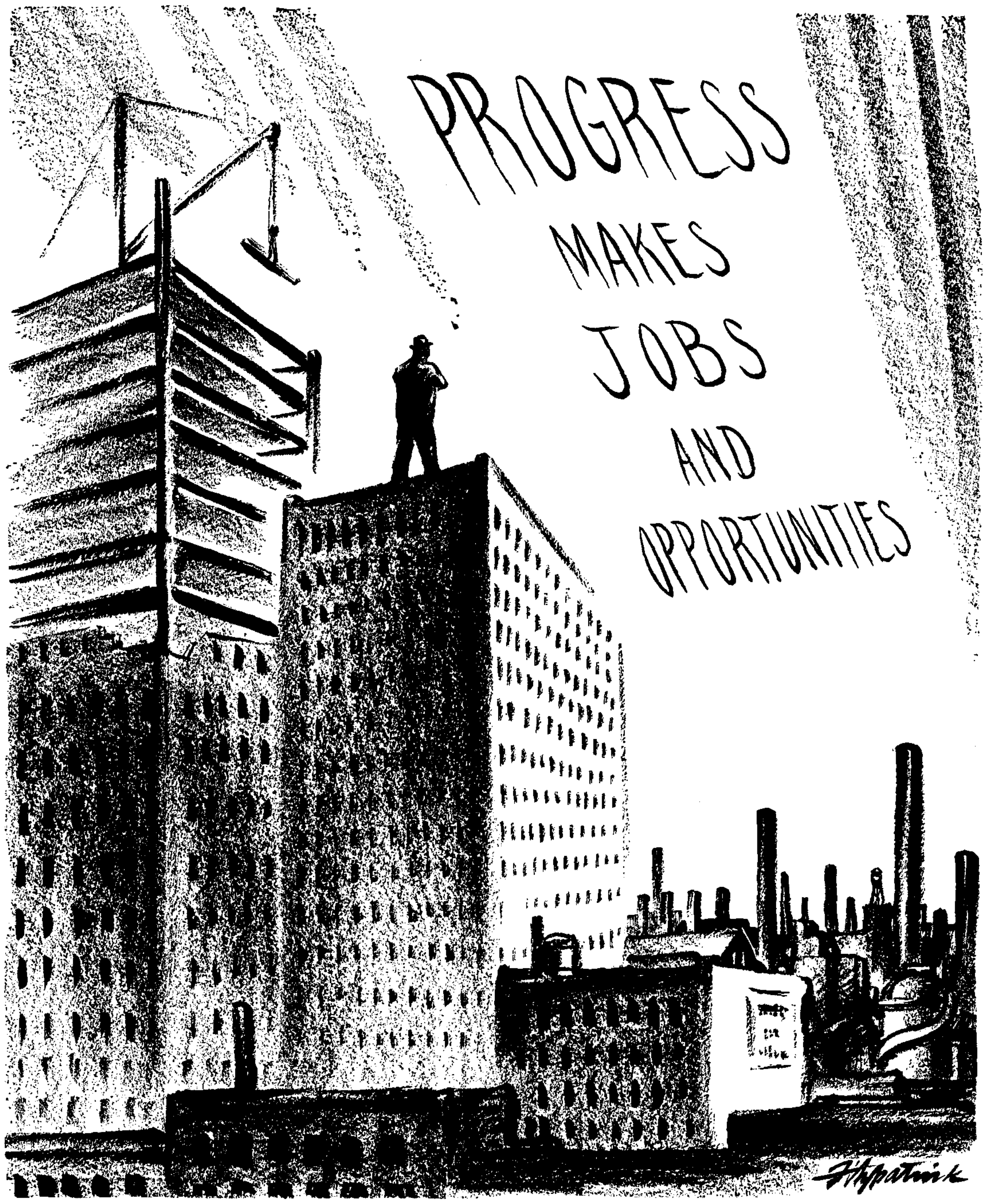

FINISHED? WE'VE ONLY STARTED

THE latest reliable organization to take a body blow at the idea that the United States is a mature and even aging nation is the Twentieth Century Fund.

You're familiar, no doubt, with the we're-finished idea, which has been in circulation for at least 25 years last past. Well, according to the findings of a staff of 20 Twentieth Century Fund experts who have been studying the question since 1944, the fact is that we've only made a good, promising start at utilizing this country's resources and developing its possibilities toward the goal of a comfortable life for everybody who will work.

According to a detailed report recently got out by this group, we have increased our use of power from water, coal, electricity and natural gas 343 times since 1850. Thereby we have raised the value of output per man-hour of work almost five times, and have cut the average work week by 33 per cent.

For all the stupidities of which our home-grown and foreign ill-wishers accuse us, we've at least had sense enough not to hold back new inventions, as a rule, on the ground that they would destroy old jobs. We've realized that in the long run every scientific and mechanical advance makes more jobs and opportunities than it rubs out.

If we'll just stay on this track, the prospects for the future look excellent, even though there may be ups and downs economically in our free-enterprise system. In the planned economies up to now, there are only continuous downs.

We can hope eventually to cut poverty to the irreducible minimum in this country, if we'll only keep capital and labor reasonably free, and monopoly under fairly strict discouragement and, above all, if we'll strive endlessly to go on increasing our productivity.

And we can kick our present heritage overboard most effectively by becoming afraid of technical progress, and by falling for the pessimistic notion that as a nation we've finished growing. As a matter of mathematical fact, we've only begun our possible growth.

NO FOREST RAIDS, PLEASE

AN OMINOUS story is coming out of the National Forest system of the Far West, between the Continental Divide and the Pacific.

These timberlands, property of the federal government, cover an area of some 80,000,000 acres. Livestock grazing is allowed in them to a certain extent, under federal permits—though there are critics who say that even this has been overdone of late years by some livestock raisers.

Now, the National Livestock Association and similar groups of Western stockmen are trying to persuade Congress to take these forests away from U.S. Forest Service control and turn them over to the states where the forests lie—and where the stockmen have more political strength than they can muster in Washington.

The stockmen also want the right to buy up legal titles to forest lands to be used for grazing purposes.

Says the American Forestry Association:

> As a raid upon public resources the plan of the stockmen is astounding in its audacity. This is a plan to break up the National Forests. The strategy is to put pressure on Congress to eliminate grazing lands from the forests and give permit holders the right to acquire such lands in fee simple. We cannot believe the 80th Congress will be trapped by this strategy.

The American Forestry Association, incidentally, is not a group of conservation fans exclusively. Its membership includes a lot of logging and sawmill people.

There may be ins and outs to this situation, of which we are not aware. But we hope Congress will scrutinize all aspects of this proposal of the stockmen with the minutest care and will turn down the whole scheme if any ratlike aroma is detected in it.

The ruin of these great timber reserves and vacation lands via cattle destruction of the grasses binding their topsoil is something which should not be permitted the Western livestock men or anyone else.

SEE WHAT WE MEAN?

WE WERE remarking a while ago that it would be a long step forward if many of us, especially in educational and governmental circles, would stop using overstuffed words and take to talking and writing plain English.

Little did we expect at that time that so choice an illustration of our meaning as the one we're about to reprint would be so soon forthcoming. It was, though. Dr. Wilbert E. Moore, Assistant Professor of Sociology at Princeton, recently addressed the 17th annual meeting of the Eastern Sociological Society in the Columbia University Men's Faculty Club; and, as reported by the almost always accurate New York Times, here is a paragraph from the speech, so help us:

> The lack of theoretical preoccupation on the part of many sociologists actively at work observing industries is not so much in the failure to make a conceptual scheme explicit as it is in making hypotheses and analytical problems explicit. The area of research is the "social structure" as formally constituted and as it informally operates. Within that area the aim is clearly descriptive and not analytical.

Now, it well may be that in that mess of words Dr. Moore uttered a truth capable of moving mountains, electrifying the hearts of men, and maybe even causing the angels to sing a new song. But if nobody understood his statement, how could a waiting world profit from it?

We know we can't understand it; we'd be willing to bet that few if any of the 300 sociologists who heard the Moore speech understood the passage we quote; and we'd like to ask Dr. Moore: In plain English, Doc, just what the hell were you trying to tell the world, anyhow?

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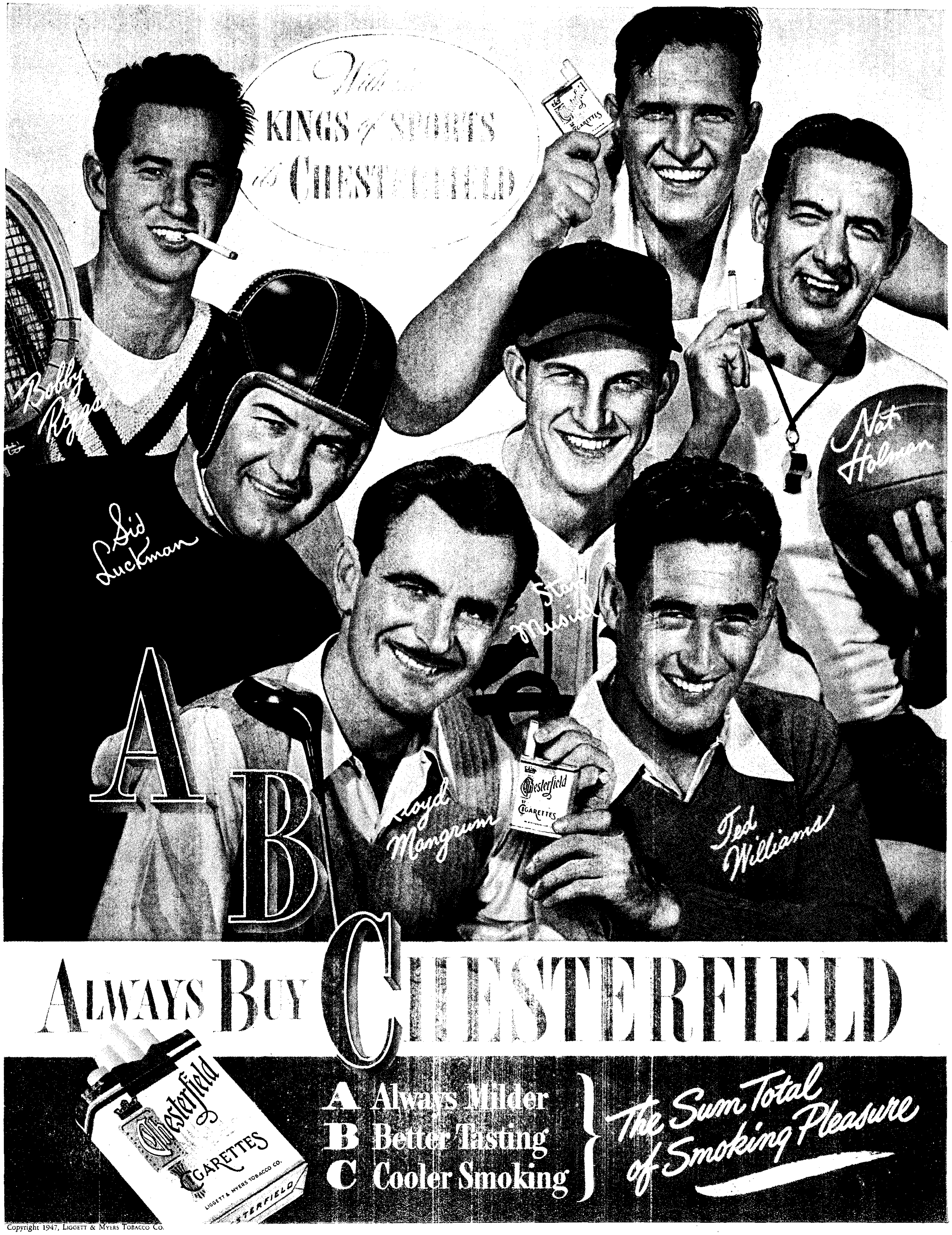
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